THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 202, Number 48

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Booth Tarkington—David Lawrence—F. Scott Fitzgerald—Mary F. Watkins
Malcolm Ross—Everett Rhodes Castle—John Kieran—Joseph Hergesheimer

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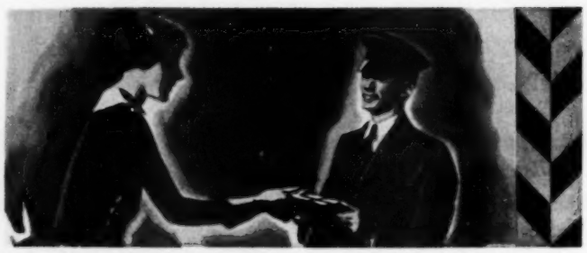
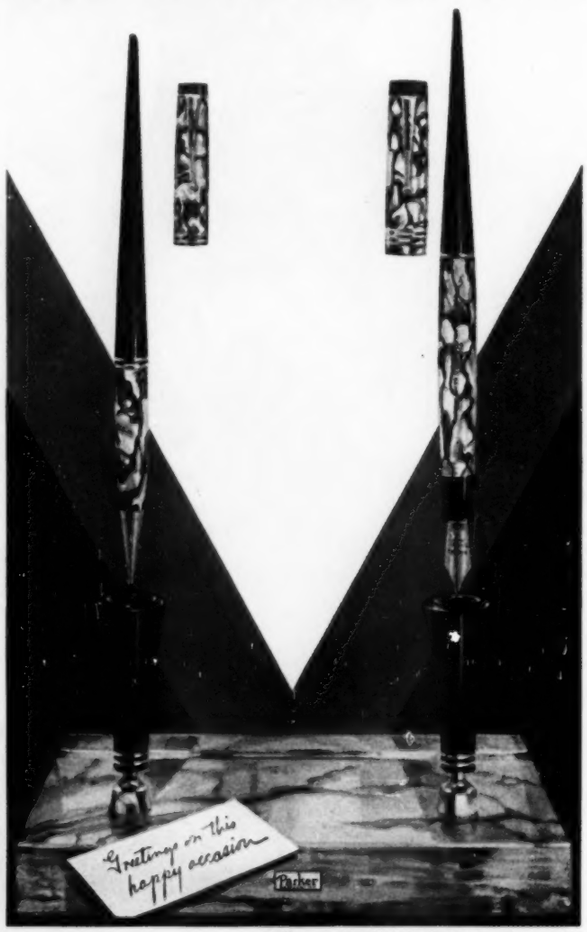


JUNE GIFTS—*Graduation—Birthdays—Weddings—Anniversaries*



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Are your hands your maids-of-all-work?

Mine are – but I don't let them tell housecleaning tales!

The last time our bridge club met, Jane L— started talking about hands. *Her* hands—not bridge hands!

Jane is almost a brand-new bride, so she had to tell us all about her first housecleaning. "My woodwork's spotless," she sighed like a lovely martyr, "but look at my poor red hands! I feel like sitting on them to keep them out of sight."

Jane's not the only woman who talks that way after a housecleaning. I did, too, when I thought I *had* to use a strong soap. Of course, that's the trouble with most of us—we got the idea years ago that hard work needs a harsh soap!

Maybe your problem is like Jane's and mine. You're happy to be taking care of a home and a husband and children—but goodness, you still are a *woman*—you want to have nice-looking hands.

Then won't you try this plan? For a week or two do all your work—yes, even your Monday wash!—with the purest soap and the mildest soap that you know. (Of course, that's Ivory.) And then watch the improvement in your hands!

A cake of Ivory or a box of Ivory Flakes goes right beside every faucet in my house. In the bathroom Ivory is the first thing my baby reaches for. To her, it means the fun of her daily bath. To me, its gentle care of her marvelous skin proves its priceless purity and its value for my own complexion.

But in the kitchen or laundry Ivory does three things for me which no other *one* soap can do. Its rich mild suds clean just as thoroughly as Jane's yellow soap. But they *protect* while they *clean*—why, my painted woodwork and the linoleum and my colored clothes keep as bright looking as new. And—washing dishes or cleaning the bathroom or putting wool blankets through suds is nothing more to my hands than a gentle Ivory bath.

That's why Jane's eyes grew so round when I told her *I* had just finished housecleaning, too.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I always thought you must have a maid—you have such *nice* hands!"

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

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MIRTHFUL HAVEN

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MacPHERSON

"No," Pelter Returned, and There Was a Whimsical Glint in His Blue Eyes. "You'll Never Git Them Dishes Washed if I Do"

NORTHEASTWARD of the heart of New England there is a broad river that runs widening to the sea, and all along its lower reaches, where it lets in the ocean salt and the tides, it is a boundary marking more than a division between two states of the Union. New England itself seems to end there where the long and staggered coast line of the state of Maine begins; moneyed and sanctified old New England does not appear to cross that salty estuary, nor does the old New England landscape, pastoral, gardened and long completed, survive the interruption of the river. The highways near the coast pass at once into country not so sweetly in order; the farther northward and eastward they go the more rugged lies the land, and out beyond it, keeping pace with this increasing roughness, so is the sea itself less decorous. The stony land's long buttresses run far out under the tides; reef and rock are everywhere ready to be whitely shrewish. These waters are island-strewn and surge upon an endlessly scalloped and indented coast.

In the long fringes of pine forest upon the ragged shores there is not timber enough to mark with warning spindle buoys all the rocks and shoals that may imperil a mariner; the wonder is that human speech could find names for all of them and for the innumerable bays, estuaries, coves, inlets, channels, capes and havens. In this, however, the early English navigators assisted happily, sprinkling along the coast names that have the air of improvisation and offer hints of mood and event combined, like hurried jottings in a diary. Dark Harbor seems eloquent of more than shadowy waters, and Cape Porpoise probably was christened hastily upon a placid day; but hearty crews and captains must have made good cheer on shipboard when they named Mirthful Haven, Christmas Cove and Merrymeeting Bay.

Of these, Mirthful Haven was earliest seen by the discoverers and had the least time to wait before it floated ships more serious-minded than the first one. The third decade of the Seventeenth Century was new when a solemn little vessel delivered upon the shore some bales, sacks and barrels, and a handful of risky folk from old England, who came to stay. A few were plowmen, but others were already fishermen; and, with their womenkind, nearly all somehow contrived to keep alive and cling to their foothold upon the land. They withdrew from the wintry blasts at the harbor mouth to build habitations a mile from the sea, where at low tide the narrowing water is no more than a little river; and there the village of Mirthful Haven stands today. To its own people, and those of the coast and countryside, the name long ago became nothing more than a cluster of identifying sounds; and only to the stranger untutored indeed could it still hint of a populace ever hilariously in carnival. For more than three hundred years the place has borne the label of a single afternoon's seafaring jollity.

"Did They?" Edna Interrupted, With a Sharply Ejected Breath of Laughter. "Then I Guess Whoever Told Your Mother Must 'a' Been Busy Lately. It's All Over Town"

Away from the tumbled coast and the rocky woodland of pine and juniper, the village itself, like some outpost wandered into alien country, wears the very aspect of that old New England left far to the south and west. There are the little streets of clean, white, green-shuttered houses as old as the great wineglass elms that drip shadows down upon the roofs; there are the two white churches with columned porticoes and Christopher Wren steeples, and, for the landward borders, there are the stone-walled pastures that early summer powders cheerily with buttercups and daisies. But upon that other village border, the river, the resemblance is melancholy; for here is found only a New England relic, one of those faded ports where seaborne traffic comes no more.

Only students of forgotten things would guess the meaning of the ponderous and barnacled posts that still remain, here and there along the banks, all the way from the harbor mouth to a jumble of half-submerged granite blocks, like the vast traces of a Phœnician quay, a mile above the village. Long useless, these big posts and stones are what is left of the great days of Mirthful Haven; though, of the busy shipyards they served, there is now no token at all, and pine thickets have grown high upon the ground where the old square-riggers were launched above the granite locks to be warped by those sturdy posts down to the sea. Commerce, too, knew Mirthful Haven then, and was often lively between the wharves and the mercantile houses of Cargo Square, near by. Barques, brigs, brigantines and freight schooners brought everything and were the life of Mirthful Haven until they passed from the sea, leaving behind them, to live as well as it could by fishing, a village almost helplessly marooned.

After while a hopeful railroad sent a spur that way, but, upon the coming of the automobile, withdrew its tracks, as did a disappointed interurban trolley line; the population of the village, beginning to dwindle as shipping and shipbuilding began to perish, still dwindles even today, though miraculously there is always some of it left. So is there some commerce left, not upon the soggy wharves but lingering in those same two-storied wooden mercantile houses that partially inclose the small patch of beaten earth called Cargo Square. The old-time ship-chandlers and merchants of the Square would not recognize the shop windows now staring at one another across that dusty little oblong, with its stone horse trough at one end and cast-iron Civil War soldier and World War bronze tablet at the other. To those whiskered traders of another day, the Square would appear fantastic not only in the character of wares displayed but because its commerce has borrowed a peculiar habit from certain animals of the neighboring woodlands—it hibernates.

The torpidity of the Square, however, sets in earlier than does that of the forest creatures. It begins with a visible abruptness always upon the same date—the first Monday of September—and is complete before the fringing birch trees of the woods are yellow within the autumn haze. Then both Square and village lie dormant except for two daily flickerings of life about the post office, similar stirrings at the schoolhouse, and thin, occasional movements to and from the white churches. Between the tides the surface of the river thickens in the cold and dulls like pewter; sea birds gabble and complain along the banks, uttering the only sounds heard there, unless some fisherman's boat chugs down the harbor or comes in half frozen from the lonely ocean. The fisherman himself, desiring warmth, may find it perhaps at the grocery or the drug store, though not at noon, when both are locked; nor, if he seeks food as well, may he obtain it then at Mouse's Restaurant. For, supplementing a window display of a catchup bottle and three printed announcements—Hot New England Dinner, 40c; Clam Chowder with doughnut, 25c; Fried Clam Sandwich, 10c—there hangs from the unpolished brass door knob a placard thoughtfully explanatory: Gone Home to Dinner. Geo. H. Mouse, Prop'r.

Torpidity is most complete of all where the seven or eight largest houses of the village are neighbor to one another across ample yards pillared with grand elms. These are houses with the Georgian façade, hinting good mahogany within, and noble of aspect—appropriately so, for here lived those old nobles of the village, the shipbuilders and the deep-sea captains. A height of three stories was not enough for several of the maritime grandees; they crowned the roof with a classic cupola whence the shipowner or the captain's wife might gaze out to the open sea and early learn what craft turned in toward the harbor mouth. No captain's wife or vessel magnate carries a spyglass up the stairs to any of the cupolas now, and from only one of the houses does a light ever fall through a window upon the snow. The others stand shuttered, locked and boarded close throughout the winter; they hibernate, indeed, from September into June, and thus make wholly obsolete that mark of the North with which they are all equipped—the covered passageway between house and stable.

Elsewhere in the village such passageways connect lesser houses with smaller stables, and two or three of them still serve their original purpose to provide a snowbound man with easy means to reach his stock; most of the others only give him a sheltered way to reach an automobile—useless until a snow plow carves out a road—and gaze wistfully upon a gray old sleigh extinct in an empty stall. Old age boasts of everything long past, even of ancient weather, as if that were its own possession; so the old men of Mirthful Haven maintain testily that the climate is softening. The rousing winters of their boyhood are no longer known, they say, for then the snow would be level above the fences and only the tops of gateposts would be seen; the river would freeze over and the eight-foot tide recede under the solid bridging of two feet of ice; so cold were these old winters of theirs that the ice would form far out beyond the harbor mouth and a man could walk forth upon the very ocean itself. Never again would Mirthful Haven be visited by weather of that polar heartiness, the aged men said, and when, only a few years ago, both coast and inland lay clutched and frozen for months by just such a winter, they were gracious with approval; it was like old times, they said, and inconsistently took some approbation to themselves. "Didn't I tell you?" they asked, edging closer to the stove.

There was no thaw that could be trusted at all that year until April. Then days of rain began to dissolve the packed snow; patches of ground long unseen appeared here and there a little shamefully, but grew raggedly larger until at last, after a week of wet Northeaster, all the brown earth lay exposed and unfamiliar. Captain Francis Embury, last of the Haven's deep-sea captains, walking home with the afternoon's mail—a Boston newspaper—under his arm, and his ivory-topped Malacca walking-stick glinting from a hand gloved in sealskin, sniffed better weather in the air.

"You can smell it; you can smell it if you can't tell it any other way," he paused to inform a deferential fellow-citizen at a corner. "Clouds still from the no'theast, but all they are, they're just left over. Wind's about to shift sou'westerly; then you'll see a mite of a break to the nor'-west and we'll get a dry nor'west wind and fair tomorrow. What's made this whole winter so cold, it's the moon; she got off her course—drifted 'way to the north of where she ought to 've been—but now she's back and we'll have a regular, nice, good spring, the kind we're entitled to. I know what I'm talkin' about!"

No fellow-citizen of the Captain's would have dreamed of challenging that, and this one went on, enheartened as by information acquired at the very source. The Captain sonorously hummed an air from The Bohemian Girl and continued upon his way, walking with his feet wide apart and a slightly swinging motion, as if the soles of his over-shoes might be descending upon a deck that alternately rose to meet them and then fell away. Yet there was a kind of gallantry, too, in this sailoring walk, as in the Captain's roving, bright blue eye and in all of the short, stout figure that still expressed both power and liveliness in spite of its years and the present muffling of an antique blue overcoat lined with sealskin and collared with sable. The Haven believed the Captain fairly into his earlier eighties; but the rumor had no countenance from him, nor did anyone ever dare even mention it to him, for, naturally, he could be severe when roused. It was legendary in the village, learned from Mirthful Haven men who had sailed under him, that he could always make his voice heard above the roarin' of the tem-pest.

Turning into his own street, the elm-bordered thor-oughfare where stand the shuttered, fine mansions, Cap-tain Embury had to proceed with his feet less wide apart, for here the wooden sidewalk has but the width of two boards laid side by side; and so he came to his own big house, that only one in the ancient grandees' neighborhood still alive and inhabited through seasons other than the summer. As pleasant tokens of its life, red geranium blossoms showed themselves genially between the symmet-rically parted lace curtains of the four front windows of the ground floor, and, if proof were needed that the house was Captain Embury's, two small, brightly polished brass cannon upon the broad granite doorstep stood cautiously chained to the fluted pillars of the beautiful white doorway. The Captain himself had placed the geraniums in the win-dows; it was he who kept them watered, and early every morning polished the brass of the two ship's guns. Forty years a widower and childless, he had never allowed any woman to get a grip upon the ordering of his shipshape house, not even in the kitchen; and he had found no lands-men servitors who were equal to the care of his collections and instantly active, or even wholly placable, upon a bel-lowed word of command. So he lived all alone; the place was his treasure, and, in truth, no house could well have been more a man's own than this one was the Captain's.

With his hand on the latch of the picket gate, he paused and glanced across the street at the only thoroughly ugly building in Mirthful Haven, the schoolhouse. Outlandishly Gothic in effort, and faced with cement blocks unpleas-antly imitating stone, it was a naïve architectural insult to the fine street, and the Captain's glance at it might well have been one of annoyance. On the contrary, this glance of his was debonair. His habitual expression, in which the air of command collaborated happily with a hint of spicy jauntiness, emphasized the jauntiness decisively; and, ex-cept for the whiteness of his small curled moustache and the neat hair that showed between his sealskin cap and sable collar, he became momentarily the portrait of a youthful captain in foreign ports, glancing sidelong at a Venetian casement, or a latticed window in Algiers, per-haps. "Captain of a clipper ship at twenty-three, I was!" he said sometimes, sighing ruefully. "Captain of a clipper ship in the China seas at twenty-three, and I thought I was God!"

No damsel's face, nor that of a lively matron, looked forth from any of the schoolhouse windows, however; nothing showed there at all. But a vocal buzzing and sounds of movement came from within the building as the bell of a clock struck four, and, at this, as upon a signal to himself, the Captain promptly opened his gate. He passed along the brick walk that led to the front door, but he did not enter there. Instead, he went round the corner of the house to a side door that opened inward from a long and narrow veranda, let himself in with a large brass key and closed the door behind him. Immediately he removed his heavy overcoat, his sealskin cap and his overshoes; then with gravity he took from one waistcoat pocket a small round mirror backed with celluloid and from another a little comb. The mirror showed him a plump, handsome old face, rosy after his walk, as he used the comb first to correct a slight disarrangement of his hair and then to prepare his moustache for a hurried curling upon his two forefingers. He unbuttoned his black cutaway coat, smoothing back the lapels so that a genteel garniture of gold watch chain and seals might not be deprived of a proper share of notice; then, departing from the passageway where he had com-pleted this simple toilet, he went into the nearer of the two front parlors that opened upon the broad central hall. Here, after placing a geranium blossom in the buttonhole of the left lapel of his coat, he looked thoughtfully for a moment at the parent plant itself, and, taking it up in its red pot, went out to the granite step before the white front doorway. There he paused and appeared to cogitate, though not upon the fact that April is a little early for geraniums to be brought outdoors.

(Continued on Page 63)

The Rousing Winters of Their Boyhood are No Longer Known, They Say, for Then the Snow Would be Level Above the Fences and Only the Tops of Gateposts Would be Seen

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF PROHIBITION—By David Lawrence

THERE is nothing new under the sun—not even a new argument for or against prohibition. Everything that is being said now about the nuisance of prohibitory laws was said with even more penetrating vigor years and years ago; and everything that is being eloquently proclaimed nowadays as an advance in morals through the possible extermination of the liquor traffic was preached or written or orated decades before most of the people who are alive today were born.

It is human to forget. It is easy to regard the experience of past generations as somehow inapplicable today, and yet human nature does not change, and the problem of what to do about liquor consumption is with us yet.

The purpose of these three articles is not to make wets into drys or drys into wets, but merely to present a sequence of facts which may possibly refute a popular fallacy that prohibition was suddenly thrust upon an unsuspecting world by a few reformers from the West who, in puritanical zeal, imposed the will of a supposed minority on a helpless majority. And also, perhaps, it may shed light on the dozens and dozens of solutions which have been offered before, some of which are now being suggested as the simple way to transfer the liquor traffic from the control of bootleggers and racketeers to the Government.

Corruption a Century Ago

THIRTY-FIVE years ago there was a "Wickersham commission"; it was not appointed by the President of the United States, to be sure, but its inquiries were intended to be just as disinterested and exhaustive. And at the head of the Committee of Fifty, as it was called, was Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard. Just a paragraph from the conclusions reached by the Committee of Fifty in 1895 reveals that even at that time a retrospective survey of more than forty years theretofore brought very little public comment that would appear today as characteristic only of a bygone age. It might, indeed, have been written yesterday. Said Doctor Eliot's report—in which he was joined, by the way, by Seth Low, one of the ablest mayors of New York City:

"Prohibition has, of course, failed to subdue the drinking passion, which will forever prompt resistance to all restrictive legislation. There have been concomitant evils of prohibitory legislation. The efforts to enforce it during forty years past have had some unlooked-for effects on public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths, and law in general, and for officers of the law, legislators and public servants. The public have seen law defied, a whole generation of habitual lawbreakers schooled in evasion and shamelessness, courts ineffective through fluctuations of policy, delays, perjuries, negligences, and other miscarriages of justice, officers of the law double-faced and mercenary, legislators timid and insincere, candidates for office hypocritical and truckling, and officeholders unfaithful to pledges and to reasonable public expectation. Through an agitation which has always had a moral end, these immoralities have been developed and made conspicuous. The liquor traffic, being very profitable, has been able, when attacked by prohibitory legislation, to pay fines, bribes, hush money and assessments for political purposes in large amounts. This money has tended to corrupt the lower courts, the police administration, political organizations, and even the electorate itself.

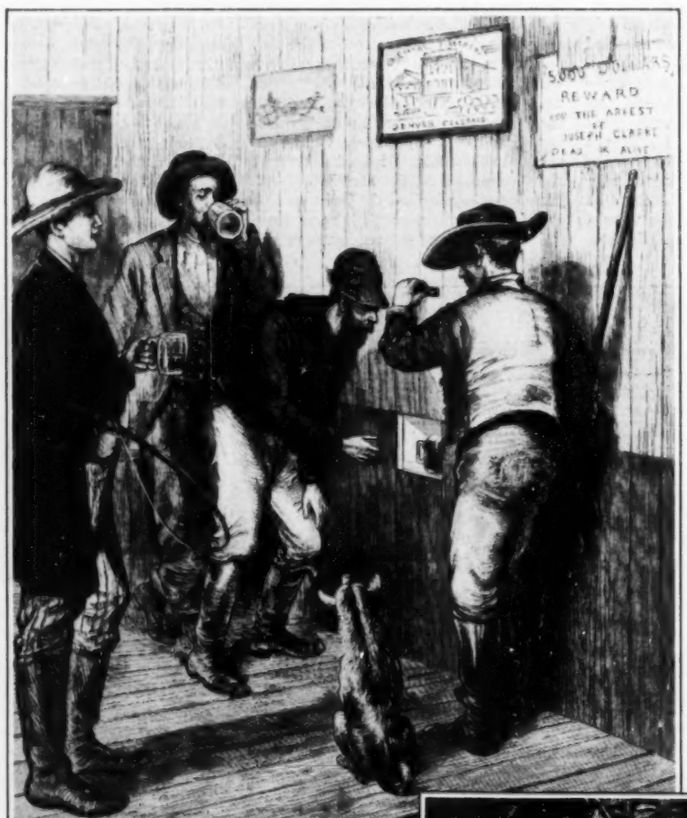
"Wherever the voting force of the liquor traffic and its allies is considerable, candidates for office and officeholders are tempted to serve a dangerous trade interest, which is often in antagonism to the public interest. Frequent yielding to this temptation causes general degeneration in public life, breeds contempt for the public service, and of course makes the service less desirable for upright men. Again, the sight of justices, constables and informers enforcing a prohibitory law far enough to get from it the fines and fees which profit them, but not far enough to extinguish the traffic and so cut off the source of their profits, is demoralizing to society at large. All legislation intended to put restrictions on the liquor traffic, except perhaps the simple tax, is more or less liable to these objections; but the prohibitory legislation is the worst of all in these respects, because it stimulates to the utmost the resistance of the liquor dealers and their supporters.

"Of course, there are disputed effects of efforts at prohibition. Whether it has or has not reduced the consumption of intoxicants and diminished drunkenness is a matter of opinion, and opinions differ widely. No demonstration on either of these points has been reached, or is now attainable, after more than forty years of observation and experience."

Examining prohibition literature pro and con for generations back, one is impressed with the fact that at times the debate reached a high plane and that in the earlier discussions particularly the arguments for and against prohibitory legislation were even more comprehensive than they are today. The contention, for example, that the Bible sanctions the use of wine caused a flood of pamphlets, books, sermons and preachments from those who disagreed with possible prohibitory legislation, just as did the work of the writers and publicists who marshaled an array of facts, figures and statistics to prove that alcoholism introduced a most vicious element into an otherwise moral and healthful community development.

Even the father of our country was dragged into the debate, many a document being brought forward to prove that he owned a distillery and that his expenditures for wine were no small item in his household budget. And, conversely, there was emphasized by the other side a letter which George Washington wrote in 1789, in which he referred to drink as "the source of all evil and the ruin of half the workmen in the country."

If a century does not seem a sufficiently remote period in which to conduct researches on the habits of our people and their use of liquor, then all the historian needs to do is to go back another hundred years to 1733, when the first prohibition of the import of ardent spirits into Georgia was proclaimed by Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony.



FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1877

Evading the Liquor Law in Colorado Springs, as Witnessed by Members of Frank Leslie's Transcontinental Excursion Party

Adams on Abstinence

IT PROBABLY is unknown also to most of the Pullman-car debaters of prohibition today that the Continental Congress, in convention assembled, formally debated, on February 23, 1777, the following resolution:

"That it be recommended to the several legislatures of the United States immediately to pass laws the most effectual for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling grain, by which the most extensive evils are likely to be derived if not quickly prevented."

That significant bit of government action may be found in the Journal of the Continental Congress, and it did not take a hundred years thereafter for the states, one after another, to accept the advice of the Continental Congress and enact some form of prohibitory legislation.

The first three Presidents of the United States all had something to say about the liquor traffic, and one of the most powerful invectives against the tavern and the dramshop was written by John Adams in his diary in 1760. The suppression of the Whisky Rebellion was not a small

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

An Early Mountain Still

incident in the life of Washington's Administration. Thomas Jefferson was concerned about the effect of the liquor traffic in the affairs of Government itself. He is quoted as saying:

"The habit of using ardent spirits by men in public office has produced more injury to the public service, and more trouble to me, than any other circumstance that has occurred in the internal concerns of the country during my administration. And were I to commence my administration again with the knowledge which from experience I have acquired, the first question that I would ask with regard to every candidate for public office would be 'Is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?'"

Not long ago, another President of the United States—he happens to be in office as these lines are written—intimated that public servants ought to obey not only the letter of the law but its spirit. It was suggested that enforcement officers might themselves practice restraint. Whereupon there was much hue and cry in the halls of Congress about the conflict between individual liberty and individual efficiency in the enforcement personnel.

Maine Points the Way

TEMPERANCE societies began to be organized as early as 1808, but for a decade or two they did not increase very much. By the beginning of 1830, however—just 100 years ago—there were eleven state temperance societies, 1000 local societies and 100,000 members, which, by May, 1831, had increased to nineteen state societies, 3000 local societies and three times the former number of members. By the end of 1835 more than 1,500,000 members were recorded in more than 8000 temperance societies. Some idea of the importance of this total can be obtained when it is considered that, according to the census of 1830, the total population of the United States was less than 13,000,000.

There was held in 1833 the first of a series of national temperance conventions which, at irregular intervals, continued throughout the nineteenth century under one name or another. With 441 delegates from twenty-one states, the first national temperance convention, meeting in Philadelphia, resolved:

"That traffic in ardent spirits as a drink and the use of it as such is morally wrong and ought to be abandoned throughout the world."

As early as 1833, the Secretary of War, Lewis Cass, served as president of the Congressional Temperance Society, and in 1834 Congress passed a law prohibiting the sale of liquor to Indians.

Most of the intoxicants produced in this country up until 1835 were distilled liquors; very little beer was made and wine consumption was relatively negligible. The temperance societies, however, permitted the use of fermented and vinous liquors, which resulted in a large increase in the number of breweries. The importations of hard liquor diminished, but wine importations, in the decade between 1826 and 1836, almost doubled, and it was not long before the second national temperance convention, in 1836, declared for total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors.

A PLAY That Will Instruct as well as Amuse You.
A PLAY For Young and Old
IT WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON THAT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET
Every Mother, Father, Wife, Husband, Daughter and Son Should See It.
TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM
PRESENTS MORE DIFFERENT FEATURES AND CHARACTERS THAN ANY OTHER PLAY OF ITS KIND.
It Teaches a Great Life Lesson
An Entertainment for Everybody, Beneficial to All
"FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW
THE CLOCK IN THE STEEPLE STRIKES ONE
IT HAS REFORMED MANY A DRUNKARD
Presented By A CAREFULLY SELECTED COMPANY of Ladies and Gentlemen WHOSE HEARTS ARE IN THE WORK
REMEMBER: THIS CO. IS A GUARANTEED ATTRACTION
INDORSED BY THE PRESS, CLERGY AND CRITICS OF ALL CREEDS AND DENOMINATIONS
YOU WILL SEE
A First Class Company of Ladies and Gentlemen. A First Class Performance. Magnificent Scenery. New Stage Settings.

A Handbill for "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"

Gen. James Appleton, who moved from Massachusetts to Portland, Maine, and became a member of the Maine legislature, is the father of prohibition as we understand it today. The general was chairman of a special joint committee of the Maine legislature in 1837, which considered the entire license system of the state. His elaborate report, in which he suggested that not only the law giving the right to sell ardent spirits should be repealed but also that a law should be passed to prohibit the traffic therein, is really the first legislative document of any comprehensive character on the general subject of prohibition. Neal Dow, who in later years accomplished the enactment of the Maine law, is also credited with the sponsorship of the prohibition movement. General Appleton's report—this was 1837—is curiously prophetic of the debates of a century later on the selfsame subject.

"Your committee is not only of the opinion," he wrote, "that the law giving the right to sell ardent spirits should be repealed but that a law should be passed to prohibit the traffic in them, except so far as the arts or the practice of medicine may be concerned. The reasons for such a law are as numerous as the evils of intemperance. Such a law is required for the same reason that we make a law to prevent the sale of unwholesome meats, or the law for the removal of any nuisance, or any other laws which have for their object to secure the good of the people of the state in the quiet and peaceable enjoyment of their rights, and against any practice that endangers the health and life of the citizens, or which threatens to subvert our civil rights and overthrow our free government. We would prohibit the sale of ardent spirits because intemperance can never be suppressed without such prohibition. There is no more reason for supposing that this evil can be restrained without law than for supposing that you can restrain theft, or gambling, or any other crime without law."

Problems of Enforcement

"WHEN it is known that the traffic in any article entails not only pauperism and crime upon the community but that in numerous cases it threatens human life, and in many instances destroys it at once, it is difficult of escaping the conclusion that the government should interpose and prohibit it altogether.

"The objection will doubtless be made that if we had such a law, it could not be enforced. Now admit the validity of this objection, and it proves the utter hopelessness of the case; for no one, we presume, will venture the supposition that you can accomplish against law that which you cannot effect with it.

"It is sufficiently difficult to reform the manners and habits of the community when the influence and authority of the law can be brought to aid the object, but to do this against the direct and powerful interests of a numerous class of men created by law is scarcely possible. . . .

"One immediate effect of prohibition would be to render the traffic disreputable as well as unlawful. . . . The mere existence of such a law would exert a most salutary

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PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Whisky Insurrection of 1794—Tar and Feathering an Excise Officer

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, 1874

Prohibition in Boston—Evasion of the Law by Liquor Dealers

A NICE QUIET PLACE

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Lake Forest, Where Friends Moved Already in an Aura of New Boys, New Tunes, Parties and House Parties Yet to Be

ALL that week there was much singing in her ears—summer songs of ardent skies and wild shade, songs about new cars with long, incalculable men in them, droning songs of endless sleep in the morning, and songs whose only words were "I love you—I love you," over and over. She wrote in the evening:

Dear Ridge: When I think of not being able to come to the freshman dance with you this June, I could lie down and die, but mother is sort of narrow-minded in some ways, and she feels that sixteen is too young to go to a prom; and Lil Hammel's mother feels the same way. When I think of you dancing around with some other girl and hear you handing her a line, like you do to everybody, I could lie down and scream. Oh, I know—because a girl here at school met you after I left Hot Springs at Easter. Anyhow, if you start rushing some other kid when you come out to Ed Bement's house party this summer, I intend to cut her throat, or my own, or something desperate. And probably no one will even be sorry I'm dead. Ha-ha ——

Summer, summer, summer—bland inland sun and friendly rain. Lake Forest, with its thousand enchanted verandas, the dancing on the outdoor platform at the club, and always the boys, like centaurs, in new, shining cars. Her mother came East to meet her, and as they walked together out of the Grand Central Station, the singing became so loud that Josephine's face was puckered and distorted, as with the pressure of strong sunshine.

"We've got the best plans," her mother said.

"Oh, what? What, mother?"

"A real change. I'll tell you all about it when we get to the hotel."

There was a sudden discord in the singing; a foreboding shadow fell upon Josephine's heart.

"What do you mean? Aren't we going to Lake Forest?"

"Some place much better"—her mother's voice was alarmingly cheerful. "I'm saving it till we get to the hotel."

Before she left Chicago, she and Mr. Perry had decided, from observations of their own and some revelations on the part of their elder daughter, Constance, that Josephine knew her way around Lake Forest all too well. It had changed in the twenty years that it had been the summer rendezvous of fashionable Chicago. The less circumscribed children of new families were resoundingly in evidence and, like most parents, Mrs. Perry thought of her daughter as one easily led into mischief by others. The more impartial eyes of other members of the colony had long regarded Josephine herself as the principal agent of corruption. But, preventive or penalty, the appalling thing to Josephine was that the Perrys were going to "a nice quiet place" this summer.

"Mother, I simply can't go to Island Farms. I simply ——"

"Father feels ——"

"Why don't you take me to a reform school if I'm so awful? Or to state's prison? I simply can't go to a horrible old farm with a lot of country jakes and no fun and no friends except a lot of hicks."

"But, dear, it's not like that at all. They just call it Island Farms. In fact, your aunt's place isn't a farm; it's really a nice little resort up in Michigan where lots of people spend the summer. Tennis and swimming and—and fishing."

"Fishing?" repeated Josephine incredulously. "Do you call that something to do?" She shook her head in mute incomprehension. "I'll just be forgotten, that's all. When it's my year to come out nobody will know who I am. They'll just say, 'Who in heck is this Josephine Perry? I never saw her around here.' 'Oh, she's just some hick from a horrible old farm up in Michigan. Let's not invite her.' Just when everybody else is having a wonderful time ——"

"Nobody'll forget you in one summer, dear."

"Yes, they will. Everybody'll have new friends and know new dances, and I'll be up there in the backwoods, full of hayseed, forgetting everything I know. If it's so wonderful why isn't Constance coming?"

Lying awake in their drawing-room on the Twentieth Century, Josephine brooded upon the terrible injustice of it all. She knew that they were going on her account, and mostly because of the gossip of a few ugly and jealous girls. These ugly and jealous girls, her relentless enemies, were not entirely creatures of Josephine's imagination. There was something in the frank sensuousness of her beauty that plain women found absolutely intolerable; they stared at her in that frightened, guarded way.

It was only recently that gossip had begun to worry Josephine. Her own theory was that, though at thirteen or fourteen she had been "speedy"—a convenient word that lacked the vulgar implication of "fast"—she was now trying to do her best, and a difficult enough business it was, without the past being held against her; for the only thing she cared about in the world was being in love and being with the person she currently loved.

Toward midnight her mother spoke to her softly and found that she was asleep. Turning on the berth light, she looked for a moment at the flushed young face, smoothed now of all its disappointment by a faint, peculiar smile.

She leaned over and kissed Josephine's brow, behind which, doubtless, were passing in review those tender and eagerly awaited orgies of which she was to be deprived this summer.

II

INTO Chicago, resonant with shrill June clamor; out to Lake Forest, where her friends moved already in an aura of new boys, new tunes, parties and house parties yet to be. One concession was granted her—she was to come back from Island Farms in time for Ed Bement's house party—which is to say, for Ridgeway Saunders' visit, the first of September.

Then northward, leaving all gayety behind, to the nice quiet place, implicit in its very station, which breathed no atmosphere of hectic arrivals or feverish partings. Her aunt; her fifteen-year-old cousin, Dick, with the blank resentful stare of youth in spectacles; the dozen or so estates with tired people asleep inside them; the drab village three miles away. It was worse, even, than Josephine had imagined; to her the vicinity was literally unpopulated, for, as a representative of her age, she stood alone. In despair, she buried herself in ceaseless correspondence with the outer world or, as a variant, played tennis with Dick and carried on a slow indifferent quarrel with his deliberately spiteful immaturity.

"Are you going to be this way always?" she demanded, breaking down at his stupidity one day. "Can't you do anything about it? Does it hurt?"

"What way?" Dick shambled around the tennis net in the way that so offended her.

"Oh, such a pill! You ought to be sent away to some good school."

"I am going to be."

"Why, at your age most of the boys in Chicago have cars of their own."

"Too many," he responded.

"How do you mean?" Josephine flared up.

"I heard my aunt say there was too much of that there. That's why they made you come up here. You're too much for that sort of thing."

Josephine flushed. "Couldn't you help being such a pill, if you honestly tried?"

"I don't know," admitted Dick. "I don't even think that maybe I am one."

"Oh, yes, you are. I can assure you of that."

It occurred to her, not very hopefully, that under proper supervision something might be made of him. Perhaps she could teach him to dance or have him learn to drive his mother's car. She went to the extent of trying to smarten him up, to make him wash his hands bidiurnally and to soak his hair and cleave it down the middle. She suggested that he would be more beautiful without his spectacles, and he obediently stumbled around without them for several afternoons. But when he developed a feverish headache one night and confessed to his mother why he had been "so utterly insane," Josephine gave him up without a pang.

But she could have cared for almost anyone. She wanted to hear the mystical terminology of love, to feel the lift and pull inside herself that each one of a dozen affairs had given her. She had written, of course, to Ridgeway Saunders. He answered. She wrote again. He answered—but after two weeks. On the first of August, with one month gone and one to go, came a letter from Lillian Hammel, her best friend in Lake Forest.

Dearest Jo: You said to write you every single thing, and I will, but some of it will be sort of a fatal blow to you—about Ridgeway Saunders. Ed Bement visited him in Philadelphia, and he says he is so crazy about a girl there that he wants to leave Yale and get married. Her name is Evangeline Ticknor and she was fired from Farmover last year for smoking; quite a speed and said to be beautiful and something like you, from what I hear. Ed said that Ridgeway was so crazy about her that he wouldn't even come out here in September unless Ed invited her, too; so Ed did. Probably a lot you care! You've probably had lots of crushes up there where you are, or aren't there any attractive boys ——

Josephine walked slowly up and down her room. Her parents had what they wanted now; the plot against her was complete. For the first time in her life she had been thrown over, and by the most attractive, the most desirable boy she had ever known, cut out by a girl "very much like herself." Josephine wished passionately that she had been fired from school—they might have given her up and let her alone.

She was not so much humiliated as full of angry despair, but for the sake of her pride, she had a letter to write immediately. Her eyes were bright with tears as she began:

Dearest Lil: I was not surprised when I heard that about R. S. I knew he was fickle and never gave him a second thought after school closed in June. As a matter of fact, you know how fickle I am myself, darling, and you can imagine that I haven't had time to let it worry me. Everybody has a right to do what they want, say I. Live and let live is my motto. I wish you could have been here this summer. More wonderful parties ——

She paused, knowing that she should invent more circumstantial evidence of gayety. Pen in air, she gazed out into the deep, still mass of northern trees. Inventing was delicate work, and having dealt always in realities, her imagination was ill-adapted to the task. Nevertheless, after several minutes a vague, synthetic figure began to take shape in her mind. She dipped the pen and wrote: "One of the darlingest ——" hesitated and turned again for inspiration to the window.

Suddenly she started and bent forward, the tears drying in her eyes. Striding down the road, not fifty feet from her window, was the handsomest, the most fascinating boy she had ever seen in her life.

III

HE WAS about nineteen and tall, with a blond viking head; the fresh color in his slender, almost gaunt cheeks was baked warm and dry by the sun. She had a glimpse of his eyes—enough to know that they were "sad" and of an extraordinary glistening blue. His model legs were in riding breeches, above which he wore a soft sweater jacket of blue chamois, and as he walked he swung a crop acrimoniously at the overhanging leaves.

For a moment the vision endured; then the path turned into a clump of trees and he was gone, save for the small crunch of his boots on the pine needles.

Josephine did not move. The dark green trees that had seemed so lacking in promise were suddenly like a magic wall that had opened and revealed a short cut to possible delight; the trees gave forth a great trembling rustle. For another instant she waited; then she threw herself at the unfinished letter:

—— he usually wears the best-looking riding clothes. He has the most beautiful eyes. On top he usually wears a blue chamois thing that is simply divine.

IV

WHEN her mother came in, half an hour later, she found Josephine getting into her best afternoon dress with an expression that was at once animated and far away.

"I thought ——" she said. "I don't suppose you'd want to come with me and pay a few calls?"

"I'd adore to," said Josephine unexpectedly.

Her mother hesitated. "I'm afraid it's been a rather stupid month for you. I didn't realize that there wouldn't be anyone your age. But something nice has happened that I can't tell you about yet, and perhaps I'll soon have some news for you."

Josephine did not appear to hear.

"Who shall we call on?" she demanded eagerly. "Let's just call on everybody, even if it takes until ten o'clock tonight. Let's start at the nearest house and just keep going until we've killed everybody off."

"I don't know whether we can do that."

"Come on." Josephine was putting on her hat. "Let's get going, mother."

Perhaps, Mrs. Perry thought, the summer was really making a difference in her daughter; perhaps it was developing in her a more domestic, more gently social vein. At each house they visited she positively radiated animation, and displayed sincere disappointment when they found no one home. When her mother called it a day, the light in her eyes went out.

"We can try again tomorrow," she said impatiently. "We'll kill the rest of them off. We'll go back to those houses where there was no one home."

It was almost seven—a nostalgic hour, for it had been the loveliest of all at Lake Forest a year ago. Bathed and positively shining, one intruded for a last minute into the departing day, and, sitting alone on the veranda, turned over the romantic prospects of the night, while lighted windows sprang out on the blurring shapes of houses, and cars flew past with people late home from tea.

But tonight the murmurous Indian twilight of the lake country had a promise of its own, and strolling out into the lane that passed the house, Josephine broke suddenly into a certain walk, rather an externalized state of mind, that had been hitherto reserved for more sophisticated localities. It implied, through a skimming

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"I Was Crying"—She Hesitated Delicately—"I Was Crying Because Constance Has All the Luck"

THE END OF THE ROPE

By MARY F. WATKINS

DECORATIONS BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

PHOTOS. FROM ERING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Schreckhorn

WAITING for an appointment in my bank the other day, I picked up an elderly copy of the London Times, perusing it idly enough until my eye fell upon a brief paragraph which could have for the general reader no particular significance, but which sent my spirit flying across time and space to a certain day in Lucerne six months ago.

Estate of Lord Alfred Herron finally settled. Younger brother, Gavin, now in Australia, succeeds to title and to Bristead Heath, the family seat in Kent. Date recalls disaster of last year in Bernese Oberland.

How strange to think that I, Margaret Baird, of Cleveland, Ohio, am actually one of the six people in all the world who ever knew the whole truth about that terrible affair!

Certainly such a thing was farthest from my imagination that cool July morning on the Lucerne *quai* when I encountered Mary Turner buying oranges at the kiosk under the plane trees. I was in rather ruffled mood that day, for Richard had suddenly gone Bolshevik, with the summer only half over, and was at that very moment planning some drastic curtailment of our trip, over one of the travel bureau's glass-topped counters. Presently he would emerge with a sailing list triumphantly flourished in his hand.

So I was doubly glad to see Mary. There was something so comforting and friendly about her homely air of serenity in the midst of this little city of harried, anxious tourists. I'd always been devoted to her as a girl, although we'd seen little or nothing of each other since college ended and she went off to marry a Canadian.

I rushed up to her happily. "Fancy meeting you here!" I cried. "But, of course, it's just where you would be, isn't it? I've heard about your climbing, my dear. It's too thrilling! I suppose you're headed for the mountains now!"

Mary blinked at me with her round, candid blue eyes and smiled in gentle, somewhat flustered negation. "No, no! No mountains ever again, Margaret dear! But how lovely to see you! Let's go on to the Kursaal at once and talk, over a cup of tea!"

I dared not miss Richard's exit from the tourist agency, so I could not accept her suggestion, but I arranged for her to bring her Canadian to dine at our hotel that evening—which, as it happened, was to be their last in Lucerne.

"Yes, we've had about enough," said Mary's husband, the lean and bronzed John Turner, as we sipped our cocktails on the balcony and watched the shimmering lights of passing boats reflected in the waters of the lake. "We've made fourteen major ascents in the Alps, and several minor ones in Wales and in the Rockies, which were fairly ticklish bits too. The Grindelwald disaster last year put the lid on for Mary though. She has set her heart on something quite different for this holiday, so we're off to Cuppari first thing in the morning."

"To Cuppari?" exclaimed Richard and I, like a well-trained chorus, for neither one of us had ever heard of such a place.

"It's off the beaten track, darling," explained Mary glowingly. "As far from mountains and English people as possible. It's on the Adriatic in Dalmatia, to be exact. They say it's an unspoiled Lido, and we're just going to do nothing but lie around in the sun."

"Going over the St. Gotthard to Italy," John Turner added. "A longish sort of trek, I call it. But interesting country, they tell me—walled cities and native costumes—all that sort of thing."

"Sounds darned good to me, especially the part about just lying around," agreed Richard, and I could see the birth of an idea behind his spectacles. "But I suppose you wouldn't want company?" he added as wistfully as a hinting child.

"Why, what do you mean by that, Dick?" I demanded. "I think you're outrageous! Besides, you know we're off to Munich on Wednesday."

Richard put down his glass on the balcony rail, whence it promptly toppled off into the garden below. "So sorry," he muttered absently. "The fact is, my dear, we're not going to follow that plan in all events. I've decided that today. I solemnly refuse to listen to opera in the summertime; I refuse to follow the crowd; I refuse to drink dark beer; I don't like the German language; I don't even like these Alps! My neck fairly aches from looking up at things! The nice flat seashore in the summer is the thing—the sea and congenial friends!" He looked about, beaming, and made a futile gesture to lift the absent glass.

"That's the stuff, old man!" cried John Turner, rising and clapping Richard on the shoulder. "Come along with us by all means! Perfectly charmed!"

"Oh, that would be too nice, too perfectly wonderful, if you only would!" exclaimed Mary, promptly seconding the suggestion with what seemed quite frank delight. "We could put off going for another day, I suppose, if tomorrow's too soon for you."

"Why, it's perfectly preposterous! We wouldn't think of breaking in on your party, invading your new paradise! Dick, I'm ashamed of you!" I said severely. And yet somehow they overrode me in the end. Before the Turners left us that evening, it was all arranged. They would postpone their departure for twelve hours, and we would take the night train together. "Which is all the better," Mary insisted, "as we won't have to look at the scenery." We parted full of jubilant plans for the journey.

"Darned nice people—a couple of regular human beings," Richard commented, as he took out his suitcases happily and began to pack a little before we went to bed.

"Darned generous, I call them—carting us along," I said. "And still, they really seemed to want us."

"Of course they do, puss cat! I saw that right from the first. Those two—now mark my words—are glad to have company. They're running away from something—some memory that's haunting 'em pretty hard right now. What was that they mentioned about a disaster in Grindelwald, for instance? Did you happen to notice Mary's face just then?"

"Good gracious, Dick, you sound positively psychic!" I teased him. But he was generally so right about these hunches of his that, although I'd noticed nothing, I determined to do a little explorative digging along that line myself at the earliest opportunity.

This came unexpectedly soon. The train for the south was crowded and we could obtain only one compartment

Grindelwald—a Valley in the Swiss Alps

and two separate berths. Naturally the men took the latter, and Mary and I found ourselves together in the intimate and constricted quarters of the typical *wagon-lit*.

There was a wonderful moon that night, I remember, and as we began to flash in and out of tunnels through the gorges beyond Andermatt, I could not tear myself from the window, but crouched there shivering and excited at the pale glimpses of the snow peaks which rose like specters out of the dark, filled my vision for an instant, and were blotted out again.

"Ah! Look there! And there! How glorious!" I cried, and turned to Mary for sympathetic understanding. But her expression startled, almost frightened me. She was sitting there stiffly on the edge of the berth, her eyes as round as saucers and her usual apple cheeks drained of color.

"Ugh!" she said, and I thought that her teeth were chattering. "I tell you I've had enough of mountains! Beautiful, you say, but I know them better. Cruel, ugly, horrible things! Oh, do pull down that blind, Margaret, I beg you!"

Regretfully I complied and went to sit beside her on the blankets, drawing my knees up, schoolgirl fashion, and smiling at her. "Now, if we only had some fudge or some olives, it would be like old times," I said as naturally as I could.

Mary appreciated this effort. She smiled feebly back at me and a little flush of pink returned to her cheeks. "Good old scout!" she said. "I say, Margaret, are you awfully sleepy yet?"

"No," I said, "not very. Why?"

"Well, just this: You'd be doing me the most enormous favor if you could listen to me for a bit while I tell you a sort of fairy tale. I've a feeling that if I can get this thing out—off my chest, so to speak—I might actually manage to leave it behind here in the mountains."

"Easiest thing in the world," I agreed, poking up the stony pillows to make myself comfortable. "Begin right at the beginning, darling," I urged.

Well, the beginning—said Mary—was really my heart. Isn't that absurd? But it gave me a lot of trouble in Zermatt after the Matterhorn tour, and the doctor said positively no more climbing above ten thousand feet. So, when the end of the last summer found us in Grindelwald, John had to plan the Schreckhorn alone—that is, just he and Alois Burgener, our guide. But, Margaret, you simply can't imagine what that did to me. John and I'd had so many glorious adventures together that I grew positively sick and thin with worry, and in the end we decided that I could go as far as the hut with them.

Why, you poor dear; of course you don't know a thing about the big ascensions, do you? Well, you see, they're not exactly longer and steeper walks up a higher hill, as most valley people suppose. They present the loveliest problems of technic, Margaret, all spiced with real danger and flavored with the headiest air you ever breathed, and decorated with scenery no one could possibly describe!

I was glad to see that Mary's earlier mood of oppression and dread had been completely altered by her enthusiasm.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Mighty Matterhorn. At Right—The Rhone Glacier and Guide Hut

You see, darling, you climb to one of the club huts the first day; and that in itself is usually no mean undertaking, for you have your heavy packs, and the way is hot and tedious and long—six or seven hours perhaps—and above the tree line, of course, usually beside or over a glacier or two.

We chose the funny little Schwartzegg Hut that time. It's one of the oldest, and certainly the smallest, and most parties for the Schreckhorn prefer to go on an hour farther to the new Strahlegg Hut, which is really quite elegant, my dear, with painted shutters and a separate dormitory for women. We were betting on that contingency, for John and I wanted to be alone with our beloved peaks once more, if we could. We wanted to hear the glacier crack and thunder without any overtones of twenty people's forks and spoons; to watch the twilight burn out on the flanks of the Fiescherwand, unblurred by a lot of foul pipe smoke.

Well, we reached the hut about four o'clock, with the sun still shining warm on our backs in spite of the chill beginning to creep up out of the glacier at our feet. I flung myself down on a little bed of windflowers which somehow miraculously cling to that jagged, rocky ground so many thousand feet above all other vegetation, and John brought me out a pair of those ridiculous, big, black *sabots* which are part of every hut's equipment. We looked up at the grisly tooth of the Schreckhorn, biting into the sky so near at hand, and I shivered and moved over to lean against the nice, comforting squareness of John's tweed shoulder. Sentimental you'll call me, but this was, after all, the first big climb we hadn't shared; and it wasn't simply the Schreckhorn—which is bad enough, just like its name—the Mountain of Dread—but the Schreckhorn by the way of the Andersongrat, the more difficult way to the top.

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COASTING ON THE AIR

By Malcolm Ross

The "Professor" Type of Sailplane, Capable of an Altitude of 7300 Feet

LAST fall seven middle-aged bankers and business men went to Cape Cod to fly gliders and discover for themselves why thousands of Germans spend all their spare time coasting on the air and dragging their gliders up the hill again. The seven arrived at the cape at night and spent the evening in nervous anticipation of solo flights to be made within the first hour of their acquaintance with a glider. None of them had ever sat on that open perch out front where one is exposed to the winds of heaven and the ridicule of fellow man. Yet, on the next morning, every one of them was shot into the air for successful glides. Some of them made wide S turns. The pool for the longest glide was won by the oldest member of the party, a gentleman of seventy-one years.

There were sparkling eyes, and taunts at the other fellow. Their first unaided conquest of the air made them glider enthusiasts for life.

There is no doubt that motorless flight stirs a deep elation. It gives the novice a sense of kinship with those heroes of powered flight whose voyages he has followed in imagination. Yet no imagination can quite equal that actual moment when the groundling finds himself in sole control of a vehicle which neither sticks to a road like an automobile nor to a shaft like an elevator. The paths ahead, above and beneath are infinite in number, and all the pilot has to guide him is a few instructions on the handling of the controls and an instinct to react properly to his sense of balance and direction. It is small wonder that the nervous tension of a first flight explodes in a whoop of pride when the skid slides to a stop on firm earth.

Back to the Wooden Pigeons of Greece

IT IS this ease of handling which makes the glider fascinating to people who heretofore have thought of flying as a spectacular occupation for almost anyone except themselves. For now, with gliders pronounced as safe as toboggans and gliding as simple to learn as bicycle riding, the new contraption brings up highly personal questions: "Shall I try the thing?" "Shall I let my enthusiastic youngster have a go at it?" Answers are being thought out in a great many American homes at the moment.

The cautious will think primarily about safety and will bring up instances of glider accidents such as the one in which Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, figured. Unfortunately for gliding's reputation for safety, Governor Trumbull's first attempt at it came a cropper in the presence of newspaper photographers and movie news-reel men who were summoned to the scene for the express purpose of showing how easy gliding is for one who had never before tried it. The staging of that affair was a publicity stunt. Its subsequent back fire has given it wide enough currency to make it a point at issue. Is gliding, then, not so safe?

It is safe, in spite of that fiasco. For Governor Trumbull, an excellent airplane pilot, was seated in a glider and pulled into the air by an automobile with such a sudden jerk that his feet slipped from the rudder bar, his body fell against the stick, and he did not have time to recover his position before he crashed into the ground, not very seriously but with enough force to wreck the glider. The villain of that piece was the automobile. It is not the proper means of launching a novice on his first glider flight.

By good or bad methods, however, Americans are certain to launch themselves into the air by the thousands in the very near future. An intangible, but none the less important, urge to do so lies in the emotional reaction to flying which the American people have rejoiced in ever since they awoke to the fact that the Wright brothers had made history. The discovery also brought to light the fact that the Wrights were pioneers in gliding. It was satisfactory to learn that the Kitty Hawk adventure was not accidental but an intelligent application of the gasoline engine to a plane whose aerodynamics had been carefully worked out in many hundreds of glider flights over the North Carolina sand dunes. Newspaper feature writers dug up the gliding exploits of Octave Chanute, done in America during the preceding decade, and they gave a certain amount of credit to that Otto Lilienthal, who had covered 200 yards in a glider flight at Berlin in 1894. It appeared, upon examination, that this business of coasting on air went back to the astute dreams of Leonardo da Vinci and into countless legends of gliding shows in Imperial Rome and winged wooden pigeons in pre-Christian Greece.

Nevertheless, the first actual powered flight was American, and we were proud of it. More than that, the first real soaring flight—wherein a motorless plane used the winds to keep it aloft longer than is possible in a straight glide—was made by an American, Orville Wright, who remained in the air for nine minutes and forty-five seconds while doing experimental work in 1911.

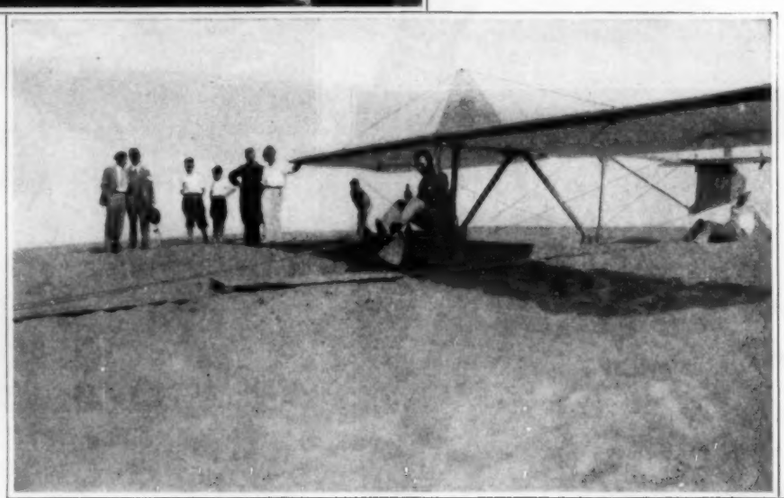
With that record behind us, it was something of a shock for America to discover recently that the Germans had adopted gliding as their pastime and were having an immense amount of fun out of it. They began to report records which far outdid anything in America. A lone German pilot remained in motorless flight for more than sixteen hours. A soaring plane carried a pilot and passenger for a nine-hour flight. Cross-country hops of more than 100 miles were made without any other power than the energy of the air.

Converts to the New Air Steed

CHARACTERISTICALLY, we began to cast eyes at those records. To excuse our own lapse of interest in the glider, we recalled that the Versailles Treaty had denied the Germans the right to build many powered airplanes, so that they had had to work out their air-mindedness in soaring experiments. For a time it appeared that the Germans had of necessity gone back to a primary grade from which we had graduated. But it wouldn't do! We could no longer blind ourselves to the fact that gliding and soaring are worth while in themselves, both as training for powered flight and for the sake of the keen sport itself.

In the very immediate past that conviction has come over many of our leading airplane pilots. Lindbergh has at times deserted his seat behind many hundreds of horse power in favor of trying to extract another precious minute out of the contrary winds which keep sailplanes aloft. Frank Hawks, who has made nonstop flights across the continent both ways in

(Continued on Page 110)



A Primary-Training Glider at a Glider School

PHOTO, BY ALEX. STOCKER, BERLIN

Flying From the Wasserkuppe, Germany

AIR FOLLIES—By William A. Johnston

THE dome of a Hollywood first-run theater was brilliant with light against the evening sky. Giant reflectors fluttered their broad, bright shafts against the dark hills and away over the illuminated plains of Los Angeles to the shores of the ocean.

Already the parking spaces which flanked the theater were jammed with cars, but in front a line of limousines continued to discharge their ermine-cloaked ladies, who smiled their way through the flood of white light from the lobby arc lights and along a roped-off lane that led to the theater doors. As early as five o'clock that afternoon these rope lines had been fought for and seized, every inch, by a mob of picture fans; and now, at nine o'clock, their tired, patient faces were alight with the joy of being face to face with the flesh-and-blood famous folk of the screen.

The megaphone transmitters were bawling incessantly, without and within the theater:

"Clara Bow is stepping from her car. She enters the theater."

"Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille are passing down the center aisle."

"Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks enter the theater."

"There's D. W. Griffith, taking his seat. Just behind him Jack L. Warner ——"

It was the Hollywood première of a big musical revue, a whole year in the making. Similar openings would take place that night and during the week in the de luxe theaters of fifty-two of the country's key cities.

Hitting the Trail to Hollywood

OUTSIDE, in the lobby, some worried-looking gentlemen paced to and fro, and whispered to one another, darting softly every minute or so into the back of the theater, studying the faces of the audience, straining their ears for the volume of applause and the depth of suspense. Some new stars might be born that night; box-office figures had been started which, in the end, would finish either in the black or red columns of the studio books; their own reputations as production chiefs and their futures were at stake.

Now the show is over and the magnificent audience is sweeping forth again. Smiles are on the white faces of the production executives as excited compliments pour into their ears. The brass-lunged starters yell forth the car numbers; the traffic officers sweep the street crowds away. The bizarre theater darkens, and upstairs in the projection room some phlegmatic operators slap twelve reels of sound and sight film into as many tin boxes. Twelve small cans! And in them $1,000,000 worth of music, color, songs, sets and costumes, brains, arguments, fights, sorrows and hopes!

In all of Hollywood's hectic history the making of such musical shows as the summer of 1930 will witness has proved its most daring and worrisome effort. Like all other departures in the remarkable amusement-making industry, revues were not foreseen. They just jumped up and grew, like Topsy. Sound wasn't ready and color wasn't prepared for volume production. But the public appetite was whetted for the unusual, the musical, the spectacular. And the public won't wait. Broadway Melody, with its songs and dance ensembles, proved a hit and at once indicated a gross which has now passed the $4,000,000 mark; and the same company, after launching a minstrel-show picture, beat a swift retreat, executed some rapid flank movements and came forth with Hollywood Revue, which also ran into heavy money.

Hollywood is quick on the production trigger. Studio moguls hurriedly entrained for Times Square, where the stage-revue idea was born; and pretty soon Times Square began entraining for Hollywood. The song writers came out almost en masse, and they are still coming. The latest to arrive—a trio famous in the song-publishing business—came in a private car, with families, cooks, maids and chauffeurs; and an impromptu but elaborate picture was made of their arrival at the station. Even Hollywood was somewhat aghast over this, recalling the earlier days when Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden came private-car-wise, but unobtrusively.

Next, the composers and lyricists. Wires and telephone calls went forth to Harry Tierney, Anne Caldwell, Rudolph Friml, Otto Harbach, Jerome Kern, Wolfe Gilbert, Irving Berlin, David Broekman, Tom Satterfield, Erno Rapee, Leo Forbstein, Sam Perry, Martin Broones, Ben Jackson, Vincent Youmans, Hugo Riesenfeld, Sigmund Romberg, Josiah Zuro, Victor Baravalle, and many others; and contracts followed. Oscar Strauss, in far-off Vienna, heard the Hollywood call and left the land of operettas for the amazing one of mammy songs. Maurice Chevalier said a flat good-by to his Paris, and a longer one than ever he thought, since in only six months the audible picture has put him at the top. Arthur Hammerstein soon hit the transcontinental trail to Hollywood; and later came Florenz Ziegfeld and his former associate, Gene Buck.

"Gene just had to come," says a brother composer. "You see, his presidency of the Society of Authors and Composers is closest to his heart. And its meetings and banquets are part of its existence; we do love to talk, and the speeches go on and on into the early morning hours. Well, the members are all out here now and Gene got tired of facing empty chairs."

One company captured Paul Whiteman, and then—this is no reflection upon Mr. Whiteman's size—acted as though they had acquired a railroad train. They waited several months for a story as large as Mr. Whiteman and his personality; successful overtures were happily made to John Murray Anderson to join Whiteman, and Anderson responded by importing to Hollywood the most beautiful show girls of New York. Thus was The King of Jazz born.

Elsie Janis was returning from Europe about the same time; and in midocean she passed Jesse L. Lasky, who was steaming to London to garner play and other stage material. They held a long radio conversation one afternoon, near the conclusion of which Miss Janis transmitted:

"Well, what do I do next?"

"Just this," replied Mr. Lasky: "As soon as you arrive in New York, tell the ship-news reporters you have signed with our company—dialogue writer, stage director, associate producer, or what have you. Then go to Hollywood and get busy."

"On what?" asked Miss Janis, of the more practical stage.

"Oh, you'll find out," said he, with Hollywood optimism; and Miss Janis did. She plunged right into the making of Paramount on Parade.

Rekindling the White Lights

IN THE meantime, the people who had fathered Broadway Melody and The Hollywood Revue were far from asleep. Harry Rapf, one of their generalissimos, was already dodging in and out of the purlieus of New York's theatrical district with a dark, Hawkshavian look. He had an idea—namely, to combine the modern empire of jazz with the sentimental songs and celebrities of old Broadway, when Delmonico's, Martin's, Weber and Fields', Canfield's, and, in general, the white lights of Broadway were in their prime. He routed Joe Weber and Lew Fields out of their comfortable chairs at the Hotel Astor; De Wolf Hopper from his nook in the Lambs Club; Willie Collier from his waterfront home on Long Island; Louis Mann—but not away from his white-wing collar; and in a secluded spot in old Chelsea village he found an erect, handsome Irish dancer named Barney Fagan, aged eighty-six. Marie Dressler was already in Hollywood, where the talkies had swiftly made her a star.

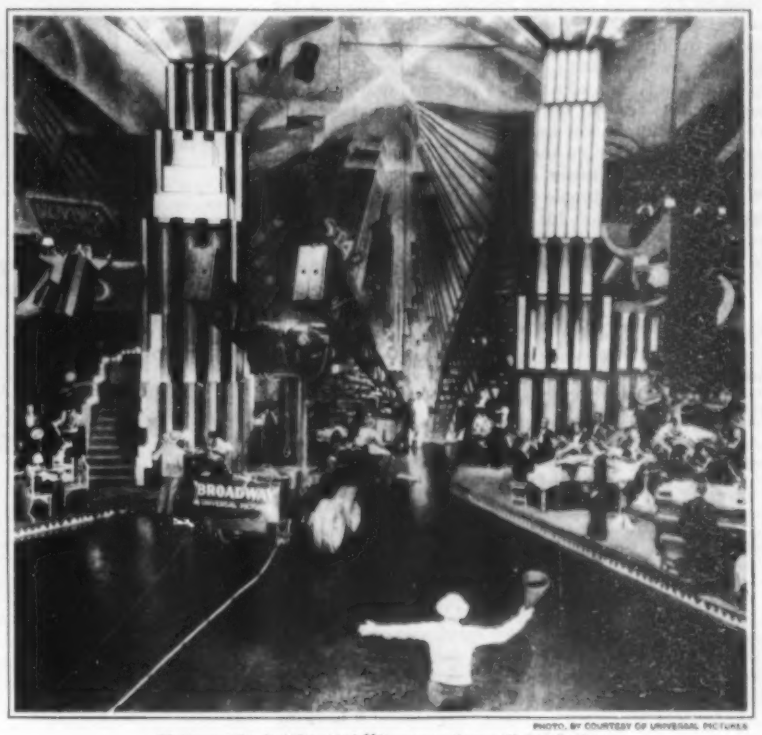
"And now," announced Rapf, "I want Fay Templeton. Where is she?"

Less than a month later, Fay Templeton, in Hollywood, was gazing with solemn, surprised eyes at a picture set so enormous that a lift at the rear had to carry her up seventy feet to perch upon the top center, between the wings of a chorus nearly 200 strong. When, later on, her golden voice

(Continued on Page 145)

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF WARNER BROTHERS

Loretta Young Attends a Hollywood Opening



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Universal's Celebrated "Camera Crane" in Action

ULTRA-VIOLENT

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

Mr. Byrd Arranged His Glasses, With Their Dangling Black Ribbon, and Read

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BRODIE, vice president and account executive of the Atlas Advertising Agency, sat in the big leather chair opposite the walnut desk of his chief, T. Tattersal Byrd, and eyed the great man gloomily. Mr. Byrd had just finished reading the author's revise of his latest article for the Inspirational Monthly, entitled, Go Thou and Do Likewise, and the yellow sheets lay scattered across the plate-glass surface before his swelling white waistcoat.

"Well, William?" he inquired gently.

"Not well at all," his junior corrected him bitterly. "Rotten."

"Bullfinch?"

"Bullfinch," assented Mr. Brodie without cheer. "Wet Smacks, Incorporated, sales for the last quarter of the year are down 9 per cent from last year."

"Which means ——"

William Alexander Brodie dug out of the inner pocket of his brown tweed suit a sheet of paper covered with typewritten figures, and laughed sourly at the interrogation which his senior had left hanging in the air.

"Listen to these figures, chief," he begged. "In the first quarter of the year the sale of Wet Smack bars increased 4 per cent over the same quarter the year before. Everybody in the company, from Bullfinch down, admitted they were pretty good. Sales in the second quarter increased 11 per cent over the preceding quarter and 7 per cent over the second quarter the year before. Everybody in the company, from Bullfinch down, admitted freely that when it came to making and selling a five-cent candy bar they were in a class by themselves. Not a word in either the second quarter, or the first, for that matter, about the job we were doing for them. Then came the third quarter. Sales up 7 per cent over last year and 5 per cent over the second quarter. Once again the mutual-admiration society among Bullfinch, et al. Still not a word for Atlas and the part we were playing. Then—now—comes the fourth quarter. As I said, sales down 9 per cent from last year, and about 14 per cent below the preceding quarter. Did the mutual-admiration society meet for the purpose of congratulating itself on the effect of the market crash on the candy-buying power of the masses?" Once again William Alexander Brodie gave vent to a short, unnatural laugh, expressive of his opinion concerning mutual-admiration societies in general and the Wet Smack society in particular. Then he concluded: "It did not. Instead, it met and sent us this letter. Listen to this, chief."

From the same inner pocket, William Alexander Brodie produced a letter which he read aloud:

"*Dear Brodie:* We have just been going over sales and earnings for the last quarter of the year, and frankly, Brodie, they don't make very good reading, as the inclosed sheet will show you pretty quickly.

"To be frank with you, Brodie, we think that our advertising needs a little pepping up or something. Though we have been very well satisfied with our advertising up to now, Brodie, it is plain that when sales fall off 9 per cent something is wrong. You can't get around that, can you, Brodie? As Boynton tells me it takes two or three months to get new advertising started, I hope you will get busy right away, so that we don't lose our shirt before we can get turned around.

"Very truly yours,
"S. BULLFINCH."

"What do you think of that, chief?"

T. Tattersal Byrd twirled his eyeglasses on their long ribbon and smiled—a tolerant little smile for human weaknesses and human anxieties. The picture of the beefy Bullfinch minus his shirt was mildly amusing, as were the fear and gloom of his young associate. For several months an idea concerning the Wet Smack account had been flitting through the large inner recesses of Mr. Byrd's mind. Brought forth now, easily, calmly, it might serve a double purpose. First, it would satisfy Mr. Bullfinch and his associates concerning the character of the service they were receiving from Atlas, and second, it would serve as a reminder to young vice presidents and account executives that behind their cleverness stood a bulwark of brain, a Gibraltar of constructive resourcefulness.

Mr. Byrd ran a thoughtful hand—the same æsthetic member which cups the cleft Byrd chin in all the magazine pictures—through his snow-white locks and nodded.

"Very interesting," he murmured.

Mr. Brodie nodded impatiently. "It certainly is," he agreed shortly, "but more important, what would you do about it?"

T. Tattersal Byrd filled his pipe and lighted it carefully before replying.

"Have you thought of ultra-violet?" he finally inquired softly.

Frankly puzzled, William Alexander Brodie could only stare.

"The greatest discovery of this age in which we live," his chief went on smoothly. "Ultra-violet radiation. Restorer of energy! Promoter of growth! Think of what it might mean to millions of people if Wet Smacks were to announce that every five-cent bar of this delicious confection now contained, in addition to the tingling goodness of milk chocolate, raisins and yeast, the beaming goodness of the sun itself. Think of it, Brodie! Bars, you might almost say, of sunshine. Irradiated Wet Smack bars! Vitamin D! Think of the disease-resisting possibilities of calcium, phosphorus and iron combined with the tasty joys of raisins, yeast and milk chocolate. What do you think of the idea?"

As his chief went on, Mr. Brodie's jaw had slacked, then tightened suddenly. His hands, with their big knuckles, opened and closed in creative thought already leaping ahead. As Mr. Byrd finished he held out his hand.

"Chief," he said simply, "you're a wonder."

T. Tattersal Byrd inclined his head carelessly. "I rather fancied the idea myself," he admitted, "when it came to me as you were reading that letter."

"You're a wonder, chief," his junior associate went on admiringly. "Any other suggestions?"

T. Tattersal Byrd considered. "I think," he said, after a moment, "the best way to sell the idea is to present it with an authoritative background. Bullfinch—like most so-called hard-boiled business men—is more impressed by a lawyer than a lawyer's brief. There is a German—a Doctor Hassenplugh—who is an authority on ultra-violet. Why not make a contact with him and retain him, for the time being at least? Tell him your story and then arrange a joint interview between the doctor, Bullfinch and yourself."

"You leave it to me!" shouted William Alexander Brodie enthusiastically. "I can visualize the complete campaign right now! Bars of Sunshine! The greatest scientific revelation of the century in a confection of pure joy! Oh, boy!"

II

DR. K. HASSENPLUGH was a short, thickset gentleman, built along lines decidedly square. His double-breasted blue-serge suit cut squarely across his bulging front, his mouse-colored pompadour paralleled his straight, bushy red brows and, lastly, his light blue eyes stared squarely into the beady brown orbs of Mr. S. Bullfinch, president of Wet Smacks, Inc., as Mr. William Alexander Brodie made the two gentlemen known to each other.

Mr. Bullfinch's Thudding Fist Halted the Doctor. "Positively, No!" He Shouted. "Ain't

"Doctor Hassenplugh," Mr. Brodie went on, "is a graduate of the University of Berlin, an associate of Blitzen in Switzerland, and a specialist in light therapy for several years with Bernhardt, of Denmark."

Mr. Bullfinch beamed and held out his hand. "You don't say so," he said admiringly. "Have a cigar, doctor?"

"I thank you." The doctor bowed stiffly. "If with you it is quite right, my pipe I shall smoke."

"O. K. by me, doctor. Sit down an' rest your feet an' ears. Have a chair, Brodie."

When the doctor's meerschaum was well alight, William Alexander Brodie cleared his throat.

"My letter ——" he began.

"I read it this morning," Mr. Bullfinch put in briskly. "Especially where it says that you have an idea that looks like a world beater. I read that part over twice, Brodie. Not that"—here Mr. Bullfinch waved a careless hand—"I ever doubted that you wouldn't have one, Brodie, if maybe we gave you a little push. A little push is good for anybody, ain't it, doctor?"

From behind a cloud of pale gray smoke came a grunt.

"Just what I say," Mr. Bullfinch continued.

"Doctor Hassenplugh has been retained by us ——"

Mr. Bullfinch placed this opening remark on a business basis: "You mean by that, Brodie, that the doctor is being paid by you?"

"Exactly."

Mr. Bullfinch smiled. "Get along," he commanded.

In his best vice-presidential-and-account-executive manner, William Alexander Brodie laid out on the broad desk of his client a number of closely typed sheets and a long blue diagram covered with white, wavy lines.

"You are, of course, familiar with the intense public interest which has been built up in ultra-violet radiation?"

Mr. Bullfinch stared blankly. "Ultra-violent what?"

Mr. Brodie leaned forward. "The greatest discovery of this great age in which we live," he explained swiftly. "Ultra-violet radiation. The restorer of energy! The promoter of growth! Think of what it might mean to millions of people if Wet Smacks were to announce that every five-cent bar of this delicious confection now contained, in addition to the tingling goodness of milk chocolate, raisins and yeast, the beaming goodness of the sun itself! Think of it, Mr. Bullfinch. Bars, you might almost say, of sunshine. Irradiated Wet Smacks, full of the joys of Vitamin D! Do you get the idea, Mr. Bullfinch?"

Mr. Bullfinch pulled vigorously at his cigar. "You mean, Brodie, that people should eat our bars an' get sunburned? Like a Palm Beach in your bel—stomach?"

"Not exactly. You see ——"

"Because if it is sunburn that you are talking about," Mr. Bullfinch rushed on, "we are positively not interested, and you could pay the professor off right now and save yourself some money."

Out of the smoke came a guttural protest: "Not professor ——"

But Mr. Bullfinch was oblivious of corrections. His mind dwelt in a painful past. "I know all about sunburn, believe me, Brodie. Two years ago, me an' Birdie—Mrs. Bullfinch—went to Atlantic City for two weeks. The very first day I went bathing on the beach for five hours. Do you know what happened, Brodie? For the rest of the two weeks I stayed in bed—a bed that cost me thirty-six dollars a day, Brodie, to say nothing of doctor's bills an' yellow oil to rub on, from the drug store. At home I could get burned for only what the doctor an' the oil cost."

"I Showed Them to Birdie—Mrs. Bullfinch—an' She Thought They Was Grand"

A soft cluck of sympathy came out of the smoke.

"The erythema, he is very painful."

"I didn't stay there," snapped the victim. "I didn't ever even hear about such a hotel. I stayed at the Imperator, an' for thirty-six ——"

"The doctor means sunburn," explained Mr. Brodie. "He said it was very painful."

The mouse-colored pompadour emerged from the haze and moved up and down.

"To be sure, the sunburn. He is caused by the radiation—the waves ——"

Mr. Bullfinch shook his head. "I didn't even go in the water," he protested.

"The ultra-violet waves," Mr. Brodie put in. "The radiant energy given off by the sun comes to us in the form of waves—invisible waves."

"The next thing you should be telling me," said Mr. Bullfinch bitterly, "is that my skin wasn't the color of beefsteak an' that my peeling wasn't nothing at all."

"That is it," the doctor broke in eagerly. "It was too quick. Too rapid. The skin, he has no chance to fortify himself—no pigmentation ——"

Mr. Bullfinch eyed the speaker. "What a man eats should be his own business," he observed coldly.

"What the doctor meant," said Mr. Brodie hurriedly, almost desperately, as he noted the growing sales resistance of his client, "is that if you had gradually accustomed your skin to the sun, Nature would have protected you by tanning. Pigmentation is tanning. But all these things are beside the point. As far as sunburn is concerned, or anything of that sort, in irradiating our product with ultra-violet we can have no such effects. We will simply be adding, by the latest scientific means, one of the most important elements of human existence—Vitamin D. Am I right, doctor?"

Business Bad Enough Already?"

The doctor beamed. "The Vitamin D," he announced brightly, "he cures the rickets in the chickens."

Mr. Bullfinch removed his cigar. "Since when are we in the chicken-feeding business?" he demanded.

"The chicken, he is like the children ——"

Mr. Brodie wiped his fevered brow. "Just a minute, doctor," he implored. The last words of his chief came rushing back to him: "Don't let Bullfinch get mad, whatever you do. Remember the madder he gets, the whiter black becomes." He tried a smile. "Perhaps it would be better if we begin at the beginning. We have here some charts which the doctor has prepared which show the wonderful scientific background we have for our advertising. Will you please explain it, doctor?"

The doctor arose and replaced his pipe in its green plush case.

"If Mr. Pullfinch will permit," he began.

Mr. Bullfinch, about to nod, halted. "Bullfinch, professor," he corrected.

"Pullfinch of a certainty, but professor, no! He is wrong. The ——"

"The—the charts," prompted Mr. Brodie feverishly.

"The—the charts, to be sure," agreed Doctor Hassenplugh. "Now, my topic here is generally in such a manner that it interests only the scientist, but it will generally be made all plain here. Now, I think, for the sake of brevity, I could begin with a display of my little figures. You see here what shows the electromagnetic spectrum, and I guess, maybe, that maybe you have seen it before in the papers. See, it is like the keyboard of a piano. Every section is here an octave. It means, just as in the line of music, that the wave lengths on this end of it are just half the length of those on the other end. Here we have it a general picture. To you do I make it clear?"

Mr. Brodie nodded.

"Now, this keyboard, he is divided. Here we have the waves which give us light. Now, again above these waves we have yet more waves. See? The infra-red waves. They give us the heat. Then, on the other end, we have the ultra-violet waves—the health waves, so to speak. Now, it is with these waves we are interested. Other waves, of

(Continued on Page 92)

BIG-LEAGUE BUSINESS

By John Kieran

PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

A Full House at the Polo Grounds

"First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point."
—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

ACCORDING to ancient tablets excavated in the American Rhineland, the first professional baseball team was organized in Cincinnati in 1869. It was called the Cincinnati Red Stockings and the whole club consisted of ten men, of whom one was a playing manager. The annual pay roll was $9800 and six of the players on the team drew annual salaries of $800. Each player contributed fifty cents a day toward his board when the team was traveling.

From that humble start professional baseball has grown to a capital investment so huge that the sum should only be mentioned kneeling. There's millions in it. Yea, verily. For many years the growth was slow. Less than thirty years ago the American League franchise in New York was practically donated to Frank Farrell and his associates. All they had to do was to provide a team and a playing field. The franchise that was given away once is now worth a cool million in itself. With the Yankee Stadium and the Yankee team, including the great Babe Ruth, Col. Jacob Ruppert would not value his baseball holdings at anything less than $5,000,000, current coin of the realm.

When Baseball Was Young

THE teams of old times had just about enough players to cover all the positions on the field. Modern big-league teams carry twenty-five players from town to town through the whole season—frequently many more until June 15, the player-limit date—and have fifteen more optional players—their property, and so registered on their reserve lists—going through a development process with various minor-league teams. The old-time manager was usually the captain, coach, secretary and Grand Pooh-Bah of the whole club. Frequently he was also the owner. There were no such things as scouts. Modern big-league teams have two or three coaches to assist the manager, home secretaries and traveling secretaries, and from two to seven or eight scouts who scour the hinterlands for bigger and better ball players for their respective clubs. The home office is stocked with stenographers and clerks. The old-time office was the owner's hat.

The players of old days, when on the road, stopped at hotels that were entered by no other strangers except the police. Modern players are housed at the finest hotels in the big cities. In ancient times there were no such things as Southern training trips. That's a big item in modern baseball. It takes an initial outlay of $35,000 in cold cash to start the ball rolling on the Southern training trip of the New York Giants each year. That much is expended before any sizable receipts come trickling back.

The early baseball capitalists were men who grew up from the ranks, the smarter players who branched out as managers, owners and league officials. These fellows knew their business and never had need to call in outside help to tell them how to run their affairs or direct the destinies of the infant industry. Such men were Pop Anson, A. G. Spalding, and the like. There are even now a few survivors of the old order, such as Charles A. Comiskey, the Old Roman, who owns the Chicago White Sox, and Clark C. Griffith, owner of the Washington team.

PHOTO COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

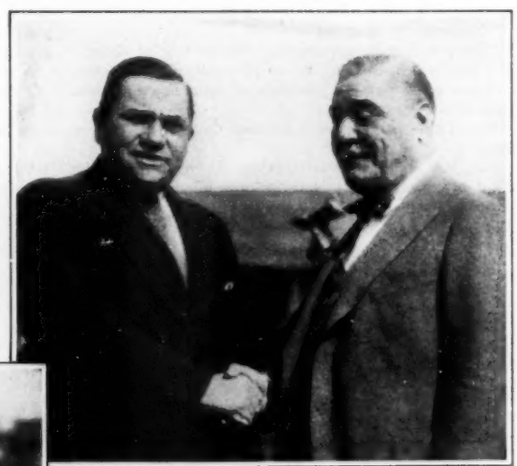
Judge Landis, Commissioner of Organized Baseball

But when baseball began to boom a quarter of a century ago and franchises were bought and sold at higher prices, the insiders were frozen out by force of circumstances. They didn't have enough blue chips to sit in at the main table in a big game like that. How many former ball players could step up and buy a modern big-league club? What would they use for money? An offer of $1,000,000 for a big-league club these days would be considered a rank insult by most owners. Probably William Wrigley, Jr., would turn down an offer of five times that amount for his Chicago baseball property, the Cubs.

Early franchises cost nothing at all. Early ball parks were worth a few hundred dollars an acre and the cost of the lumber for the fences and the seats. The land on which the Yankee Stadium now stands is worth at least $1,000,000, and it cost the Giants $800,000 to build the last steel and concrete extension of the grand stand at the Polo Grounds. Andrew Freedman bought the Giants, lock, stock and barrel, in 1894 for $49,000 and sold to John T. Brush in 1903 for $125,000. The club was acquired by C. A. Stoneham and his associates in 1919 for a little less than $1,000,000. George M. Cohan and a group of friends were bidding on it at the time, but Mr. Stoneham got it by paying the whole purchase price in spot cash! Possibly the executors of the Brush estate thought the distinguished actor, Mr. Cohan, was trying to buy it with stage money.

Money Made on Diamonds

IT WAS rumored that Tex Rickard offered $3,000,000 for the Giants a few years ago. Whatever the offer, it was refused. Frank Farrell, who got the Yankee franchise for nothing, sold the club to Col. Jacob Ruppert and Col. T. L. Huston in 1915 for $480,000. Of course, the two colonels poured more money into the club and built the Yankee Stadium, but when Col. T. L. Huston sold his half interest to Colonel Ruppert in 1923, it was at a price of $1,250,000, of which $500,000 was cash in hand. That left $750,000 still to be paid. Within a year Colonel Ruppert offered to take up the notes for $700,000 in cash, and Colonel Huston accepted the offer. One million two hundred thousand dollars in cash for a half interest in a club! And as things have turned out, Colonel Ruppert got a real bargain.



P. & A. PHOTO

Col. Jacob Ruppert (Right) and Judge Emil Fuchs

Judge Emil Fuchs bought the Boston Braves for approximately $400,000 in 1922, and he and his partner, Charles F. Adams, insist that they would scoff at an offer of $1,000,000 now. Bob Quinn and his backers bought the Red Sox for something like $900,000—the Red Sox own their park, the Braves do not—a few years ago and last year turned down an offer of $2,000,000. An offer of $3,000,000 for the Brooklyn club was turned down several years ago.

All this indicates the distance between baseball of the late General Grant period and baseball of today. Few

former ball players are going around with millions in their pockets. When a modern club is sold, it is bought by a Colonel Ruppert, a William Wrigley, Jr., or an Alva Bradley. These men are baseball fans, but not trained technical men in baseball affairs. With their huge investments, they can't afford to take a chance of directing the club with their own slim knowledge of baseball business matters. They need men who know baseball from a business viewpoint and business from a baseball viewpoint. In short, they need business managers for their ball clubs. Thus—and at last the heroes of the story appear—Colonel Ruppert has Ed Barrow directing the business affairs of his Yankee club, Mr. Wrigley has William L. Veeck to handle financial matters for the Cubs, and Mr. Bradley has Billy Evans running the show for the Cleveland Indians.

There is a queer thing about big-league business managers. Most of the clubs have men who perform the duties of the office, but only a few bear the title of business manager. With the Yankees, Ed Barrow has the title and performs the functions. With the Cubs, William L. Veeck performs the functions, but bears another title. He is president of the club. With the Braves, Fred Mitchell holds the title of business manager and the only business he minds is his own. He coaches the Harvard baseball team in the spring and scouts minor leagues for the Braves when the collegiate season is over.

Getting Paid for Watching the Giants

THE biggest profit in baseball last year was made by the Chicago Cubs. They have been making plenty of money in recent seasons. This would seem to indicate that Chicago had a good team and the Cubs had a good business manager in William L. Veeck. Here it might be said that his name is pronounced to rime with deck, neck, check and double check. Anyone who pronounces it to rime with cheek, week or sleek should be charged with an error. Mr. Veeck does for the Cubs what other business managers do for other big-league clubs, and that's plenty.

It's an all-year job, to begin with, but from a playing standpoint it starts with the spring. The first job of a business manager is to get the team off on a training trip. A training trip costs anything from $25,000 to $75,000, and a good deal of it is water over the dam. It doesn't come back. The Yankees, with Babe Ruth as the attraction, make money on their training trips. Other clubs have made money when they were champions and could ballyhoo the title through the provinces. The Giants, mostly on McGraw's record, usually break about even on these training trips. But most clubs lose money on these spring tours.

One baseball official estimates that the net cost would average $20,000 a club. The business manager tries to cut that loss or turn it into a profit by booking better exhibition games in bigger cities. When the training deficit has been duly booked, the championship season starts and the real money starts to roll in. How much? From $400,000 to $1,500,000, with the Phillies playing the anchor position and the Cubs setting the altitude record last year. Of course, the Cubs made money on that basis, but other clubs and more needy owners than Mr. Wrigley finished in the red. The money went out faster than it came in.

Club officials aren't giving away trade secrets, but they are not particularly reticent in explaining the debit side of the big-league business. Without exposing their private ledgers to public view, they will deftly display certain sets of shocking figures. One official of a big club was talking at length on the subject of income and outgo.

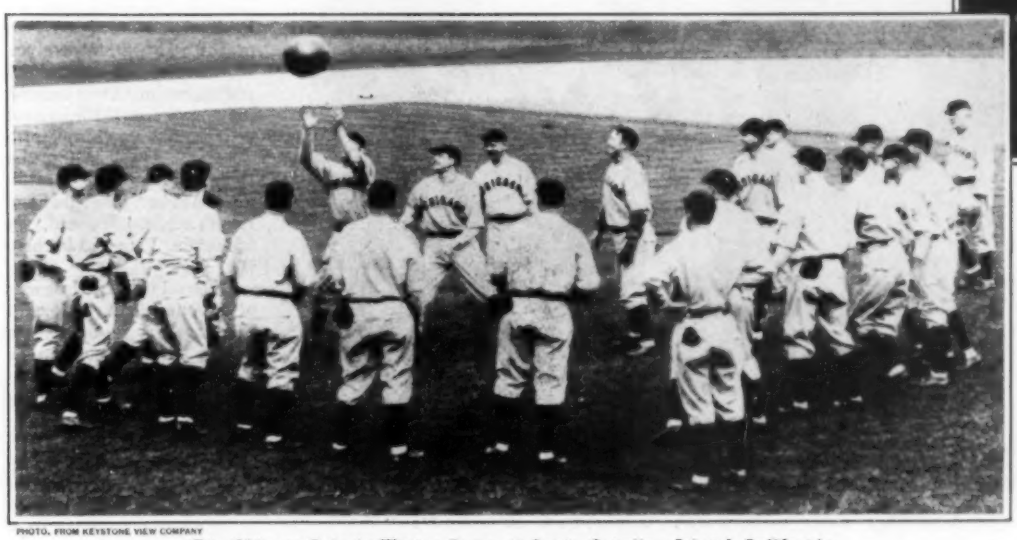
"The overhead expense of our club," he said, "is about $150,000 a year, not counting any interest on our investment. That's just for rent and upkeep of the park, the office—staff salaries in the office—insurance, taxes and things like that. Salaries to players are more than $250,000 a year. Do you know that a club must spend from $60,000 to $100,000 a year, on the average, for buying new players, and that 70 per cent of the new players brought to major-league training camps are never brought back again? Well, it's so, and what's more, the Federal income-tax ruling gives the average life of a big-league ball player as three years—that is, in service in the big league. That's to determine the amount of the purchase price that can be charged off each year."

With just a pause for breath, he continued: "Counting the training trip, our club travels 15,000 miles a year. Cart thirty or more men that distance in Pullman cars and see what you have to pay in Pullman and railroad fares. Add in the hotel bills on the road. Those two items will come to at least $75,000 with our club. How much does that make so far?"

Hasty figuring gave an approximate total of $550,000, with a few counties missing.

"Well, there's more than that," he went on. "You have lawsuits to fight and settle. You have tax matters to straighten out. We keep an architect employed all the time working on our plant. There's the interest on your investment to figure. We wouldn't sell for $3,000,000, so you might count the interest on the investment at $150,000 a year. In other words, we have to draw $700,000 a year to break even. As a matter of fact, that's wrong. The estimate is too low. I know we don't begin to make money until we go over $800,000. If we don't hit that for the season—well, it's just too bad, that's all. We mourn our loss."

Mr. Veeck and other business managers will tell you that one of the important duties of a business manager is to add to the baseball income by staging other attractions at the ball park through the year. That takes in renting the ball parks for prize fights, open-air opera, soccer, college football, and so on. Even turning a major-league diamond into a skating rink in the winter was tried at the Polo Grounds.



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

The Chicago Cubs in Winter Camp at Santa Catalina Island, California

An instance of shrewd business management in that respect is shown in the combination now existing in New York. The Yankees and Giants were once rivals in bidding for college football games. That enabled such colleges as Penn State, Fordham, Army, Notre Dame and N. Y. U. to go shopping for a low rental, holding one club as a threat over the other. The clubs merged their football interests and now there is a fixed price and no competition. If a college wants to play football in New York the price must be met. The Yankees and Giants split their football receipts down the middle.

Legal expenses are a big item in baseball nowadays. Each club has its attorney, and attorneys are not noted for donating their services free of charge. But the main annoyance is with lawsuits. There are suits over contracts, suits over maintaining a nuisance, tax suits, suits for damages, and what not. After the opening game in Shibe Park some years ago, the Philadelphia club was faced with more than 300 suits for damages based on paint stains on the clothing of the spectators who had attended the opening game. The seats had been newly painted for the opening celebration. Business managers have been careful with their paint work since that time, but every club still has such suits to answer in the course of a season.

A fan once sued the Giants because he was caught in a huge crowd around the ticket booths at the Polo Grounds and herded in by uniformed attendants so that he was "detained and prevented from leaving the inclosure for several hours," wherefore he begged relief and got it from the courts. The club appealed and the case went up marked: "Talcott versus National Exhibition Co. Supreme Court of New York. Appellate Division, 1911. 144, App. Div. 307: 128 N.Y. Supp. 1059. Carr, J." The sad news to baseball was that Carr, J. handed down the decision: "Judgment affirmed." Business managers must see that there are no repetitions of such unhappy affairs.

P. & A. PHOTO

William Wrigley, Jr., Follows His Team, the Chicago Cubs, on a Private Ticker

Then there was the case in St. Louis. In other years almost all clubs had ushers or private patrolmen pursuing foul balls in the stands and wresting them away from spectators who had captured them. It was an amusing outdoor sport, but it isn't done any more. Some clubs now have ushers offer the spectator who gets possession of a ball a pass for another game in exchange for the ball, but if the spectator elects to keep the ball the matter is dropped. It was the St. Louis case that was largely responsible for the change in tactics.

$1200 for a Foul Ball

A ST. LOUIS fan caught a foul ball and refused to yield possession to the usher. The usher called a private patrolman employed by the ball club. The spectator still insisted on keeping the ball. The husky patrolman grabbed him and literally dragged him, *vi et armis*, to the club office, where the spectator presented an appearance of magnificent disarray. It seems that the patrolman took no care to drag him right side up. Sam Breadon, owner of the Cardinals, was seated in the office.

"Ye gods!" gasped Mr. Breadon. "Let him go! Give him a dozen balls! Never do that again!"

Mr. Breadon could see what was coming, and it came. A suit for damages mentioning contusions, abrasions, bruises and great mental pain and anguish. The club settled for $1200, which is a high price to pay for one foul ball captured by a spectator. Though the ball clubs pay $1.25 wholesale for each ball and use from 6000 to 10,000 per club per season, a foul ball is now a lost ball and no longer

(Continued on Page 149)

THE LIMESTONE TREE

Ladies in Nashville—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MAJOR ELISHA ABEL and Polk Ewing, military aide to Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, sat together under the shed of a cotton-gin house behind the Union earthworks outside Franklin and gazed with approval at the day about them. The weather—at the very end of November—was beautifully warm; the fields were veiled in a diffused sunlight; the Columbia turnpike vanished in a golden haze.

"What is Nashville like now?" Elisha demanded. "I haven't been in it long enough to find out for two years. Not since Buell turned his army over to Rosecrans. October of 1862. Then we were held at Lebanon for the winter. The Twelfth Kentucky Infantry has had all the chances in the world to follow the path of glory. I'd like a change. Fiddles instead of drums, and girls—very pretty girls, Ewing—in drawing-rooms. The drawing-rooms are important."

Polk Ewing had a slow, skeptical voice. "You had better wait for the fall of Richmond," he replied; "or go back to Kentucky. Society in Nashville is a little difficult just at present.

"The reason won't entirely surprise you—the drawing-rooms and very pretty girls are mostly on the side of the South. Mostly. You couldn't hope to be a success with them. There are Union houses in Nashville, of course. Ours is one. I have already asked you to stay there. Neill Brown, with all his sons in the Confederate army, is for the North; the Polks are reasonable; Campbell and Baillie Peyton support Mr. Lincoln's Government. But what you mean, what you are after, is all closed to you. There really isn't any society left. The occupation brought that to an end. Andy Johnson's Federal oath killed it. The mayor and the city aldermen refused to take it, and the mayor was arrested for treason. Andy appointed a whole new council. He put the editor of the Nashville Banner in prison and locked up Mr. Carter, the president of the Union Bank, with his cashier, John Herriford, and sent Turner Foster, who had just been elected judge of the circuit court, to the penitentiary. Then he confiscated the properties of The Nashville Republican, the Union and American, the Gazette and the Methodist Publishing House. Soon afterward he suppressed the Baptist Publishing House and a paper called The Patriot.

"The governor arrested six of the leading ministers in Nashville; they refused to take his oath and he put five of them in prison—until they could be sent out of the state—and paroled one, who was sick. He got rid of Doctor Ford Elliott, the principal of the Female Academy, and the superintendent of the lunatic asylum at the same time. No, you won't be very gay in Nashville. There are parties of course, but very simple, and not for majors in the Federal Army. Linda—she is my sister—goes to them; no one is unpleasant to Linda. I see any number of charmers and Confederates with her, but they are no more than polite to me. The prettiest girl, naturally, is the worst—Eva Gallatin. We may lick the South, but we'll never overcome her. Abel, I swear to you she is the loveliest creature alive."

Elisha Abel said negligently, "I think I will marry her."

Polk Ewing laughed at him.

"You might, perhaps, marry my aunt, the relict of the late President of the United States, who thinks the world came to an end with John Quincy Adams, or steal Varina from Jefferson Davis, but you will have no luck with Eva."

Elisha went on: "I must see if I agree with you. If I do, I'll give her one of the buttons from my sleeve and come back when the war is over."

Ewing was almost annoyed. "You think this is Kentucky," he asserted. "Kentucky is a Union state at heart. Tennessee isn't. It is part of the Confederacy. Remember, we are only occupying it. We haven't won Tennessee by the hell of a sight. You will never win Eva Gallatin," he repeated. "I haven't heard a word about yourself," Polk Ewing continued. "You may want a change, less glory, but I can't get out of Nashville. Nothing has happened there since Morgan's raid in 1862."

He had, Elisha Abel replied, been on the march for months. For years. Centuries. "After Spring Mill—and that was early in the war—we moved south of the Cumberland to Clio and were mustered into the United States Army. Then we marched back through Bardstown to Louisville. From Louisville we went down the Ohio and up the Cumberland River again to Tennessee, with Buell's army trains. The regiment got to Pittsburg Landing three days late, and went on to Corinth. When Beauregard withdrew from there we advanced, still with Buell, to Chattanooga. We camped at Tuscumbia, in Alabama, and then marched back three hundred miles to Louisville. It was September again.

"We were with the reserve regiments at the battle of Perryville; General Buell returned to Tennessee; and that was the winter we spent at Lebanon. In April, 1863, we went to Bowling Green. On post duty. Burnside was given command of the department and the regiment was ordered to Camp Nelson." Elisha Abel interrupted his recital. He gazed attentively across the fields to the farther gentle-wooded hills. "I thought I saw Hood's soldiers," he said, "in formation. I am certain there were flags."

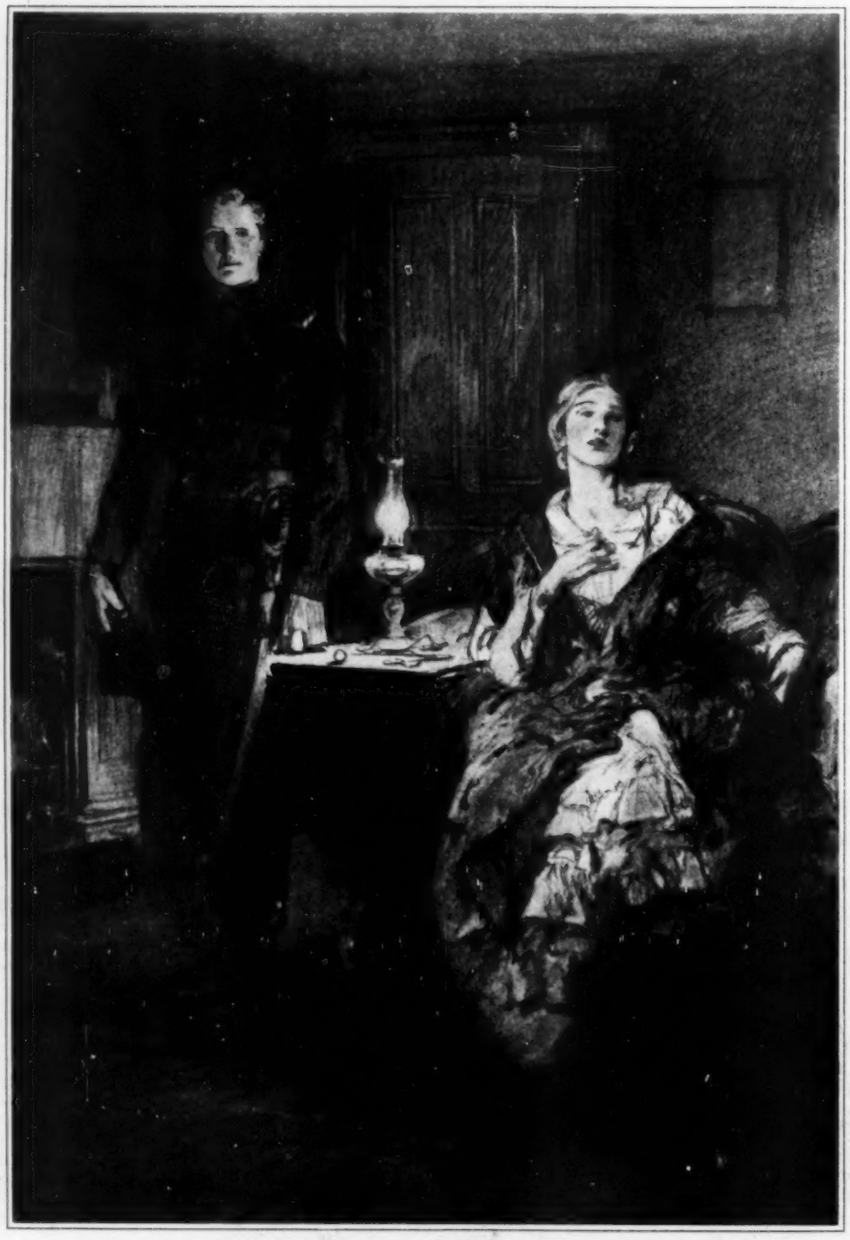
He stood up. Two brigades of Union infantry—General Wagner's troops—occupied a solitary advanced position; as Elisha studied them, frowning, he saw an officer galloping back to the main command.

"If General Hood is in motion, Wagner ought to be recalled," he went on. "He won't last a minute where he is. His men will be in everybody's way."

Elisha Abel looked critically over the line of Federal defenses. They had been hurriedly thrown up that morning; the earthworks were slight, but, Elisha told himself, they were well situated. His regiment of General Reilly's brigade was posted at the rear of the Union position—part of a small reserve of three regiments—and there it had dug an intrenchment of its own. On his right the Columbia turnpike led toward the enemy; the left was protected by the Harpeth River. Nashville was a night's march behind him. Everyone in his command, Elisha Abel saw, was intent upon the sunny indefinite distance that hid the immediate purpose of General Hood.

"We will have them on us any time now," he remarked calmly to Polk Ewing. "It ought to be pretty stiff. If Hood isn't successful the South will lose Tennessee."

That, Ewing added, would mean the end of the Confederacy.



"There is Nothing Left for Me to Say," He Told Her. "I Must Go Back to My Men"

"Two companies in the regiment have Colt revolving rifles," Elisha Abel explained. "They are new, and I'm curious about them."

He resumed his seat under the gin-house shed and continued the ironical description of his late marches.

"General Burnside advanced on Tennessee again, and we went with him. We stayed almost a day in Knoxville and then moved up to Virginia. There was some fighting—skirmishes—but soon we were back in Knoxville. At least there was a battle there. This time with Longstreet. The Twelfth Kentucky Infantry held Temperance Hill. Grant won at Mission Ridge, Sherman came to our relief, Longstreet retreated and we followed him. There was a fight at Bean's Station, and once more we camped for the winter. Strawberry Plains. That January, 1864, was the coldest anyone remembered. Our shoes were worn out—they were always worn out—and we had no overcoats. In spite of that—we loved marching so much—the regiment reënlisted in the veteran army. We crossed the mountains again to Louisville. In April we were on the march—Somerset, Crab Orchard, Danville and Lebanon, back to Chattanooga. We went part of the way, for a change, on the top of a freight train. Then we were ordered to join Sherman at Pumpkin Vine Creek.

"There was an engagement at Burnt Hickory; we were attached to Schofield's corps, and crossed the Chattahoochee River in canvas pontoon boats. Under fire. We were supposed to take an artillery position by direct assault. George Hill was killed at Peach Tree Creek. When Sherman captured Atlanta we went into camp at Decatur, but we were soon moved. We returned to Nashville and marched to Pulaski."

Polk Ewing said, "I am sorry to interrupt you. There is General Hood."

The Confederate Army, in line of battle, was moving deliberately forward across the autumn fields. It reached, dressed on the center, from the trees along the river bank far to the right; the files of muskets gleamed in the sun; the regimental flags were gay. Sharp orders sounded in the Union earthworks; they swept, like a lighted train of gunpowder, in a diminishing explosion down the length of the Federal position. Elisha Abel's orderly, who had been holding their horses inside the turnpike fence, brought them up.

"Good-by," Polk Ewing said, mounting. "Be lucky. I must report to General Schofield. You will find me with Andy at the capital!" he cried, riding away.

Elisha proceeded to where Colonel Rousseau was established with his staff. General Reilly's two other regiments, in the front line of intrenchments, were supported by six guns. A part of Strickland's brigade, across the turnpike on Elisha Abel's right, was new and inexperienced. It had joined the army only two days before. Elisha watched Wagner's two lonely brigades with a painful interest. Damn it, Schofield had no business to leave them, without protection or chance of assistance, exposed to Hood's whole force! It was, he realized, too late for General Wagner to fall back. Any effort to retreat now would at once degenerate into a panic. The Southern line advanced more rapidly. Two guns, in a forward works, fired on it. They were dragged back at a gallop to the main defenses. A thin volley from the skirmish line made an unimportant rattle.

"Wagner is gone," Elisha said to himself bitterly. The rebel yell rose shrill and high above the crash of arms. The rebel army swept about the two Union brigades and there was a momentary confusion of fighting. The center of the Confederate line hesitated, the two flanks rushed forward, and then the whole body of the enemy again advanced. The struggle with the remnants of Wagner's command continued. It moved on in a continuous turmoil. A further misfortune was instantly plain to Elisha—the guns of his brigade could not fire into the confused mass of Northern and Southern soldiers. The charge, where it was bearing down on General Reilly's line, was unchecked. Elisha Abel was cold and composed. He had come to be like that, facing battle; when it progressed, he knew, he changed.

A mass of men swept up to the Federal earthworks; Wagner's men were still fighting. The rending fire of cannon and musketry rose in a great sustained volume; through it, Elisha could hear the commands and cries and screams of men. The enemy rushed over the intrenchments; the combat became a furious hand-to-hand encounter. A bullet struck a man beside him in the stomach; he fell, twisting and bloody, and, dismounting, Elisha picked up his Colt rifle. The soldier died, digging with his fingers into the ground, and Elisha secured his cartridge belt. He sent his horse, with a private, to the rear.

Thomas Speed, Rousseau's adjutant, shouted at him: "That damned new Ohio regiment has broken!"

It was true. The Confederates were pouring through an opening in the defense beyond the Columbia turnpike. The whole left of the Union line was wavering. The guns on the turnpike were abandoned. The earthworks there were deserted. A disorderly flight began into Franklin.

"They'll take us on the flank," Elisha told Speed. He saw Colonel Opdyke advancing with his brigade from beside a house that belonged to a family of Carters. They formed across the breach in the works. His own regiment was thrown forward. Elisha Abel lost his coldness. The Colt revolving rifle, he found, was splendid; he emptied it and loaded and emptied it again. He clearly saw the individuals he killed. Elisha clubbed a man to death cutting at him with a knife. He fired again and again. The Confederates he shot were so near to him they were burned by the discharges that struck them. A bullet swept away his cap; bullets pierced his sleeves; sabers swung at him; he was touched by nothing.

Rousseau stopped beside him. "I think we are checking them," the colonel said. "Kentucky is holding its ground. The Fourth Corps is firm."

A surge of battle enveloped them. Dead men were flung across Elisha Abel's feet. A wounded soldier caught desperately at him, shooting upward with a primitive and clumsy revolver. Elisha kicked him in the head. He shot all the loads of the rifle into him. Part of the Union force that had retreated was re-formed. They returned to the struggle. Colonel Opdyke's horse was killed and, at the head of his brigade, he fought on foot.

A Confederate general rode handsomely over the defenses and caught hold of the colors of an Ohio regiment. The Ohio colonel, in an effort equally handsome, tried to

(Continued on Page 80)

"You Might Need to Advise the Men of Tennessee, But Not a Kentuckian"

ONE STEP OUT

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MR. SMITHFIELD WAGG had reached a point in his career where he was experiencing no small degree of mental confusion. There were hours when he was slightly bewildered as to his identity, and half hours when he was all but certain he was not Smithfield Wagg at all, but was, in fact, Randy Hyde, his employer and one of the richest young men in the world.

This is not so startling when one considers Mr. Wagg's personality and the nature of his employment. Mr. Wagg's character was not of the imaginative type, and his job was unique, for he was the only professional double in existence.

Randy Hyde, having made the discovery that a multitude of the evils to which his wealth and position subjected him might be ameliorated by an *alter ego*—by a *Doppelgänger*, as the Germans have it—had scoured the country for his exact physical duplicate. In Smithfield Wagg he had found such a replica of himself, and Mr. Wagg had agreed for an ample consideration to submerge his own identity for the period of twelve months and to be Randy Hyde upon such occasions and in such places as his young employer designated. While that same employer frolicked incognito and saw life as it was impossible for him to do in his own proper person.

Randy rapped at the door of Smithfield Wagg's suite in the Hyde mansion and a testy voice directed him to come in. He saw Mr. Wagg as a sort of island wholly surrounded by thick books with uninteresting bindings and utterly impossible titles. For Mr. Wagg, before he listened to Randy's blandishments, had been a professional man of learning, engaged upon a monumental work in ten volumes upon one of the more obscure phases of the sacred institution of matrimony among primitive peoples of the earth.

"Waggy," said Randy irreverently, "have you been up to capers?"

"I do not caper," said Mr. Wagg severely.

"Who can say? Capers come and capers go. Siren voices sing and chorus girls still have legs."

"My interest in legs," said Mr. Wagg, "is negligible."

"A manifest defect in an otherwise perfect character," replied Randy. "Nevertheless, the situation demands brief consideration. I have from Mr. Wanger an urgent demand for a personal conference."

Mr. Wanger, as all the world knew, was Randy Hyde's personal legal counsel and one of the trustees of the vast estate of Randy's father.

"On the last occasion," Randy went on, "it seemed wise to give you the pleasure of listening to his counsel and warnings. And he was edified. You have a way of edifying folks, Waggy. I believe—I actually believe!—the dear old man has thought ever since that I sat out too long in the sun. Have you done anything of a notably eccentric and scholarly nature to cause him alarm?"

"I have not caused anyone alarm," said Mr. Wagg.

"Have you, then, been carrying on with Miss Spack?"

Miss Spack, let it be explained, was social secretary to a Mrs. Waverley, and was not a young woman of dangerous pulchritude. Indeed, quite the contrary. As Randy said, she was exceptionally lacking in upholstery and contours; she wore horn-rimmed spectacles with thick lenses, and her efficiency was little short of dreadful. But in her Mr. Wagg had found a kindred soul.

"Do I," Asked Randy, "Appear to You the Sort of Person to Let My Wife be Selected by a Board of Directors?"

"Miss Spack," said Mr. Wagg distantly, "does not carry on."

"You never can tell," Randy said judicially. "She may have a very volcano concealed beneath her remarkable exterior. But I take your word for it, friend. And perhaps this time I'd better indulge Mr. Wanger's little whim myself. That will give you the remainder of the morning free to devote to your own private vices."

"I have no vices," said Mr. Wagg, opening a large book ostentatiously.

Randy went out grinning, for Smithfield Wagg was worth to him the salary he was paid in sheer amusement. Presently Mr. Wanger was announced and received by Randy in the library. They shook hands, for they were excellent friends, though, of late, Mr. Wanger had been a trifle confused by certain contradictions he had noted in his youthful client's conduct.

"How are you progressing with the plans for the Ethnological Museum, Randy?" he asked.

"Eh? What?" Randy was taken aback for an instant. Then he grinned again. "Well, the answer to that is yes—and no."

"Your father," said Mr. Wanger, "was not eccentric."

"I abhor eccentricity," said Randy.

"No gentleman," said Mr. Wanger, "is eccentric. But that is not the matter I came to discuss with you—tentatively, of course. But I hope you will listen without impatience. Perhaps you will think I am speaking of a matter which is not my concern, but after all, Randy, you must bear in mind that your position is not that of an ordinary young man. You are the possessor of one of the greatest fortunes in the world, which necessarily entails certain responsibilities—just as being the ruler of a country does. For instance, it is incumbent upon a king or an emperor to look to the succession. In that respect he may not consult his own wishes."

"Ah!" said Randy.

"Nor, when he marries is it possible for him to follow wholly his own desires. Other considerations must enter in."

"So I have understood."

"Now, then, my boy, you must consider that only your life stands between the present security of your vast fortune—and chaos. Therefore—and I hope you will hear me out patiently—I have come to point out to you the advisability—I may say necessity!—of marriage. And of children."

"This," said Randy Hyde, "is my morning to be patient. Say on."

"You are young, I admit, only twenty-two. In some respects you are abnormally mature, in others abnormally inexperienced. It has been necessary to guard and supervise your conduct from babyhood. The life of the ordinary child was denied you—just as the life of the ordinary man always will be denied you."

"I have noticed it," said Randy. "And may I know the young lady's name?"

"Eh?" Mr. Wanger was taken between wind and water.

"Of course you and the other trustees have selected the future queen consort," said Randy agreeably.

"Well, I must admit we have had the matter under discussion."

"Am I to know? Or do I walk down the aisle to meet her for the first time?"

"Now, now! Of course you are to know. We wish merely to point out the patent advisability of a certain alliance. We can do no more. We shall be gratified if the young lady proves agreeable to you, and we are relying upon your good sense to approach the matter with an open mind."

"It is so open it gapes," said Randy.

"The young lady," said Mr. Wanger, "is Patricia de Senlis."

"Daughter, I take it, of René de Senlis?"

"Next to your father," said Mr. Wanger, "the greatest financial figure in the world."

"So I have heard. And Patricia? What about her, sir?"

"She is twenty, and I have heard, beautiful. She has not been in this country since she was a child. Her education has progressed in France and in Switzerland. She has never been presented to New York society. Her family was distinguished long generations before the French Revolution drove them to America—being lineal descendants of the Ducs de Senlis."

"I knew I never had seen her," said Randy. "Where is she now?"

"Recently arrived in New York," said Mr. Wanger, "but she has been invisible."

"May I ask if she has been approached upon this matter?"

"Her father has discussed it with us—and approves."

"What you mean to say," said Randy with one of those sudden flashes of keen perception which astonished his friends, "is that the suggestion came from Mr. de Senlis?"

"Well—er—in a sense you are correct."

"So this young woman and her father have picked me out," Randy said in an odd voice.

"I will be frank with you, Randy. I do not believe Miss de Senlis is aware of the—er—negotiations. But her father—a widower, by the way—feels his responsibilities keenly. I am led to believe Miss de Senlis is by way of being headstrong and impatient of restraints—so ——"

"Go no farther. Pause. Come to rest. I fancy I understand. Old René finds his offspring too hot to handle so he wants to pass the buck to me. Have I, then, a reputation as an animal trainer? Um! Beautiful and wild as a hawk, eh?"

"She comes of splendid blood. And one may not blame her for the impatiences of youth. Again, Randy, I hope you will not arch your back and close your mind. Let us bring you together. It can do no harm."

Randy's eyes twinkled. He was willing. Yes, indeed, Miss de Senlis should have an opportunity to assay him as a possible husband. She should have all the opportunity she required or her father required or his trustees required. But without pain to himself. What did he pay Smithfield Wagg a large sum of money per annum to do if not just such chores as this?

"I'm submissive," he said. "Arrange your meeting. Or do we exchange portraits first, or what?"

"The meeting, of course, will be made to appear as if in the ordinary course of events."

"I dote on adroitness," said Randy.

He chuckled, for he was saying to himself that if Miss de Senlis could endure the thoughts of a lifetime with Smithfield Wagg then he, Randy Hyde, would take himself to the remoter parts of the earth to avoid an hour's interview.

But he did take his measures. He instructed his secretary to get for him all the photographs of Miss de Senlis that could be obtained, and what information about her and her habits of mind and her parts of speech and her avocations and preference was to be obtained.

He was somewhat astonished and not a little interested at the result.

"I'm sorry, sir," his secretary reported, "but there is not a photograph of Miss de Senlis to be had. The most fashionable photographers have not been able to persuade her to a sitting; the society editors have never been able to obtain her portrait. Her father's influence, sir, has kept her pictures out of the publications. As for other information about her, there seems to be almost none. No one has met her since her return, and while there are rumors, there is nothing definite. She is considered, sir, to be queer."

"I like 'em queer," said Randy, "if the queerness runs along congenial lines."

Two afternoons later Mr. Smithfield Wagg went to meet Miss de Senlis at an adroitly arranged tea, while Randy emerged from his home by an unobtrusive exit to gambol at liberty in the interesting world. It was a satisfaction to him to watch Mr. Wagg drive away with one guard seated beside the driver and two other guards in a following car. He detested guards and private detectives, for his steps had been dogged by them since he was conscious of taking steps, and it tickled his fancy to imagine them interposing their stalwart bodies between Mr. Wagg and the bomb of the anarchist or the bullet of the crank.

Randy walked across the Avenue and through the Park. The suit of clothes which he wore could not conceal his excellent carriage, but it certainly did conceal his millions. He looked every inch the underpaid subordinate and tried to make himself feel the clerk on a holiday. This was not easy, because he did not know just how a clerk should feel. All he succeeded in doing was in enjoying the emotions of a billionaire on masquerade. Which, after all, is a pleasure not to be enjoyed by many.

Presently he sat down on a bench hard by the bridle path to enjoy the sunshine and think matters over. There really was a great deal to think over, and although his friends did not credit him with overworking his mind, Randy nevertheless did exercise that mass of tissues inside his skull which anatomists have called the brain. He was twenty-two. He was one of the wealthiest young men in the world. His fortune was left more or less in trust by his cautious father, but also with such clauses of legal sort attached that, should Randy desire to assume his responsibilities—and display the ability to carry them—he was empowered to do so. Now he wondered just what he should do about everything.

"First," he said to himself after a little while, "I shall live. When I find out what living is all about, I shall work."

That it was rather a large order to find out what living was all about he did not realize, for after all he was very young. But the idea was commendable.

As he continued to sit he became aware that he was the object of steady scrutiny by a gentleman who sat on a bench some fifty feet away—a very well-dressed gentleman who affected spats and a stick and whose overcoat had been made on the proper street. Rather good-looking was this gentleman, with closely cropped mustache and keen gray eyes, and when their glances met he smiled as if he were unconscious of smiling, but in a most friendly manner. And then he arose and walked across to Randy.

"A beautiful day," he said tentatively.

"Gorgeous," said Randy.

"It is fine to be able to spend such an afternoon idling in the park," suggested the stranger.

Randy digested this lead and played up to it. "Some opportunities," said he, "come under the general heading of necessities."

"I am not sure I follow you," said the stranger.

"I mean," said Randy, "that loafing may be indulged in only by the rich and idle, or by the jobless."

"Ah," said the stranger, and nodded his head as if to confirm a previously held opinion. "Not in luck, eh?"

"I still eat," said Randy.

"May one ask what was the nature of your employment?"

"Secretary," said Randy.

"And you have not succeeded in placing yourself?"

"It is difficult," replied Randy.

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"Gosh, it Isn't So Grand to be a Billionaire, After All," She Said Disgustedly. "But You're Just Giving Me a Run-Around, Aren't You? You Do Step Out?"

Big Things From Henry

By Herbert Dalmas

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

IT WAS commencement morning in a tiny high school in upstate Vermont. The preliminary exercises and distribution of diplomas satisfactorily negotiated, the principal moved to the edge of the platform with the pregnant smile of one about to deliver a delightful secret everyone already knows.

He and the audience beamed upon each other in mutual understanding, and then he said, as if answering a conundrum:

"Henry Carmichael Ames!"

In response to the slapping of applause thus elicited, a youth detached himself from the uncomfortable exhibit of eight seniors and walked forward too. He smoothed his hopeless hair with a ducking motion under his palm, eased his ceremonial collar with an upward straining of his chin, and grinned bashfully at the friendly miscellany of parents. The principal permitted himself a moment's prideful contemplation of this, the fruit of his intellectual endeavors, and again addressed the assemblage.

"I guess," he said, "that what I am going to say isn't very much of a surprise to many of us here today. This medal"—he held it up in its plush-upholstered box as a magician lets his victims see the face of a card—"is given every year to the most outstanding member of the senior class. It is with great pleasure that I present this medal to Henry Carmichael Ames, whose studies, attendance and deportment have been the best of any student since I have been principal of this school!"

Further and rapturous applause.

"Next fall," the principal went on, "Henry is going to college, where I know he will make us prouder than ever of him. In fact, I might almost say that the medal he has just received is in the nature of a preliminary reward for his successes in the college of his choice. We look for—and I know we shall not be disappointed—big things from Henry!"

One night—the last of a formal rushing season some three months later—Henry Carmichael Ames sat amid the exotic pomp of the Sigma Lambda music room. In as much as he had been sitting there in a reverent, virtually constant silence for more than two hours, he was beginning to present at once a problem and an unwelcome task. The problem was to get rid of him, and the task was to observe the conventionalities of entertainment until the problem should be solved. Upon Brother William Young, who, as the result of a series of unfraternally treacherous moves, found himself the only other occupant of the music room, the chore of entertainment devolved. Brother Young appreciated, after a very short survey, that what talking was to be done would have to be his own personal product. There was always the alternative, to be sure, of sitting in peace with this strange freshman and gazing into his widely wondering eyes, but it required small thought to see how this might soon pall. Therefore, William Young talked, desperately at first, then with greater ease, and finally almost with enjoyment. For, as his agile fancy stirred, stretched and looked tentatively about, it began to see possibilities in the situation. To even the most deserving of us it is not often given to talk to an audience that will believe our words without exception or reserve.

"It would probably interest you," Brother Young remarked, his imagination catching its second wind, "to know some of the customs we observe here. Now, for instance, here in the house we elect every year a chapter sweetheart. It's really quite an honor." He bent upon his listener a searching eye, but Henry Ames did not violate his trustful silence.

"I Mean, I Don't Think You Can Understand, Exactly, About My Position"

Brother Young went on, "We always call her the Sigma Lamb—a bit of a joke, you understand. The first one, so history tells us, was Jenny Lind. That was the real reason she came over to America, although very few people know it. This year we've elected Greta Garbo."

"Honest?" said Henry Ames, at last awed into speech.

"Sure," said Brother Young. "And last year it was Gloria Swanson—a darned nice girl, too—Gloria. But of course I suppose I'm kind of prejudiced in Miss Garbo's favor, being more or less her sponsor."

"Do you mean," said Mr. Ames, carefully getting the facts straight, "that you really know Greta Garbo?"

"Know her?" Mr. Young cried with a light laugh. "Well, I should rather hope I did know her! Funny thing, though"—he became reminiscent—"I sound as if we had grown up together from the cradle. Matter of fact, I've only known her six years—I met her the first time on a wolf hunt in the Pyrenees. She wasn't in the movies then, you know. As it happened, I gave her the idea. I said to her one day, 'Greta, why don't you go into the movies?' and she said, 'Why, I don't know, Bill; I just never thought of it, I guess.' We talked it over, and in less than six months she was in Hollywood working on the film version of Little Women. You probably remember her in the rôle of Amy."

"I don't believe I do," Henry Ames confessed.

"One of her best pictures," Brother Young said spaciously. "She wants me to work with her this summer on an air romance. Wings of Passion, it's called. She liked my work in the Sky Hawk. I did one or two of the crack-up scenes in that."

Mr. Ames' mouth opened a little wider.

"Golly!" he breathed. "Think of meeting you! Wait till I tell the folks back home about this!" Then he added wistfully, "I've always wanted to go up."

"Easy," said Mr. Young gravely. "Remind me of it sometime. I'll be glad to take you for a ride."

Upstairs, eleven freshmen, like eleven bridegrooms trying to appear like old habitués of the married state, sat striving to impress one another and the upper classmen with the sang-froid with which they could deal with even

Lola's Smile Was Disturbing. She Said, "He Thought You Were Amusing, But That it Got to be Something of a Bore Humoring You"

"Oh, Dear! Are You Sure? You Said——"

so momentous a crisis as being pledged Sigma Lambda. And thus far even a search warrant could have uncovered nothing but concord in the Sig house. But in another room President Jerry Peters tore his beautifully groomed hair and foamed slightly at the mouth.

"For the ten-thousandth time," he stated with poetically licensed exaggeration, "I tell you we can't pledge him. Somebody's got to keep his head around here, or you clowns would be running around town pledging anything that looked a little lonely. I don't care if Brother Cunliffe did recommend him. You can write and tell Brother Cunliffe that we're sorry and we know he's a grand boy, but that the delegation is full. Tell him we had five hundred and forty-two legacies we had to take, if you like, but that guy's so wet he almost ebbs and flows, so don't think we're going to ruin probably the best delegation on the campus with him."

"But, good Lord," somebody protested, "you can't turn a man away when you've invited him up for the last rushing date. It's practically a bid; anybody knows that."

"That's just the point," Jerry said. "Who the devil invited him up here in the first place? I didn't know about it."

Everyone disclaimed responsibility with some hauteur.

"Well, it doesn't make any difference," Jerry said. "The thing now is that he's going out, and we're not going to stand here arguing about it all night. I got a date."

"That's swell," someone said in the silence that followed the ultimatum. "But who's going to tell him? I'm sure I'm not!"

"Oh, I'll tell him," Jerry said, capitulating on the real point at issue. "I'll tell him —— By the way, anybody got the time?"

"Nine-thirty," someone said.

President Peters called upon the gods of his fathers. "And I was supposed to be there at eight! Look! I've got to phone. Somebody go down and loosen Bill's stays and chafe his wrists a bit, will you? I'll be down in a second."

He entered the telephone closet, suggested a number to the operator, and contained himself in ungracious impatience until a cool feminine voice slid over the wire.

"Lola?" Jerry said. "Say, Lola, listen. I've been having a terrible time up here at the house. No fooling. Somebody went and asked some foul ball up to be pledged, and I have to be around to ease him off. See?"

"It's half-past nine," Lola said, letting the simple fact stand.

"I know," Jerry said piteously. "I just found out. I didn't know it was so late. I've been so dog-gone busy ——"

"—— that you forgot all about me," the cold voice finished for him.

Jerry cried out in pain, "No, Lola; I didn't mean that! Honest! But everybody up here has been on my neck since dinnertime. See? And I got kind of fussed and time slipped by and—I don't know—you know ——"

"Yes," the voice agreed, "I know. If the time passes so rapidly there, you'd better stay. You'd probably be bored sitting on my porch alone. I'm going to bed."

Jerry Peters protested eloquently, putting forth arguments and pleas that must have decomposed a heart not of adamant. But anon a languorous buzz through the receiver, as of a gigantic bee winging its solitary way above a dark and wasted world, told him he was addressing, if anything, the emotionally attentive ear of the local operator. He replaced the receiver with much the effect of one dropping a twenty-pound weight down an elevator shaft. Then he sat morosely silent, simmering gently.

Lola Hoyt was a girl you might have pitied, if you had been a casual observer, for her evident destiny as college widow, had it not been perfectly apparent, if you had been a careful observer, that she would never be anything of the sort. To begin with, her social position as daughter of an endowed chair in political economy was unassailable, and her status as recent graduate of Bryn Mawr made it imperative that she be regarded seriously even by such campus gods as Jerry Peters and Bill Young. To attempt an explanation of such a defection as Jerry's was, on a smaller scale, equivalent to ringing up Queen Mary the day after an appointed audience to say it had slipped your mind, but that you'd be glad to gallop over and bear her up through tea. But Jerry, with characteristically masculine incomprehension of such social minutiæ, smarted keenly under a sense of injustice. And then, as he sat, the bright, serene ray of an idea pierced his mind. Thus unexpectedly, perhaps, did inspiration visit Catherine de Medici at her needlework before the conception of Saint Bartholomew's Eve, or Machiavelli on an afternoon stroll to ogle the fashionable ladies of Florence.

Jerry walked into the music room and told Brother Young that business demanded his presence above-stairs.

Then he said, taking the vacated chair, "It's been a great pleasure to have you up here, Mr. Ames—a great pleasure, I'm sure."

"I've enjoyed it immensely," replied Henry, his eyes still shining from the efforts of Brother Young.

"Unfortunately, however," Jerry went on, "the committee has made a slight miscalculation, and the freshmen we simply had to take—legacies, you know—have just filled our quota for the year. We are all very sorry, because we had hoped to ask you to become one of us. But, perhaps ——"

"Oh," Henry interrupted, "I didn't expect to join."

"I see," said Jerry, relieved. "I'm glad you understand. But in spite of this, we all hope you won't forget us. We'd like to keep in touch with you, so that if a place is vacant later —— You see what I mean?"

"I see," Henry said eagerly.

"In the meantime," Jerry went on, "I wonder if you'd do something for us."

"I'd be only too glad," the freshman murmured.

"We'd like you to know a young lady who is rather closely connected with the chapter—a Miss Lola Hoyt. She takes a great interest in everything we do. I was talking to her about you on the phone only a few minutes ago, and she wants you to come right down."

"That would be fine," said the overwhelmed Henry. "Are you sure she wouldn't mind? It's pretty late."

Jerry Peters said impressively, "Where Sigma Lambda is concerned, Miss Hoyt does not consider time. I'd go down with you myself, only we're so busy up here. But it'll be all right; she expects you. Tell her I sent you."

"Thank you," Henry said, walking toward the door. "You fellows are certainly nice to do this for me."

"Not at all," Jerry disclaimed. "I'm glad to do it. It's the big white house beyond the library. Good night."

As Henry Carmichael Ames walked downtown through the fragrant New England September night, he glowed

(Continued on Page 131)

"Do You Mean," Said Mr. Ames, Carefully Getting the Facts Straight, "That You Really Know Greta Garbo?"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 31, 1930

Gentle Spring

TO RURAL dwellers near large cities, and to those who make their homes in the well-kept and less densely populated suburbs, spring is not what it used to be.

Spring still brings in its train the migratory birds, the bursting buds, the tender green of young leaves and grasses and all its seasonal beauties of old time, but along with them now come the city raiders. The motor car, bringer of a thousand blessings, brings one detestable curse—the horde of well-dressed vandals, brazen young people of both sexes, lawless merrymakers and shameless pilferers, who descend upon the countryside like a blighting plague of locusts. For the Japanese beetle and for sundry other tiny pests effective sprays and poisons have been found, but no one has yet devised any general and concerted program for the extermination of this particular form of pest.

We do not refer to those innocent pleasure seekers who are driven to the country by the urge of spring, or to those who may technically be trespassers, but who do no harm. We have in mind those who sally forth from our cities every fine Sunday and holiday in mild weather and prey systematically upon country places, farms and roadsides. They begin in the early spring to break the golden plumes from the forsythia, to raid unguarded lawns for crocuses and early daffodils, to scour the southerly slopes of wooded hills and tear up the trailing arbutus by the roots. On successive raids they break boughs from the dogwoods, the hawthorns and the blossoming fruit trees, pluck the tulips from roadside garden borders, dig up clumps of cherished violets and small evergreens, and mutilate rosebushes.

As the season advances, these freebooters attack the cherry trees, loot unprotected truck patches and trample over planted ground. With the true buccaneering spirit, they spoil more than they carry away. Nothing portable is safe from their clutches, for many travel by motor, armed with spades and axes, and do not hesitate to dig up and carry off bodily ornamental shrubs and even small trees.

The arrival of hot weather only increases the menace of these marauders. They light fires where fires are unsafe and take no pains to extinguish them or to prevent them from spreading. Often they insult or threaten the farm hands who come to remonstrate with them, and more than once such trespassers have assaulted householders who have objected to their presence.

Hither and yon these vandals litter roadsides and private woods and even lawns with papers and tins, bottles and flasks, fruit peelings, broken food and unsightly refuse of every description. Hordes of them, women as well as men, display less sense of decency and self-respect than a well-bred dog.

These gentry have too long abused our patience. It is time that property owners in the regions which have suffered most from their depredations band together and put an end to this intolerable nuisance. It not only could be done but it will be done as soon as rural and suburban public opinion becomes sufficiently crystallized. Local vigilance committees, consisting of neighbors and their employes, sworn in as special constables to act in concert with the police and undertake patrol duty on Saturdays and Sundays, would prove powerful discouragers of wanton vandalism. A hundred well-advertised arrests and convictions in every state in the Union would make malicious trespass a far less tempting spring and summer sport.

Some such plan is certainly worth trying, for even if it did not accomplish all that was hoped for it, whatever it did accomplish would be so much to the good; and any substantial betterment of conditions would be of as great a benefit to the community at large as it would to individual property owners. Our civilization will never arrive at its best until we are willing to take the trouble to make an end of disorder, untidiness and screaming ugliness as carefully as we war upon other contagious diseases. There can be no doubt of the brutalizing effects of many conditions we tolerate without a murmur.

We have ourselves to thank for much of the disfigurement of the rural scene. We deplore it, but we do little or nothing about it. Many cities, for example, have ordinances forbidding the throwing of waste paper in the streets and providing a small fine therefor; but who ever heard of such ordinances being enforced? They are constantly violated with impunity on a large scale as well as by minor infractions. A common sight, on a windy day, is a passing truck with part of its load of waste paper blowing all over the street and leaving behind it a wake of litter perhaps miles in length. We have yet to read of the driver of such a truck being arrested and fined or of his employer being in any way punished; for the police allow such things to happen under their very eyes without lifting a finger to prevent them, and their superiors ignore their negligence.

If the neatness and tidiness of a community, whether rural or urban, is a trustworthy index of its self-respect, much of the country is still a long way below its own accepted standards of wholesome Americanism.

Russia Reverses

SOME time since, we commented on the so-called Five-Year Plan, under which the Soviet Government of Russia undertook the forcible reconstruction of that country. Two of the prominent planks in the platform are substitution of collective for individual farming and introduction of large-scale tractor methods. It is now announced in the Soviet press that a halt has been called in the enforcement of the program applied to individual peasants. The forced enrollment of peasants into coöperative associations, coöperative for operation as well as for marketing, provoked great resistance and had led to cruelties in enforcement and resistance. Also, it had aroused widespread resentment, as a premature, extreme and heartless procedure. The announced suspension of the policy for the time being implies the recognition of peasant holdings and the formation of coöperative associations from within rather than from without. This does not indicate abandonment of the collectivization, but rather concessions for the associated peasants and a waiting and watchful attitude toward small landholders.

The change of policy was doubtless due in part to the desire to placate the large peasant class. Also, it may have been due to the technical experience that the peasants were not fitted for wholesale enrollment into coöperative associations. But a third explanation lies in the inability of Russia to furnish employment to peasants dispossessed of their land and to those forced into coöperative ventures.

Tractors replace work animals and men. Russian farming has been of the intensive, subsistence type. When this is replaced by extensive farming with tractors, this will effectuate unemployment of land workers in large numbers. This is one of the causes of the drift from the country in the United States. When Russian peasants are replaced by tractors, where are they to seek gainful occupation? In the cities? But in the cities the going industries are not now large enough to furnish employment for the urban dwellers, to say nothing of peasants drifting in from the country. Also, the peasants are untrained in factory work, and the excess of untrained workers is the weakest point in Russian industries. Only in a country with large urban industries, serving expanding markets and well managed, would it be possible to absorb suddenly a large number of land workers. Entirely apart from the peasant's aversion to leaving the land, enforced collective farming on a large scale could not hope to succeed, because of lack of other occupations into which the land workers set free by machines could be absorbed.

Plums

TO WHAT extent is government in this country a process of passing out plums and how far has it progressed as a profession or science? A striking reply to this question was contained in a recent report of a committee of a distinguished business organization in New York City. The committee, headed by Paul M. Warburg, former vice governor of the Federal Reserve Board, reported upon certain recommendations for changes in the Federal Reserve System made by a national business men's group. One suggested change was an increase in the salaries of the members of the Federal Reserve Board, but Mr. Warburg's committee declared that such a course would be fraught with grave dangers. "Your committee fears that if the position of a Reserve Board member were endowed with a salary substantially higher than the present, the pressure for appointment on the board on the part of lame ducks and political favorites would become irresistible."

We do not wish to magnify a minor incident, but the condition suggested by this statement is what assumes significance, and not the relatively unimportant point at issue. Is our political and governmental system so constituted that even positions assumed to require the highest technical knowledge, experience and responsibility cannot be adequately rewarded without the salary being regarded as a plum? It is to be feared that the answer is rightly yes. The wonder is that government functions as well as it does, considering the way in which so many positions are filled. The point is that the method of fitting men to places must be inherently one of superficial expediency, or else suitable rewards would have no such vicious effects.

But the remedy does not lie in a wholesale increase in government salaries. That is a shallow viewpoint to take. Even moderate rewards will be eagerly sought after and regarded as choice plums by the unfit until government becomes a dignified profession instead of a haphazard engagement for many who cannot earn a living in any other way, or for the ambitious young who use it as a stepping-stone for preferment in other fields. Every now and then we have a choice scandal because low-paid employes of some government bureau or commission supposed to regulate a particular private activity or industry are taken over by those whom they recently regulated, at salaries many times in excess of what the Government paid them.

But this condition cannot be cured by merely advancing the salaries of officials and employes. The situation requires a drastic and fundamental change of both method and attitude. When government is placed upon a professional career basis, with an apprenticeship system and promotion for merit and record, as obtains largely in other professions, the question of salaries will take care of itself. Then, and only then, substantial, decent salaries will come as natural rewards for achievement, and not as plums for those who "need the money."

WHO HAS THE MONEY?

By Samuel Crowther

SILK stockings may or may not be luxuries. Probably they are now to be classed among the necessities, but we will not here decide the point. That it takes money to buy them will be granted. And it is for this reason that the recent record of one manufacturer of silk stockings holds an interest and an importance beyond the facts.

For once more we have been hearing: "People have no money to spend." That has never been true, but every so often, by earnest repetition, its truth seems established, only to disappear under a new wave of buying power that rolls in from nowhere. Now we have the facts in hand to put this no-money legend in the national museum of quaint theories.

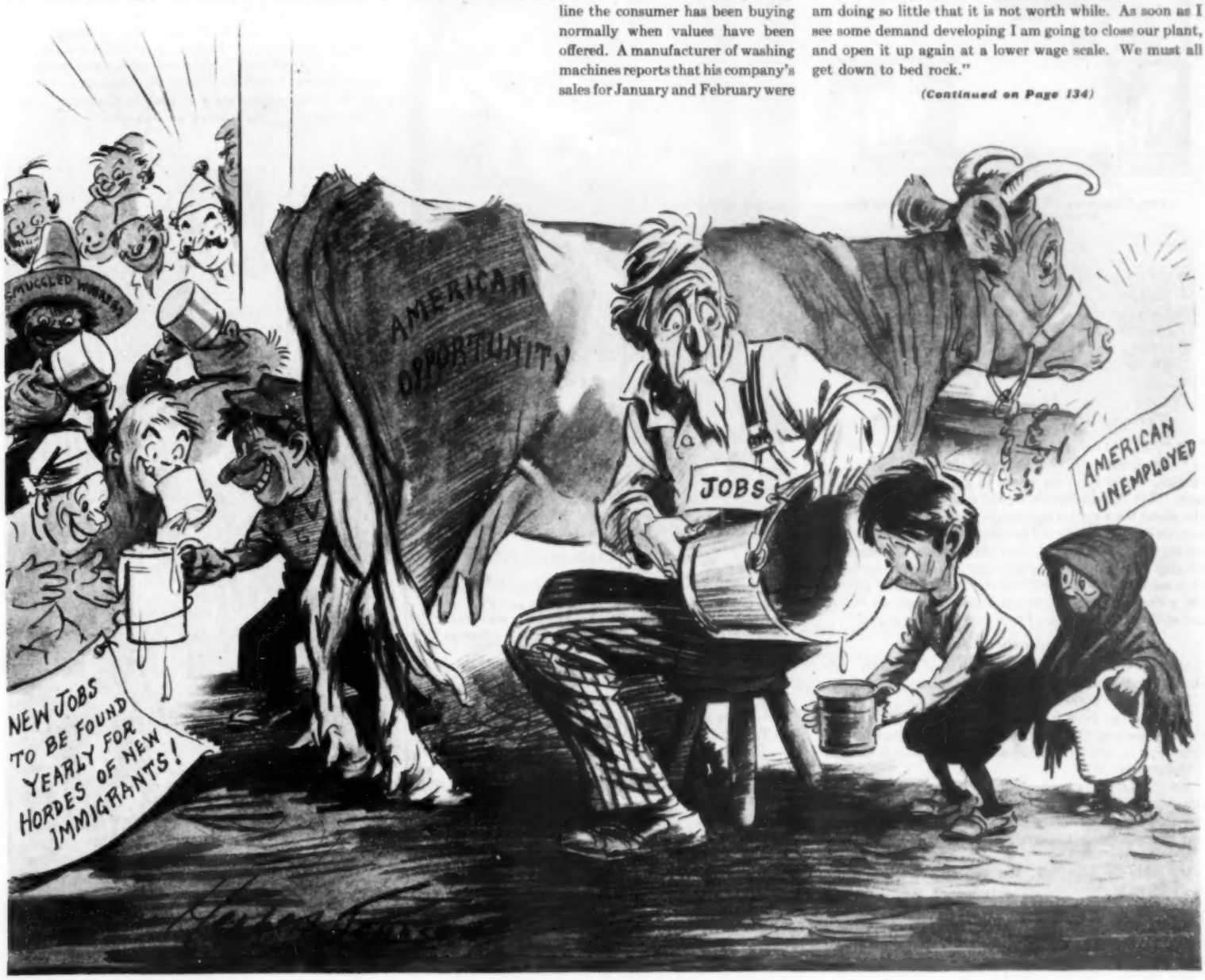
In January of this year, it may be recalled, no one had any money. That was a settled fact. The silk-stocking manufacturer thought that he was in for some hard going. He dealt directly with the retailers under a plan of his own. He has a national distribution, but does not touch the big cities. His promotion man opens an account with a very small standard stock which represents an investment of only a few dollars, and thereafter the retailer automatically orders by mail when any item in the stock drops below a fixed minimum. This may be a very good or a very bad system of merchandising, but whatever its merits or demerits, the books of the manufacturer at all times show exactly the rate at which the wearers of stockings are buying them. The dealers do not buy in advance; the manufacturer will not permit them to stock, and during busy periods some of them order every day. During the first half of January the sales from the factory—and remember that these sales are practically sales over the counter—were slightly below those for the same period in 1929. The second half of the month exceeded the previous year's record, but the sales for February were 18 per cent more than the sales for the previous February. The comparison is exact, for prices remained unchanged.

The importance of these figures is that they show exactly what the consumer has been doing, instead of what manufacturers and middlemen imagine he has been doing. He has been buying readily and steadily, although he has been supposed not to have had any money and to have been unable to buy anything. The chain stores have been selling in greater volume than ever, but the dollar volume, especially in the food stores, has declined on account of the low prices of the staple commodities. The figures have not shown the steady growth of business. In nearly every line the consumer has been buying normally when values have been offered. A manufacturer of washing machines reports that his company's sales for January and February were 27 per cent higher than for the same months in 1929. Less than 10 per cent of all the washing machines sold go into homes that employ servants. One of the great manufacturers of electric appliances for household use reports a 10 per cent increase in sales for the first two months of this year. Apparently someone has money, in spite of the fact that no one is supposed to have any.

No end of executives, however, have positively assured me that there is no use in manufacturing, because the consumers have no money to spend. For a while the notion was widespread. For instance, the president of a company which has been very prosperous for several years said to me with utter finality:

"There is no demand whatsoever for our product. Our salesmen are doing nothing. We are flatly up against it for the time being, and I am not at all surprised. My money went out to the stock market, and so did the money of everyone else. The country is in just the same condition as it was after the war. I am not sure that we did not lose more in the stock market than we lost in the war. Unemployment is high and is going to go higher. I look for a very limited demand for a long time to come, and I am going to get ready for it by raising my prices to cover the higher costs of small production. I would cut wages now, but I am doing so little that it is not worth while. As soon as I see some demand developing I am going to close our plant, and open it up again at a lower wage scale. We must all get down to bed rock."

(Continued on Page 134)



OUR FAMILY COW

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY OLIFF

The Neighbors: "There's Mr. Jones Going Out Without His Wife Again"

In Season

IN THE spring a young man's fancy takes a turn.
Thoughts of love, the poet says, will then concern.
But some folks would like to know,
Like this skeptical old hinter,
If it really isn't so
That it turned that way all winter?

—Fairfax Downey.

Telling Him Where to Get Off

"WELL, I'd stood just about enough from that firm, so I quit. But believe me, before I walked out on him, I told the boss where to get off. Yes, sir, I says: 'Mr. Astair, there's a good many things I don't like about the way this business is being run, and if you aren't willing to pay for my services the amount they are worth, there are plenty of other places who will be only too glad of the opportunity to get me.' Well, you should have seen his jaw drop after that. Only, I didn't give him a chance to say anything; I just grabbed my hat and walked out. Yes, sir, I told him where he got off."

It Was Actually as Follows:

MR. ASTAIR: Come in, Mr. Smith, and sit down. Mr. Smith, I understand you've been with the firm for five years.

MR. SMITH: Yes, sir.

MR. ASTAIR: Now, I regret to tell you, Mr. Smith, that we have come to the conclusion that you are not just the right type to continue in the employ of Astair & Co.

MR. SMITH: Well ——

MR. ASTAIR: We are accordingly giving you two weeks' salary in advance, and it is optional with you whether you care to work for us during that time or not. It is possible that you will desire to search for other employment.

MR. SMITH: Yes, sir.

MR. ASTAIR: And now, Mr. Smith, is there anything you wish to say?

MR. SMITH: Well—that is—er—no, sir.

MR. ASTAIR: Well, good-by, Mr. Smith, and good luck to you. Naturally, we regret that this step should have been necessary.

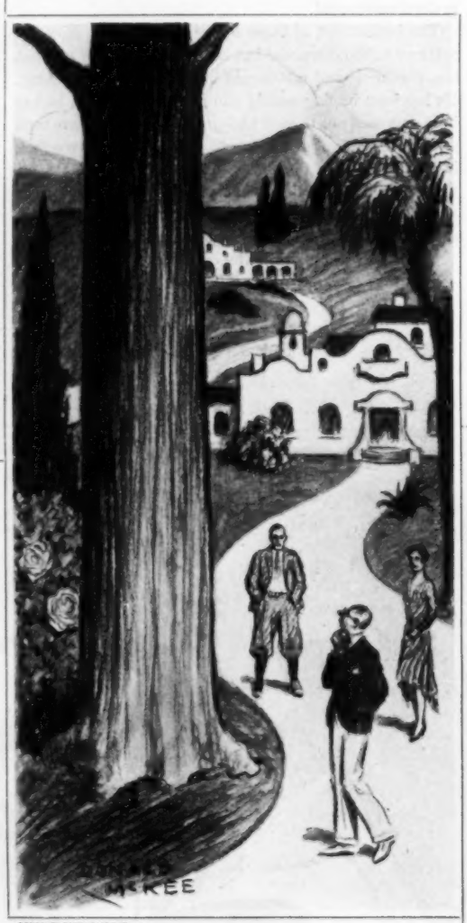
MR. SMITH: Yes, sir. Good-by, sir.

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

Book Review

THE style is brutal, sharp and bleak
Throughout the brilliant book in question:
Jim Smithers, futile, tragic, weak,
A cogwheel in the town's congestion.
Maybelle, his wife, anæmic, plain.
Their child, lame, deaf and feeble-minded.
What force—what writing—naked pain—
Jim shoots himself and May is blinded.
Sheer, graphic strength. You wince. This one
Will get beneath your skin. Convincing.
So, if that's your idea of fun,
Why, get the book and start your wincing.

—Dearing Ward.



DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Visiting Easterner: "I Didn't Know You Had Sequoia Giganteas in Your Front Yards Out Here." Californian: "Don't be Silly, Man—That's a Dahlia!"

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

ERE I begin the various twists and bends,
The skip-the-rope, the rollings on the floor,
The other tricks that Doctor Cramp commends,
I always put the dog outside the door;
Because I lack the courage to defy
The vast amusement in his tolerant eye!

—Sara Henderson Hay.

The Business Man's Lunch

Directions for Making it a Success

ONE way of wrecking one's home is to give a business banquet in it. As this is not done any more, assuming that you are chairman of the banquet committee, your next best bet is a central hotel. This hotel is always on a corner of intersecting streets, and the banquet room is always on the second floor, overlooking the traffic. It is, therefore, necessary to arrange with the police department in advance to see that truck drivers do not blow their horns except when the speaking is going on. Also to notify the fire department not to have any fires in the neighborhood, and the hospitals to pick up the wounded and dying on the off side of the street.

It is essential to the success of your luncheon that you have either the president of the largest corporation in the state, or country, to be your principal speaker. Also, ask the governor of the state to be present as a runner-up. About three-quarters of an hour before the luncheon begins, or ends, the corporation president, who is the world's busiest executive, will notify you by wire that he has gone into a conference and cannot be with you. That is what the governors of states are for—to fill in on all occasions where the principal speaker has held out on you.

When the luncheon is about half over, and it is evident that even the governor isn't coming—as governors so rarely do—don't allow this to upset you.

Look over the crowd so peacefully storing away food, and select a few of your best friends to fill the gap. They will be overjoyed. But don't let them know until the last moment.

Then rise and, banging on the table with your bare fist or any other available weapon, until the noise penetrates somewhat beyond the noise of the waiters removing the china, say:

"Fellow members and honored guests: Before I introduce our speakers"—little do the poor devils know who they are!—"I want to say a few words about these meetings, particularly for the benefit of some of our guests who have not been present with us before." (You forget to do this.) "I see down at the end of the room Mr. J. B. Q. Orkney, who has traveled today more than eight blocks to be here with us. Mr. Orkney, we welcome you. Stand up and show yourself to the boys." (Loud cheers.)

(Continued on Page 90)

DRAWN BY P. BARLOW

"Chicapoogoo—Valhalla—Maytown Junction—Boskawdosh—Finleyville—Wahoo—Willicoochee and Points East." Kid: "Say it Again, Mister"

It's such a comfort to have a number of different soups always on hand!

COMPANY'S coming! How charming to greet your dinner or luncheon guests with a dainty clear soup of ingratiating flavor! Such as Campbell's Consommé, Bouillon, Printanier or Julienne.

Luncheon and supper are such puzzling meals, unless you choose one of the extra hearty, substantial soups. There's a meal in each of these Campbell's Soups: Vegetable-Beef, Clam Chowder, Beef, Pepper Pot.

Fridays! In many homes the choice of foods is limited. How welcome then, or any day, the strictly vegetable soups. Such as Campbell's Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus. For the children and the general family table, you'll often wish to cream these four soups according to the easy directions on the label.

Do you know which is the most popular hearty soup in the world? Campbell's Vegetable Soup—America's great family soup—the soup with 15 different vegetables, invigorating broth, strength-giving cereals—the soup which millions of women keep on hand as a regular household stand-by. Look for the Red-and-White Label. 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . .

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Vegetable
Consommé	Vegetable-Beef
Julienne	Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

The Hermit of Three Buttes

XVII

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THIS canyon in which Twin-Eye Splann had come to his end was a chaos of tumbled bowlders, fallen trees and tangled underbrush through which no horse could move at all, through which a man could only make his way with difficulty. When Ranse, following Art and the old lion hunter, descended into the place, it seemed to him incredible that Art could ever have discovered the two men in this pit; it was equally impossible to imagine what accident could have brought them there.

But just now there was no room in Ranse's thoughts for such conjectures. When, upon their first descent, Art failed to find the hurt man, Ranse thought the boy must have been mistaken in the locality to which he had led them, but a moment later Art discovered Splann's huddled body in a crack between two bowlders; he slid down beside the man; and at what he saw, his muffled cry, which came to Enid's ears on the rim rock high above them, told what he found.

Ranse and Vic dropped into the cleft beside him to see for themselves, but there was no room for mistake; Splann was dead.

It was Ranse who took command of the situation then. He and the others climbed out of the cleft and stopped to discuss what should be done, and Ranse heard Enid scrambling down the slope toward them.

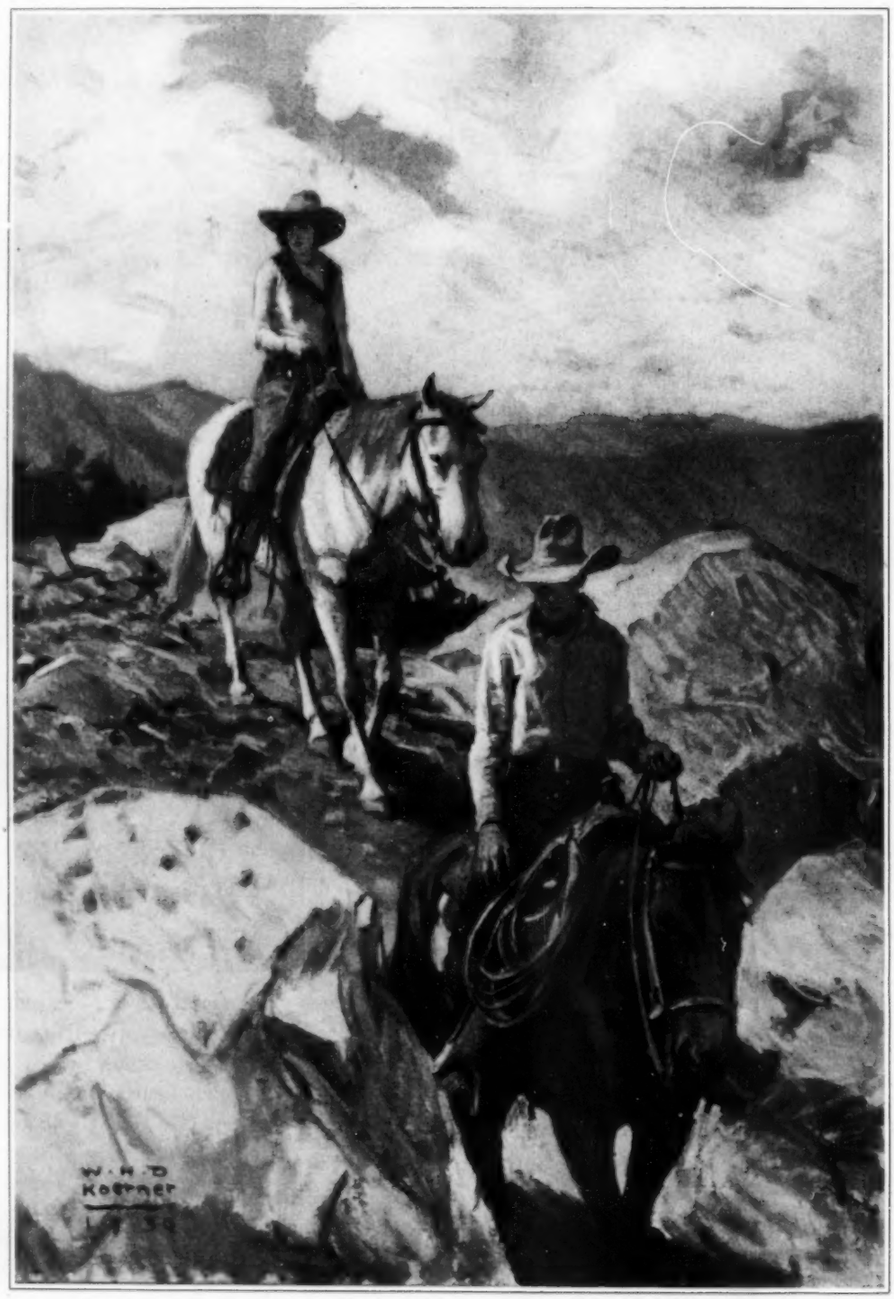
He turned to meet her, saw her white cheek and startled eyes; and he said quickly, "Don't come down."

"He is dead?" she whispered.

"Yes."

She made a gesture, half terrified, half despairing. "Ranse, Ranse, what are we going to do? Who is it? Who did it?"

Ranse hesitated, and old Vic said gently: "The same thing has happened before now, miss, in this country out here. Two men trying to get away, and one of 'em gets hurt, or his horse plays out. The other man killed him, I reckon, to make sure he wouldn't talk too much when we found him."



They Found the Steep Trail and Began to Descend, the Wise Horses Picking Their Careful Way One Step at a Time

She looked at Ranse; and Ranse said assentingly, "That's probably what happened, ma'am."

"I wish I'd plugged that Lutz," young Art muttered truculently. "I would have, too, if I'd got a sight of him when he stole my horse."

Enid smiled faintly, beginning to recover herself, and Ranse said to her: "I was half afraid we'd run into something ugly, ma'am. That's why I didn't want you to come."

The girl nodded. "I'm sorry." Her tones were steady. "What can I do now to help most?"

Ranse hesitated, glancing at the old man; then he spoke to her again. "Are you afraid to be alone?" he asked.

She shook her head; then smiled suddenly. "I'm afraid, yes," she confessed. "Desperately. I never was so scared in my life. But I'll do anything you say."

"I wouldn't ask you to do anything that would run you into any risk I could foresee," he reminded her.

"I know. What shall I do, Ranse?"

Ranse turned to Vic. "I'll go up and tie the horses," he explained. "We've got to carry him out of here, and it might scare them away. I'll be back." And as Vic nodded, Ranse said to the girl, "We'll climb up out of here."

So they ascended together the steep canyon wall, scrambling at times on hands and knees, seizing handholds on roots and tree trunks and sharp ledges where they could; and Ranse gave her a hand when it would help her, till they came to the rim rock and scaled that and stood on level ground. He caught up her horse, which cropped the grass with dragging reins, and bade her hold it; he caught the other horses and, knotting the reins to slender aspens, he made them all secure. Then turned to her again.

"Ride down that way," he directed, pointing. "You don't need to go far, but go out of sight. Two-three hundred yards. I'll stay here and whistle, and don't you go beyond the sound. Call back to me when you're settled. I'll come for you by and by."

She saluted again, in that fashion she had which somehow warmed his heart. "Aye, aye, cap'n," she promised. "I'll be good now, Ranse. And I'm really not afraid."

"Watch the way you go," he instructed. "And if you see anybody, or anything happens, come back up here and call me."

She nodded, and turned her horse, and trotted away through the aspens; by and by he whistled, and again; and presently he heard her clear call:

"All right, Ranse! I'll stay here!"

He shouted reassurance; then he turned to descend again into the canyon where the others were. They had, he found, already lifted what was left of Splann out of the cleft, and old Vic was climbing the opposite wall of the canyon, scanning the ground.

Vic saw Ranse and called to him, "They came down this way, Ranse! The both of them!"

Ranse nodded. "Any sign of anybody else?"

"I ain't struck any tracks," Vic confessed.

Young Art said at his elbow, "But Splann's gun is here, Ranse. He packed it in a leather holster in his hip pocket, strapped in. Here it is."

Ranse took the weapon and examined it; it was an automatic of medium caliber, and fully loaded in clip and barrel. He weighed it in his hand thoughtfully, nodded at last and thrust it in his own pocket.

"I feel some better," he confessed, "with that on hand."

"I'd rather have my .22," Art declared. "I can nail a crow at a hundred yards with that, Ranse."

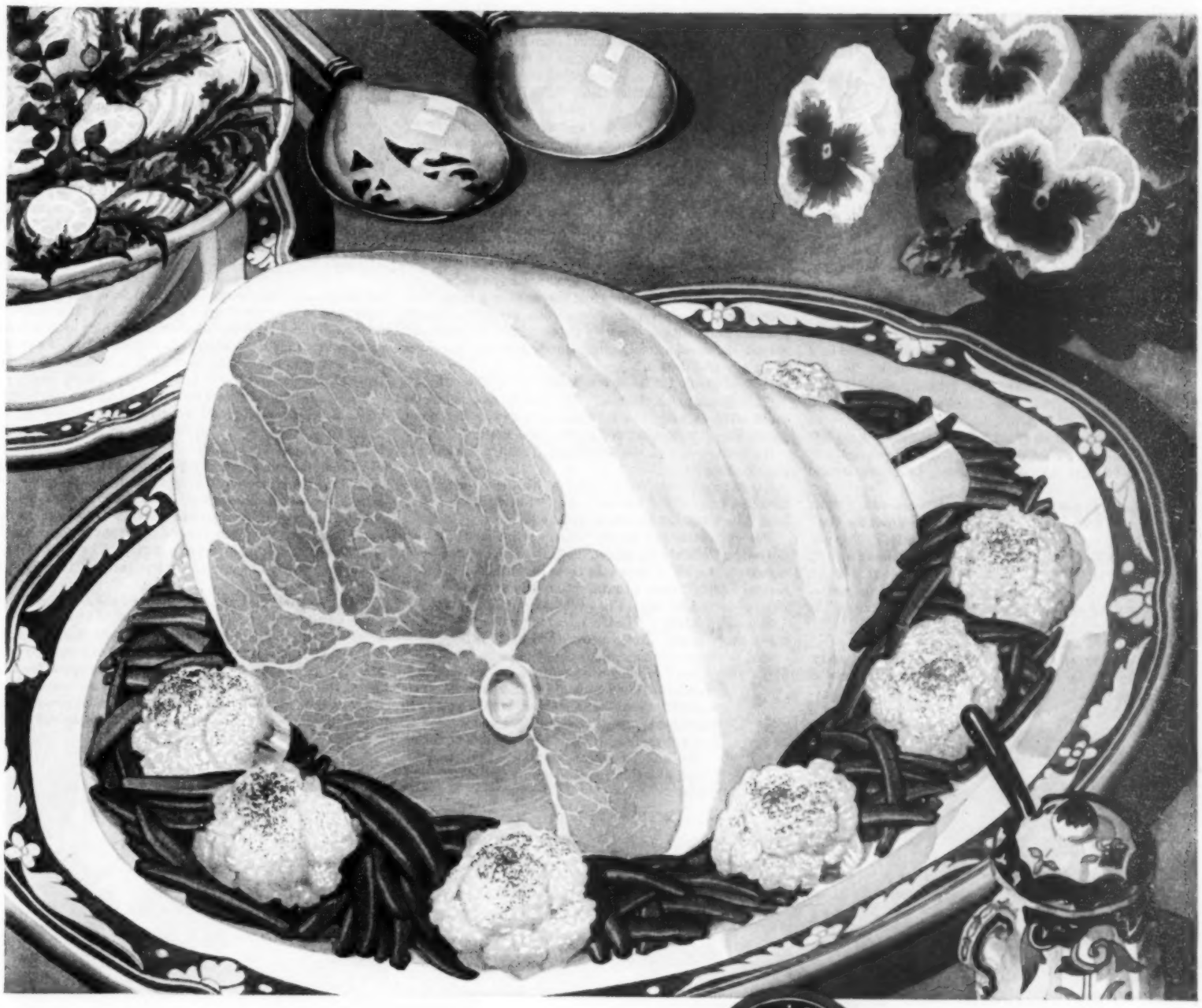
"Hope Lin won't have to use it," Ranse remarked with a chuckle. "I don't think Lin had much faith in it, Art."

"It'll shoot where he points it," Art insisted.

Then old Vic came sliding back down toward them; he made a circuit above them and below, while Ranse and the boy watched his careful scrutiny of every rock and moss bed and patch of sand. But when the lion hunter came back to them, he had no report to make.

(Continued on Page 30)

Savory—Swift's Premium with vegetables



THE shank end of a Premium Ham, boiled with vegetables, is one more delicious proof of Premium's importance in combination dishes. Women who create with flavors, as a painter creates with colors, are careful to choose Swift's Premium for such dishes. They know how well it blends with other foods, how its savor permeates the dish without destroying other flavors.

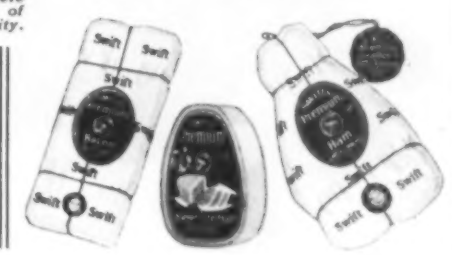
Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Ham
Swift & Company
U.S.A.

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium
Hams and Bacon



(Continued from Page 28)

"There's not a sign of anybody else," he said.

"He didn't shoot himself," Ranse pointed out. "His gun's full."

"Oh, this Lutz did it," Vic repeated. "That's safe to go on. He grabbed Art's horse and rode away and hid out somewhere, and then he come back afoot and waited till Art was gone, and shut Splann's mouth for good and all. That's the answer, sure."

"Maybe," Ranse returned. "But, Vic, there are things here I don't see through, even now."

Vic said insistently, "I've told you how it was."

Ranse nodded. "What you say sounds reasonable," he agreed. "There are one or two holes in it, though."

"I don't see no holes," Vic protested.

"Well, if Splann and Art were here all night, Vic, who sneaked your gun?"

Vic was only momentarily daunted by this. "Lutz!" he retorted.

Ranse smiled grimly. "And why didn't Lutz drill young Art here when he had a chance?" he insisted. "Art could tell almost as much as Splann."

Vic groped for an answer; and Art said loudly, "He'd have a fine chance of drilling me."

And Vic agreed. "He didn't dare tackle Art," he urged. "That's what it was. After he'd got away he realized he'd have to shut Splann's mouth; so he come back. But Art was here, and he didn't dare show himself. So he waited till Art was gone. That was his shot we heard here a while ago."

"Why did he wait so long?" Ranse insisted. "Art left here at daylight. Why didn't Lutz do his job and get away? If he fired that shot we heard, he's close around here now."

"By Hooker, yes!" Vic agreed, his eyes wide. "And that girl's up there alone. We've got to look out for her."

But Ranse shook his head, smiling wearily. "No, Vic. I don't think Lutz did this. I expect he's miles away by now. We'll risk Miss Bayless." He looked at that which lay here at their feet, turned from thought to action. "We've got to get him out of here, back to camp," he reminded them. "Vic, will your horse pack him?"

"He's packed a bear," Vic assented.

Ranse nodded, and they set about the business of carrying this burden up the canyon side. Even with three of them to help, it was a difficult task. The way was steep and broken, and there was the constant possibility that a misstep would send them all sliding back into the depths below.

But they managed it at last and came to the rim rock; and Ranse below, Art halfway up the rocks, and Vic above passed the body of Splann up to level ground and clambered after it. They laid it there, and Vic went to fetch his old horse, an animal inured to matters which might have terrified another of its kind.

When Vic came back, leading his horse, Ranse left them to attend to matters here. "I'm going to find Miss Bayless," he explained. "And we'll go home the long way—down the Puerco, and across the mesa, and up the creek to camp. I want to give you time to get there and get things in shape, and she's seen about all the ugly things a girl ought to have to see."

Vic nodded; and Ranse asked, "Need any help?"

But old Vic shook his head. "You go on, son," he directed. "Look out for the girl. We'll do the business here."

So Ranse rode down toward where Enid had waited; and presently he called, and she answered, and he came to her where she sat against the trunk of a great pine, with a grassy park sloping down below her to the distant stream. She held her horse by the reins and, as Ranse appeared, she stood up smilingly. But he saw that her cheek was white and drawn.

He said gently, "Pretty tough on you."

"Tough on us all, Ranse," she agreed; and before he could offer to help, she mounted and swung her horse beside his. "Now what do we do?" she asked.

He hesitated, and she demanded quickly, "What are you thinking?"

Ranse said slowly, with a nod of his head toward the direction from which he had come: "I'm wondering why Lutz didn't kill Art as well as Splann."

The girl shuddered faintly; then she laughed in quick challenge. "Can't we forget all that for a while?" she urged. "After all, I came into these mountains for—a vacation. I didn't expect to run into battle and murder and sudden death this way. I'm a little tired of it, Ranse."

He smiled faintly. "That's right," he agreed. "You've had a tough break. And you've stood up to it fine."

And he turned his horse along the slope, with hers beside him. "I tell you," he suggested, as though upon a sudden impulse. "We'll go home a different way. This is mighty beautiful country up here, if you go to the right places. I want to show you some of it. It's a little longer, but we've got lots of time."

She nodded assent, watching him sidewise. "You like this country, don't you?" she suggested.

Tom Lucas, Marshal

And he assented, and she led him to tell her something about his love for these deep valleys, these knife-edged ridges that cut the very sky; for the parks dotted with wild flowers of a thousand kinds, and the sun-dappled aspen groves, and the blanketing spruces and the pines. He spoke of solitary peaks up which a man might press his horse till he stood atop the world, where a cold wind blew like a lance of steel, and the purple valleys lay below him, and a storm and torment of gigantic ranges, tipped with snow, ringed the far horizons; and he spoke of the thunder showers that roved across the heights, black shadows shot with jagged flame.

And he spoke of the bright hues of evening when the sun was low; and he spoke of dawns crisp and clear and bright as the skies; and he told her of long, lazy noonings, when the only sound was the chuckle of a hurrying creek, and the crunch of grass as the horses grazed; and he spoke of camp fires, and of sudden rains, and of the snow flurries which scoured these canyons in the fall; and he spoke of the winter which locked these heights in a rigid clasp of ice, when the cracking of a frost-rived tree was like a rifle shot, audible for miles through the still and frozen air.

There was a mood of rare volubility upon him; he forgot her presence as she jogged there by his side; it was not so much that he spoke as that he dreamed aloud, caressing old and treasured memories.

They moved at a trot along the slopes; and once they saw three mule deer watching them from the fringe of aspens a quarter mile ahead; and squirrels scurried to cover as they went by; and he showed her a broken corral made of aspen poles where riders had sought to pen a bunch of wild horses four or five years before. The wild things, discovering their prison walls, burst through to freedom; and Enid cried now:

"Oh, I'm glad they got away!" And she asked whether there were many wild horses here.

So he told how Old Vic sometimes shot them for feed for his lion dogs; and then he checked her and pointed out, half a mile ahead down the canyon, dark spots feeding across the marshy meadow that lay beside the creek. Wild turkeys, he said; and he led her a detour under cover of the forest till they came close enough to see the splendid birds,

(Continued on Page 117)

Ranse Said Once, "Boys, the Doc Says Mr. Bayless Will Die. And Here's the Snake That Bit Him"

What Chrysler claims—
CHRYSLER DOES!

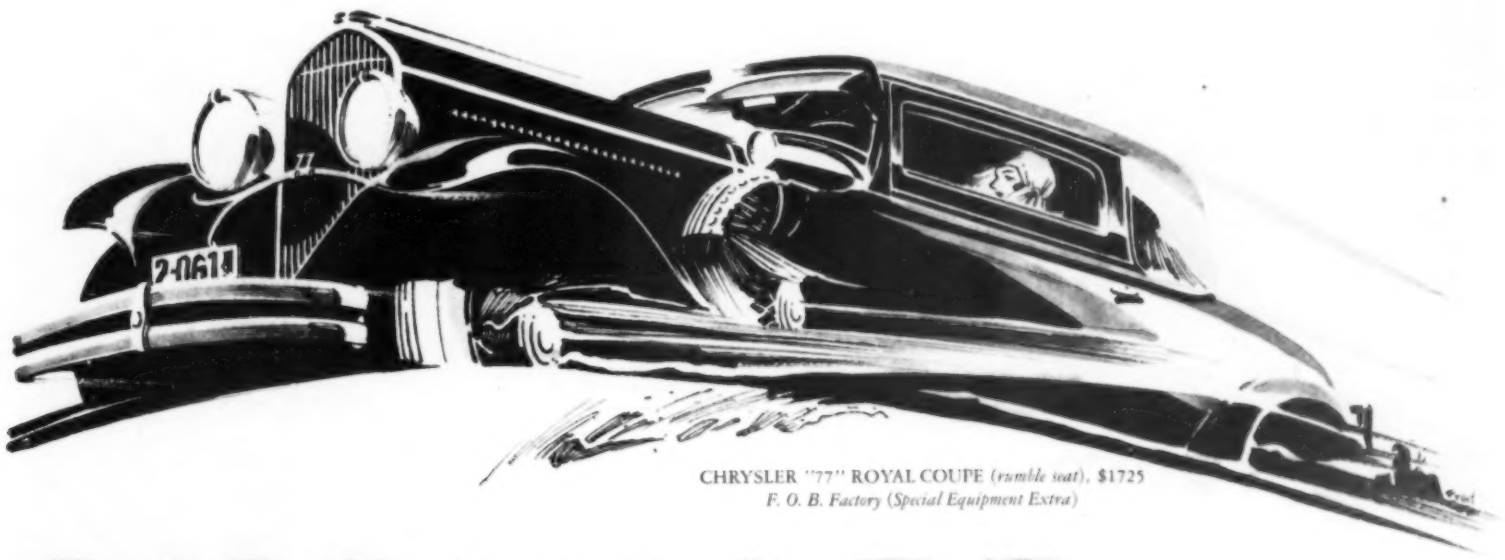
CARS ARE MANY and claims are many, but there is no reason for anybody to be puzzled. Simply take a ride in a Chrysler. One experience at the wheel clears your mind and opens your eyes to what is the real standard of ability on the road. Chrysler is the proved and approved embodiment of the best there is in speed, pick-up, silent power, hill-climbing, smoothness and safety. All of Chrysler's popularity, prestige and success is due entirely to what Chrysler cars actually *are* and *do*. It's results with Chrysler; not promises. It's performance; not claims. Take your ride in a Chrysler and sense that very definite something which makes a Chrysler a *Chrysler* . . . that something which is so different, so much more thrilling; that something which inspires a pride of ownership all its own. There is a Chrysler for every purse and need — Imperial, "77", "70", "66", and New Chrysler Six.

NEW CHRYSLER SIX

4-Door Royal Sedan, 3-Window,

$845

Business Coupe - $795
Touring - - - $835
Royal Coupe - $835
Roadster - - - $835
F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)



CHRYSLER "77" ROYAL COUPE (*rumble seat*), $1725
F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

CHRYSLER

SUMMER PORCHES *you hate to leave*

The distinctive design above is "DIXIE" Rug No. 617

FREE—
Write for our novel *purse-size* booklet showing all the new *Gold Seal* Congoleum designs, with interesting little "style chats" about each pattern. A handy guide when choosing rugs for any room. Address: Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

EVEN father—who would rather play golf than eat—seems unwilling to leave this cheery, comfortable spot. And as for the young people . . . . !

Why not make *your* porch, where you and your friends spend so much time, as attractive as this one? It's such a simple matter—so inexpensive—to revamp almost any porch with cozy hospitality. Cooling shades to soften the glare . . . wicker chairs to invite rest . . . and the whole delightful effect harmonized by a bright-colored, smartly styled *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug.

Be sure, however, that you get a *genuine Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug . . . made by the exclusive Multicote Process—the secret of its long wear . . . a rug of beautiful design that neither summer sun nor sudden shower nor tracked-in dirt can harm. A rug that won't ruffle in the wind—a rug that is water-proof and weather-proof.

And here's a way to have more time to enjoy your porch. Put *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs *inside* your home as well. Their smart designs make them suitable for even the best rooms. And they're no trouble to keep clean—a few minutes with a damp mop is all they require. Think of the time saved—time for rest and recreation!

Remember, all felt-base rugs are not Congoleum! Women who know values never fail to look for the big Gold Seal on the face of the rugs they buy. This Gold Seal identifies the *genuine—the one and only Gold Seal Congoleum.*

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General Office: KEARNY, N. J.
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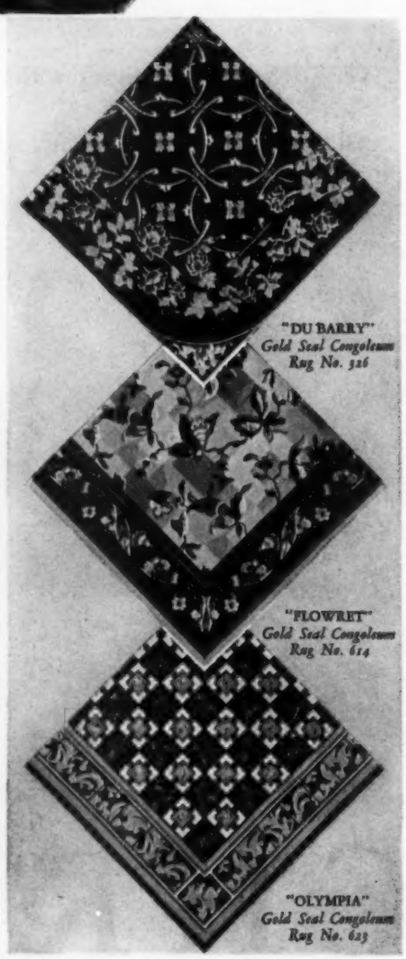


"DU BARRY"
Gold Seal Congoleum
Rug No. 326

"FLOWRET"
Gold Seal Congoleum
Rug No. 614

"OLYMPIA"
Gold Seal Congoleum
Rug No. 623

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CONSEQUENCE, A MEMOIR

By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia

P. & A. PHOTO

Red Cross Officials Offer Aid to Russian Refugees Fleeing From Soviet Russia

BY THE beginning of 1918 the Bolshevist anti-militaristic propaganda and the reluctance of our peasants to go on fighting had attained such proportions that Russia reeled toward a shabby and makeshift peace. Negotiations were begun between the Soviet government and Germany. At the beginning of January, Trotzky announced full demobilization, in spite of the fact that the treaty had not yet been signed.

The remains of the army, in full disorganization, abandoned the Front—which had collapsed long before—and, devastating everything on their way, returned home. Here, joining with the rest of the villagers, they burned and wrecked the estates, pillaging and destroying furniture and art collections, tormenting and killing the landowners, wiping out, wantonly, valuable herds of breeding cattle.

The Germans naturally took advantage of the situation. Toward the end of February they made a lightning advance which brought them so near Petrograd that the Allied embassies and missions were obliged hurriedly to leave. By the end of February the Germans were near Narva, and the Bolsheviki, badly frightened, agreed to all demands and signed the proffered treaty of peace.

At the Mercy of the Soviets

THE actual signing was on March third. The Allied embassies returned to Petrograd for a while, but left it definitely at the beginning of April. Their departure was a cruel blow to us. Their presence in Petrograd had served as a guaranty that somewhere civilization still existed, and perhaps even protection. No one of us had left Russia while the war was going on. And now we were definitely abandoned to the dubious mercy of our terrible rulers.

In the middle of March, Uritzky, who was at the head of the terrible Cheka, issued a decree about the obligatory registration of all the men belonging to the house of Romanoff. Again the Princess Paley succeeded in saving my father from the ordeal. She personally presented to the Cheka a certificate of his illness, and the Bolsheviki, after submitting him to an examination by their doctors, released him from the registration.

But Volodia and my uncles and cousins who lived in Petrograd or its vicinity were obliged to appear at the Cheka, where they were listed and told that they were to be sent into exile.

On the ground that he did not bear the name of Romanoff, Princess Paley did her utmost to save Volodia from the claws of the Cheka, but all her efforts failed. Volodia was summoned to a personal interview with Uritzky, who gave him the chance, once and for all, to disown his father and all the Romanoffs. Volodia's reply tended in no way to mitigate his fate.

Two weeks later, Volodia, together with three sons of the late Grand Duke Constantin—John, Constantin and Igor—and the Grand Duke Sergey Michailovitch—who during the war was commander in chief of the artillery—were exiled to Vyatka. We never saw any of them again. At the end of April they were all transferred, first to Ekaterinburg and then to Alopaevsk, where, later, they were joined by Aunt Ella, exiled by the Bolsheviki from Moscow.

My aunt had never become reconciled to the thought that the wife of my father—fully pardoned and reëstablished in his rights by the Emperor—had received an official, although morganatic, title and was recognized by everybody, beginning with the court. The hostile feeling that she bore Princess Paley was transferred to father's children of the second marriage. But fate devised it so that the last months she and Volodia spent upon this earth were spent together in an atmosphere of intimacy which brought them close and taught them to appreciate each other. By their horrible, long and intolerably agonizing death, they had sealed this friendship, which was a great comfort to both of them during the time of incredible suffering which fell to their lot.

My father did not live to know of this. But he and his wife were distracted beyond words by the separation from their son. A tremendous weight seemed to hang over all of us. Princess Paley blamed herself bitterly for not having sent Volodia abroad when it was still possible.

Each time I went to my father's house at Tsarskoye Selo, I noticed some change for the worse. Little by little he was obliged to deprive himself of everything. This in spite of the constant solicitude and energy of Princess Paley to procure for him at least a shadow of that comfort to which he was accustomed. From the beginning of the winter it became evident that there would not be enough of the petroleum which was used for the central heating, and many of the rooms were closed. As my father suffered periodically from an ulcer in the stomach, he was on a diet, and it was with tremendous difficulty and at the price of great sacrifices that the provisions for it were procured. In January, in spite of all precautions, the fuel was used up and my father, with his family, had to move into the house of my cousin Boris, also located in Tsarskoye Selo, where wood was burned in the stoves.

The local Soviet and its constantly changing members were continually blackmailing my father under some pretext or other for the purpose of personal material gain. Finally the new government nationalized and took his house and its valuable collections, registering it as a museum.

By spring I could stand it in the city no longer. We took a cottage in Pavlovsk and organized our life as best we could. We planted vegetables and I took care of them myself, watering them in the morning and at night. We bought a goat; it was impossible to get any cow's milk.

In July my baby was born. Ten days later I was up and the christening was celebrated. My father and my husband's grandmother were to be godfather and godmother to the newly born boy, whose arrival gave my father his last joy. My mother-in-law succeeded in preparing a real feast and we tried, at least for these few hours, to shake off the cares and anxieties that beset us. How could we know that on this same day, almost at that same hour, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, in a small Siberian town, Volodia, Aunt Ella and their companions in exile were ending their earthly existence in hideous suffering?

The Bolsheviki threw them, that day, down an old, unused mine shaft, then shot at them and threw stones upon them. Some were killed at once; others lived for days, and died partly of wounds, partly of starvation.

Dignity Behind a Work Horse

OF ALL this we knew, of course, nothing on that day of my baby's christening. And, mercifully, we could not know that this newborn child itself was fated not long to live. He died when hardly a year old. I think I never saw my father in such a gay mood as he was that day of the child's christening.

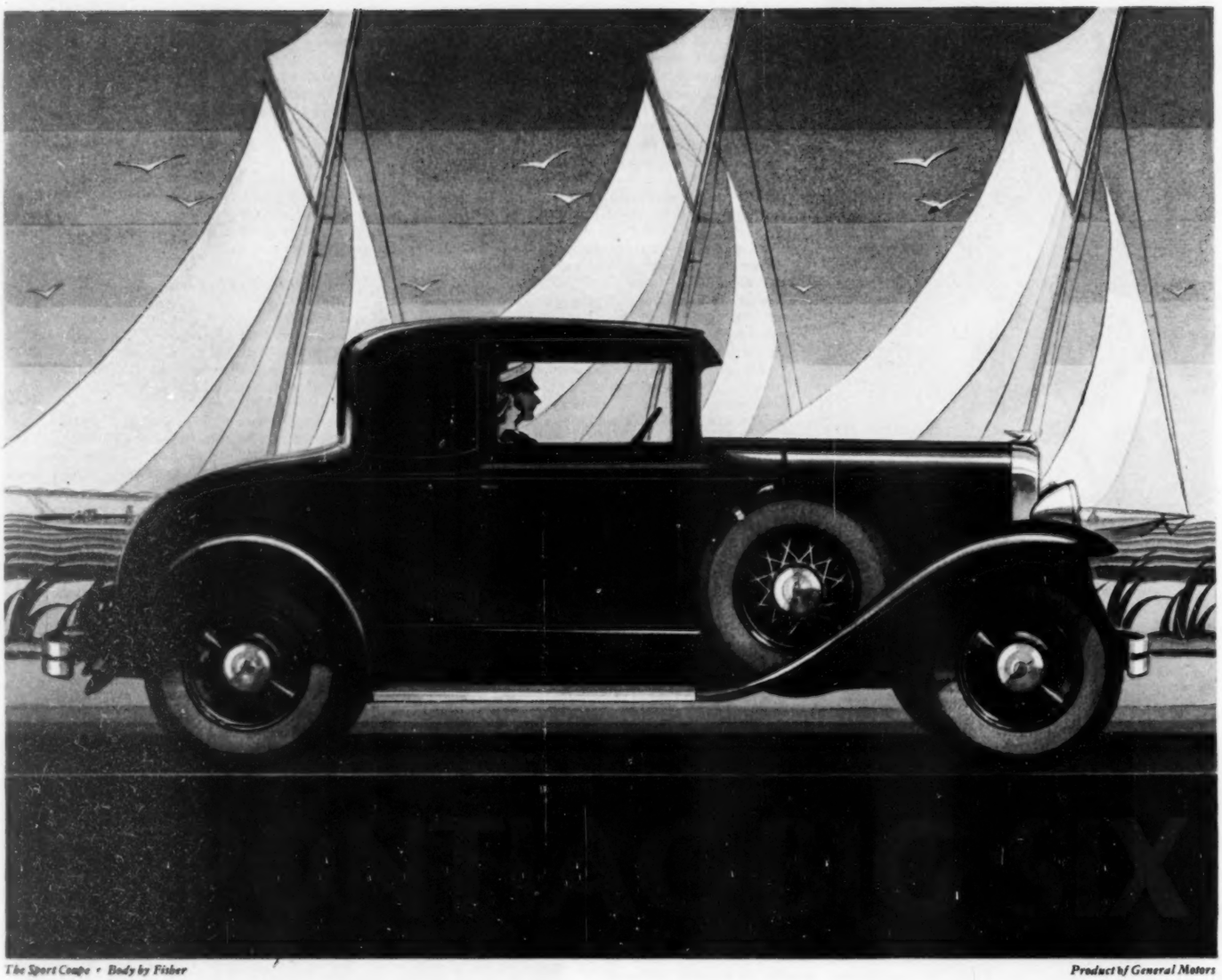
When our guests were taking their leave I came out to the porch to see him off. Instead of a splendid car, there waited for him an ancient, shabby carriage, unearthed from goodness knows where, and drawn by a work horse formerly used in the garden. The gardener, dressed in a costume that had nothing whatsoever in common with a livery, acted as coachman. My father, who had been wearing civilian clothes for a long time, wore this day an old tweed cape. He took his seat in this extraordinary vehicle with such simplicity as to make it all seem perfectly natural; as if he had never been accustomed to anything else. The gardener pulled the reins and urged the horse on. The carriage, squeaking and swaying, began to move. For a long time I looked after the slowly moving carriage. My father's broad shoulders, with the cape drawn over them, and his neck under the dark hat are forever stamped in my memory.

About that time came vague reports of the assassination of the Czar and his family, but we refused to believe them. Also, there came from Siberia unverified rumors of the

(Continued on Page 37)

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS

Lenin, the Dominant Figure on the Early Bolshevist Horizon



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BODY BY FISHER

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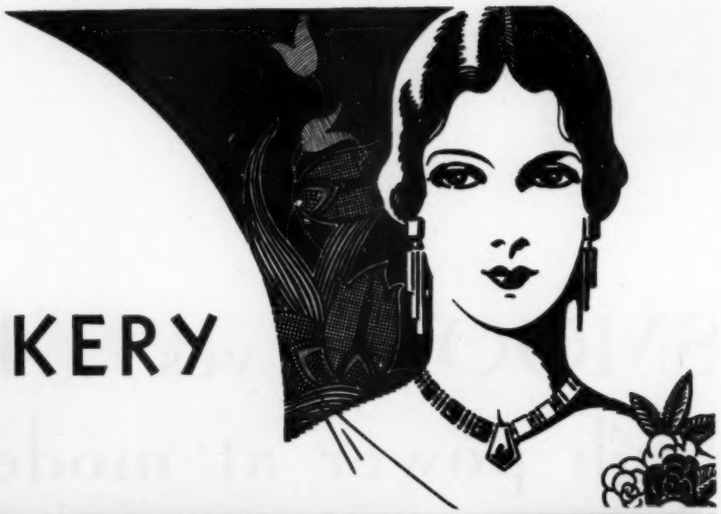

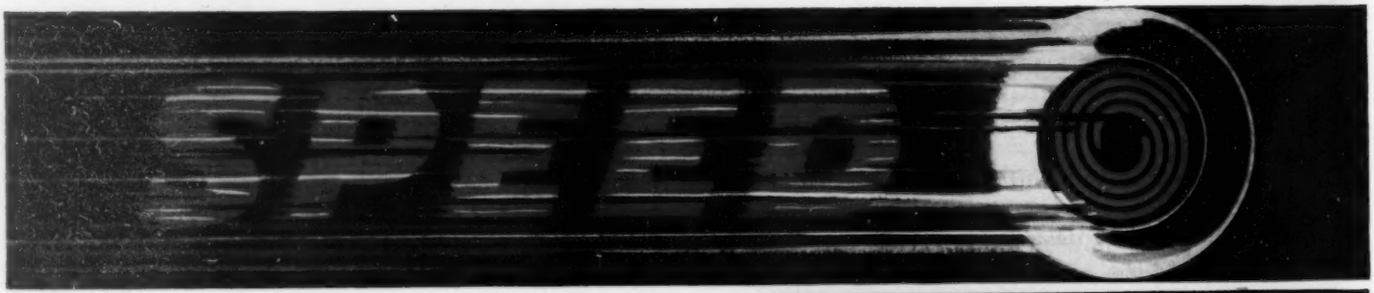

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All these advantages, and others, can now be yours. The modern Hotpoint automatic electric range is truly "The Modern Maid for Modern Mothers." Its heat is *as clean as sunshine*. And the average cost for hundreds of thousands of users, throughout America, is only $3.75 to $6.25 a month, depending on the local electricity cost.

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(Continued from Page 33)

escape of a group of our relatives who were in Alopaevsk, among them Volodia. Poor Princess Paley was beside herself with joy at this news, but my father was silent, rightly attaching little faith to such talk. Letters from Volodia, which had come quite frequently, had ceased since July; his fate was unknown, but my father never learned of his death.

Many months later, when the armies of Admiral Kolchak had occupied Siberia, there was an inquiry; and I received in London various small belongings of Volodia—a two-fold leather frame, with pictures of his parents, a small pocket-book with some paper money that smelled moldy, as though long buried in damp earth, and a few yellowed letters from home. This, together with official photographs of the corpses as they were carried out of the mine. Aunt Ella's and Volodia's bodies were found, we were told, side by side. The bodies—seven in all—were placed in coffins and sent to the Orthodox Mission at Pekin. Still later, Aunt Ella's brother and sister took her coffin, together with that of a nun who had perished with her, to Jerusalem, where now, in the Holy City, she lies buried.

The Bolsheviki, feeling their strength more and more, turned their attention to such of the cultured part of the population as remained unexiled, and drew up a deliberate program of butchery directed against all who had in some way participated in the old régime. The fate of the Putiatine brothers distressed me terribly. Our turn might come now at any time. Desperately we started making plans for an escape.

My only reluctance was at the thought of separation from my father, but he urged us, by all means in his power, to go through with our plan.

It was vague, this plan, and appeared almost hopeless. In spite of the Brest-Litovsk Peace Treaty, Southern Russia, including Kiev, was now occupied by the Germans, who were drawing from these provinces, rich in wheat, enough supplies and cattle to feed their own starving country. Moreover, in the places under their control they had established order.

Under the protection and with the aid of these same Germans a local government had been organized in Little Russia, now called the Ukraine. At the head of this government was a former general of the Russian Army, by name Skoropadsky. We decided to try to make our way to the Ukraine. It was still our hope not to have to leave Russia, but simply to live for a while in the south, awaiting better days.

Most important of all was to procure the necessary documents. The shortest trip demanded now innumerable permit and identification papers. There could be no question of traveling with false passports. Although I now lived under the name of my husband, the Putiatines were known all over Russia, and their name did not give any protection.

Our Flight From Petrograd

THE deeper we penetrated into the details of our project, the more difficult, even impossible, it seemed. In the end we decided that the safest way to go would be without any passports at all. All preparations for our departure were enshrouded in mystery. First to go were I and the two brothers; the old Putiatines, with our little son, would follow us as soon as we arrived in Kiev and found a place to live.

We decided to take with us only as much baggage as could be carried in hand. Everything had to be packed in three suitcases. The jewels concealed in bottles, the jeweled paper weight and the candles had been sent to Sweden when the opportunity had presented itself, some time previously. I now sold some small pieces to provide us with money for the trip, and besides this, I sewed into my stays and my hat two or three brooches. My traveling attire consisted of an old, worn-out dress and a raincoat. During the past years I had been best known in Russia in the uniform of a war nurse, and I hoped that I would not be recognized in civilian clothes.

We received a permit of departure from the local Soviet and at the last moment decided to ask the Swedish legation for a paper that would identify me to the Germans in case of necessity. This paper we concealed in a piece of soap; thus also we hid a part of our money and secreted the rest in penholders made specially for this purpose. Everything was ready.

On the eve of our departure we went to Tsarskoye Selo to bid my father and his family good-by. It was a beautiful summer day. The house in which my father now lived was almost completely hidden in the green of the trees; on the lawns, in the high grass, daisies lifted their white heads; grasshoppers buzzed lustily and yellow butterflies fluttered here and there. The leave which we had come to take, all the mortal anxieties surrounding us seemed, in the light of this summer day, a monstrous unreality, the fantasy of a sick imagination.

We sat down to tea. For some time now no one of us had made plans for the future or spoken of it. To do so was futile; one simply did not know. Now, at this last meal, not a word was said about any hope of reunion, even in a distant future. My father only remarked casually, when the conversation turned to Dmitri, that I should give him, if I ever saw him again, the greeting and the blessing of his father.

The conversation flagged, everybody felt uncomfortable. It was getting late, time to go, yet I could not muster the courage to say good-by. At last it could not be postponed any longer. Trying not to think, not to recognize the probable finality of the separation, we rose from the table and embraced one another. We tried to find words to express our feelings and could not.

In silence my father went ahead of us to the door and led us into the garden. Once again we kissed and blessed one another in silence. My father stood in front of the house, smiling as he looked at us, and I continued to turn round until the path hid him from sight. I think that my father realized that we saw each other for the last time. I tried to push this thought from my heart, for it was breaking.

On July twentieth we went to Petrograd and took a train for Orsha, which served at that time as the frontier between Soviet Russia and the more southern region occupied by the Germans. The first-class car in which we traveled was in comparatively good order, although the small compartment for two was now occupied by four—my husband, his brother Aleck, myself and an unknown gentleman.

Before the train started, my husband pushed into the hand of the conductor a small sum of money, and this saved us from great trouble which could well have ended tragically. The few relatives who came to see us off informed us, with great dismay, that orders were circulating through town for the mass arrests of officers, all of whom were being sent, it was said, to Kronstadt to be dealt with by the sailors. And it is strange, but it was precisely from that day that there began the arrests, tortures and executions which plunged Russia into an ocean of suffering and blood, and which have lasted for these many long years.

The train moved slowly, stopping often. At almost every stop detachments of armed soldiers boarded the carriages, entering the compartments and verifying the documents of the passengers. The flight from Northern Russia, where conditions were growing steadily worse, had already begun.

As I have said, we had no passports; we trembled, therefore, every time the train stopped. But our conductor, as soon as the soldiers appeared in the car, was always by the door, and he always found some reason for preventing them from entering. Sometimes it was a sick woman whom no one should disturb; sometimes it was military engineers going to their posts. My heart beating frantically, I listened to the heavy steps and the loud conversations in the corridor, expecting every time that the explanations of the conductor would be disregarded, but this did not happen. On the way we learned that forty sailors were traveling on the same train, sent by the Soviet of Petrograd to verify documents in Orsha, as there were too many people passing over the frontier without permits.

We spent two nights and one day on the train, arriving in Orsha early in the morning. So far everything had gone off smoothly, but the hardest and most dangerous part was ahead of us.

Alighting, I saw the sailors jumping down from their car; they were armed to their teeth and belted with ammunition belts. Upon the advice of one of our Petrograd well-wishers, we were to go in Orsha to a Jewish office, the owner of which secretly dispatched travelers without passports over the frontier. My husband and Aleck went to check our suitcases. I waited on the platform. It was then that two soldiers approached me and asked for my documents. My heart froze.

"My husband has them," I replied, trying to appear indifferent. "He went to town on business. I do not know how long he will be," I added, in case they wished to wait.

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

A Momentary Respite for Refugees in Flight

Disappointed Hopes

UNDECIDED, the soldiers consulted each other. They could well have arrested me and taken me with them. But for some reason they decided not to do so, or even to await the return of my husband. They had left me when he and Aleck came back. I understood perfectly well what I had escaped. We might never have seen each other again.

Leaving the station, we went in search of the Jewish office. It proved to be a small store at the edge of town. My husband went in alone. The negotiations lasted a long time; one had to approach carefully the real cause of the visit, but when my husband came out I saw at once that he had failed. When he heard that we had no passports, the owner of the store positively refused to help us, and neither arguments nor the promise of a payment could shake his decision. He said that during the last days the frontier was guarded far more intently; that without papers we had now no chance.

This staggered us. The Jew was our only hope. We were at a loss to know what to do. Disappointed to the point of anguish, we retraced our steps and set out to find lodgings.

The only decent hotel in town was overcrowded; we could not stay there. Besides, some of the sailors who had come on the same train with us were there.

In the hotel—if we can call it that—we were given addresses of several private houses where rooms were rented to transients, but after looking them over we decided against entering any of them. It seemed wiser to spend the night in the open than to put oneself in the hands of the owners of those houses.

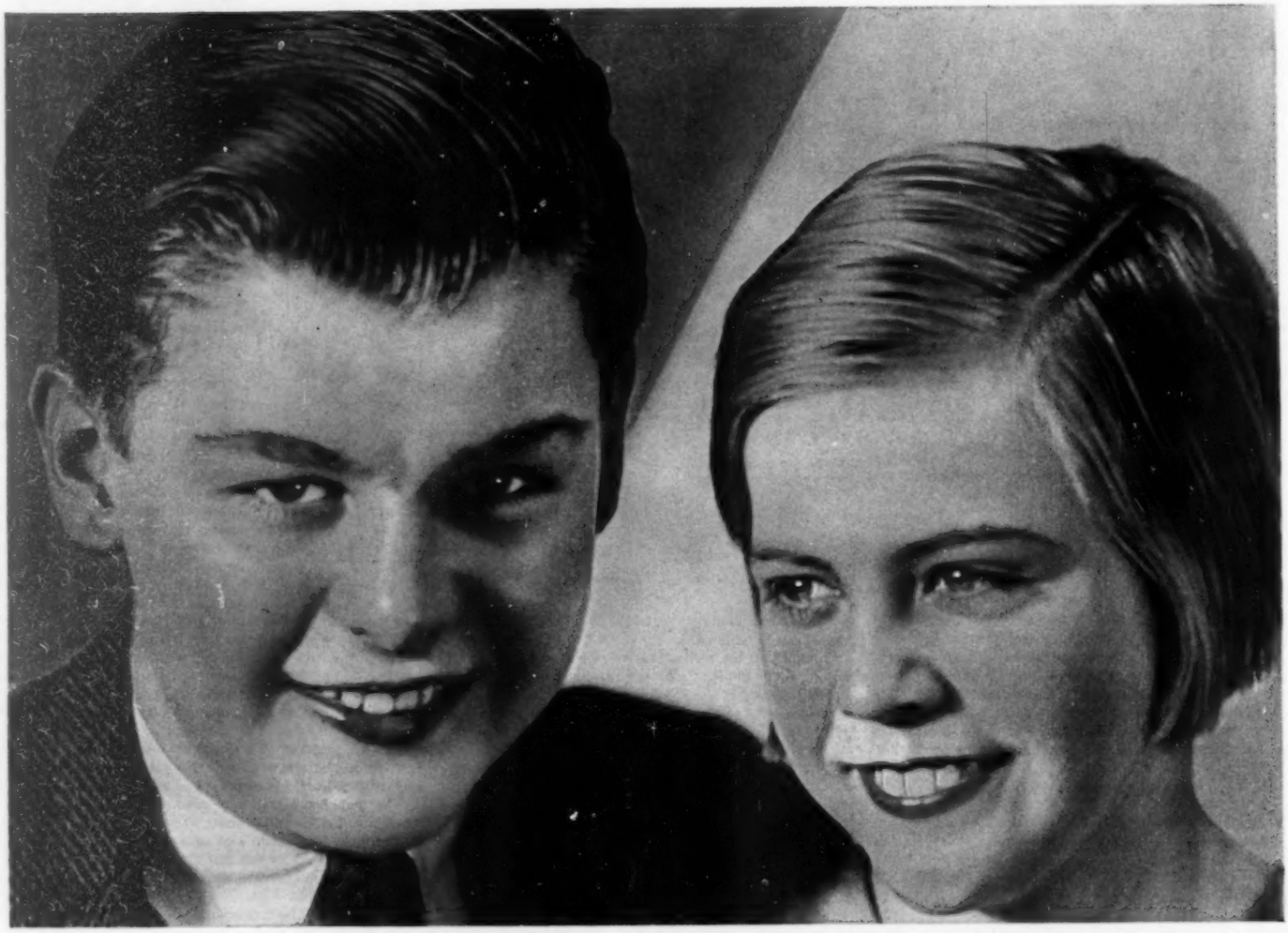
So, here we were without shelter, without passports, in a strange town, overcrowded with refugees of all sorts—refugees among whom, we learned, typhus and dysentery were raging. Moreover, we were likely at any minute to be apprehended by the Bolshevist patrols verifying documents.

Heroic decisions are often forced upon one. Such was this one. We could not remain in Orsha; neither could we return to Petrograd. We had no choice; all that remained was to place everything on one card.

I proposed to my companions to go straight to the frontier and try our luck there. They agreed. We engaged a cab, went to the station for our suitcases, and then our driver took us to the frontier gates just outside the town. How plainly I remember the rough, dusty road, under a

(Continued on Page 54)

Children love this ... *that helps them to*



So joyously full of life and laughter! So bubbling over with buoyant, boundless vitality! That's the way youngsters should always be. When they are cross, when they're "contrary," when they are listless or "can't find anything to do," when they are not themselves, it's likely, isn't it, that you should look for the cause of the trouble, so it can be corrected?

POST'S

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

taste-tempting cereal

enjoy every active minute!

That's one reason why more mothers buy Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world

ACTIVE young bodies . . . so easily upset . . . so quickly affected by the slightest infraction of Nature's laws! And, fortunately, so quickly responsive to Nature's own restorative methods!

Many, many times you will find that listlessness, "crossness," unnatural apathy in a child are the results of an accumulation of devitalizing waste-matter in the body that should have been eliminated.

And, almost always, daily portions of Post's Bran Flakes help to restore natural, normal elimination with gratifying promptness . . . and to continue it *regularly*.

This Delicious Food Is Nature's Own Regulator

You know how essential *bran-bulk* is in the diet. How normally yet how certainly it helps to free the over-burdened body of poisonous food-refuse. How faithfully it keeps the system free to function properly.

Post's Bran Flakes does these things effectively and at the same time is irresistibly appealing to appetites young and old!

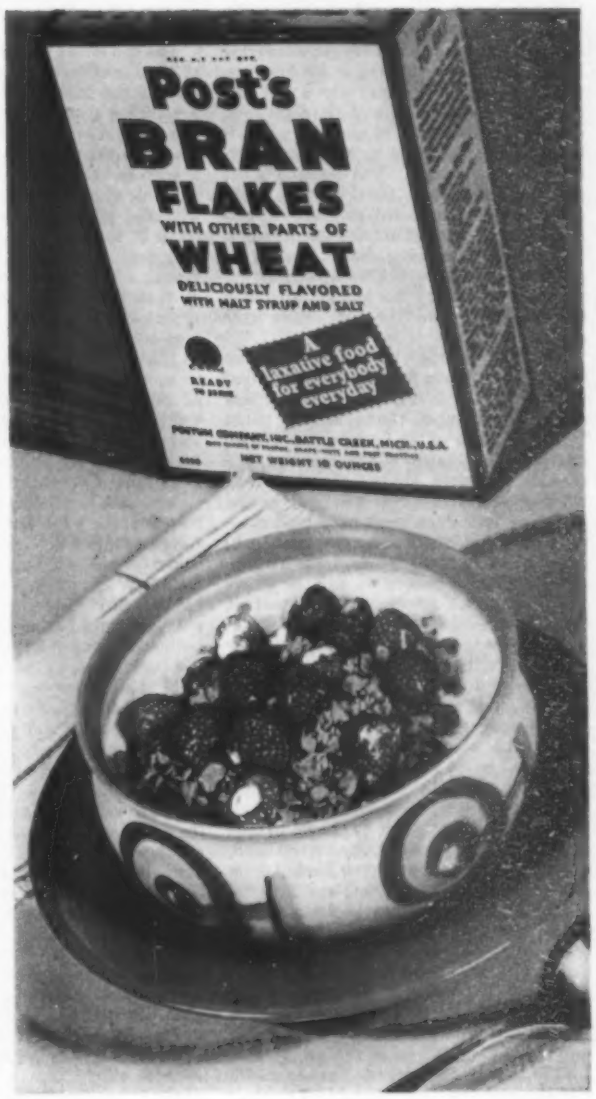
Such golden, toasty goodness in every bowlful with milk or cream! Such crisp deliciousness with fruits or berries! Such unbelievable fluffiness in flavorful muffins!

No coaxing needed here, mother! The fragile, delectable flakes disappear with magical swiftness!

And every eagerly-eaten spoonful fights the constipation that tires little girls and boys into fretfulness!

Serve Post's Bran Flakes tomorrow . . . and for all the tomorrows to come!

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.



BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Promotion

WE HAVE just had the pleasure of calling Joe Hawley into the office and giving him a promotion. He is to be assistant branch manager, and we think, in spite of some difference in opinion, we have selected the right man. Joe is ill-favored, uncultured, undersized—a skinny morsel of humanity who has been carrying the gospel of our house to dealers along the mud roads of Northern Missouri for nearly four years. His sales have not been spectacularly large, but there is something about his methods of working and there is something in the quality of the business he turns in—for that matter, there is something about Joe—that has called our attention to him again and again. He at last gets his chance—well deserved—at greater responsibilities. How he will turn out, whether he will justify our confidence in him over the next four or five years, is all a problem beyond answering today, but there is a story in his first step up the ladder which might prove very valuable to young men and which might even indicate an answer to the question which is being constantly asked by employes of every great corporation. The question is not often put into words, but it is there, in the backs of heads, concealed, glossed over with a yes-man attitude of acquiescent servility. It is worded something like: "How in the dickens, by what sort of unexplainable favoritism, does a guy like him get promoted to be boss over a guy like me?" Here is the answer in the case of Joe Hawley:

When we hired Joe, there were about two hundred applicants for the job. We sifted through these for nearly two weeks, and finally decided upon three; sending polite notes of refusal to the unsuccessful majority. Bright and early the next morning, Mr. Hawley presented himself at our branch office with his note of regret in his hand and explained how there must have been some mistake. "Let's take about five minutes to check up on my past record," was his suggestion, "and I believe we will see where you have overlooked some pretty important facts."

That was a good start. The interview lasted more than an hour and a half, and the branch manager had weakened perceptibly. Two more days, during which Joe kept persistently after the job, and he was tentatively accepted. Late on Sunday afternoon opposition caved in and his name was added to the list of those consigned to headquarters for our regular three weeks' period of training. The St. Louis branch manager, who was responsible for this deed, was a canny Scot, and saved himself from possible criticism by writing me a special note explaining the late addition to the group, practically passing the buck to me to get rid of the Hawley mistake because he "didn't have the heart to say, 'No.'"

Finding the Boss' Weak Spot

There were nine men in this group, and, I recall, my first impression was that, with the exception of this murky-looking half portion from St. Louis, they were a pretty fair-looking bunch of salesmen. Then came the apologetic note from his manager; so, somewhat annoyed at having the buck passed in my direction, I made up my mind he would be dropped in short order. But it is our custom to take the first day at headquarters in individual interviews with the new men and in assigning them to hotels, getting them settled and arranging details of operation. Even when we are convinced a certain man is not up to our standards, we let him continue with the group for a few days, giving him every chance to show what he has on the ball. We seldom wield the ax until the end of the first week. So Mr. Hawley dropped into the routine, though I expected, from the first hour, that he would be crated up and shipped back to St. Louis before Saturday night. And right there is where I made my mistake. Give a man like Joe a week in which to do his stuff and a turn-down is somewhere in the neighborhood of an impossibility. He began his build-up on Tuesday afternoon, during a study session, by coming into the office and asking for some advice. That is my weakness—a consuming fondness for giving advice to young men—and he had figured me out to the third decimal point. I swelled out my chest and, feeling just the least mite sorry for him anyway, did myself proud. He listened with every show of interest and respectful attention for a half hour, thanked me and went back to the lecture room, leaving me pretty well pleased with myself and, of course, with him.

The Buck Gets Passed Again

The end of the week found me in a frame of mind best described as all hot and bothered on the question of the Hawley entry. I could see at a glance he was not what we wanted to represent us in the territory. On the other hand, he had got under my hide to such an extent as to make it very painful to think of dropping him. I compromised with old man conscience by deciding to leave it to our general manager to pass judgment—more buck passing. The gentleman who occupied this exalted position at that time was a crusty and ferocious tyrant who could scare any ordinary salesman out of his wits, but he had a weakness as glaring as mine, if one knew just where to look for it. He expected everyone to be as tough as himself, and could be sold anything by a clever lad who would stand up and give him shout for shout, cuss word for cuss word. Their interview, at which I was a fortunately neutral spectator, was a classic. Joe again made the right guess, pounded the desk and told the big boss things good for his soul, though not at all suited for publication in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. After the little bantam cock had strutted out, the general manager looked at me, I looked at him, we both shook our heads and agreed to check Joe back to St. Louis for final disposition.

"Put him on at your own responsibility," we advised his manager. "We don't think he will fit, but it's up to you."

The branch manager got out of this hole by deciding to try him out for sixty days in the field. The territory to which he was assigned was traditionally the toughest in the division—a formerly rich farming region which was going back. No prosperity, no normalcy, up there; nothing but the wails of anguished retailers whose past-due accounts were beyond the danger point and showing no signs of improvement. We had used six salesmen on the territory in the past three years and all had either thrown up the sponge or had been dropped for low sales volume. Joe checked over the sales sheets and said that was just what he wanted—if he had drawn a good territory, someone else might get credit for his good showing, but any record at all on the field allotted him would be of his own making. Of course we knew he would flop within a month or two, and that was just what we wanted. It would save us the embarrassment of firing him.

About a year later I was asked to take a week's trip with Joe. Sales had improved, collections were good, but volume was still so low that the territory was in the red.

"Look him over," I was instructed, "and let's make up our minds whether we want to make a change. If you think he's hopeless, bring him in and we will check him out."

The only train I could get arrived at 5:30 A.M. I planned to go to a hotel, sleep another hour or two and be ready for the day's work; so I struck the platform unshaven and breakfastless, only half awake and far from top notch in both appearance and disposition. But Joe was at the station to meet me. He had a big deal on the fire at a town twelve miles away, he explained, and it would be necessary to catch his prospect by seven o'clock, because he was due for a trip to the country at eight. Roads were muddy, so we had better start at once. We bucked the mud—it was threatening rain again—and reached our destination barely in time. The dealer upon whom we purposed to work our designs was a lanky hypochondriac upon whose soul the cold and dismal weather seemed to have cast an even darker than customary gloom.

"No use," he advised us. "I've decided not to buy. It's going to rain again and there's no use stocking up a lot of stuff when these farmers won't come in and get it."

"Yes," countered little Joe, "you're right. But we got nearly half a carload placed last week, and this kind of weather is just the kind of opportunity I have been wanting so we can place the rest of it. Farmers won't go out on a day like this, so we can catch them with plenty of time to listen. You have probably canceled your trip anyway, but my old car can stand the mud and maybe we can get it all buttoned up today."

After some argument, the dealer agreed; so we all piled in and Joe headed his creaking lizzie for the country. Just as he had predicted, the farmers were not in the fields and were willing to listen. Several good sales were made. It was needful to push him out of mudholes twice during the day, a good pair of shoes was ruined, but we got back at three P.M., half starved, but with enough additional orders to make the carload requisition from the dealer a certainty. I deserted at this point and financed a raid on a small country-town restaurant, which must have created quite a problem in the proprietor's mind over what he had left to serve for dinner. As I was dunking the last morsel of bread in the dregs of my coffee, Joe smilingly turned up with his order duly signed and his dealer's financial statement all made out. Rain was falling at last, but we headed for the next town.

A Strenuous Week With Joe

There were three dealers in this hamlet, and Joe finally sold himself unalterably to me as we dragged ourselves out of the place of business of the second of these at 9:30 that night. We had a block to walk through the rain and mud to reach the third man. As we approached we saw the place was dark, and Joe stopped with a look of utter uncomprehension on his face.

"Why, the dirty pup is closed up," he exclaimed. "I wanted to finish up with him so we could drive on to Kirksville tonight and get an early start in the morning."

The rest of the week was repetition. We woke with the chickens and retired with the owls. We had to abandon the car and travel by train for two days, but then it turned cold; so we turned back to where the car had been stored and bumped over the frozen roads, which was uncomfortable, but still a saving of time. The only real accident of the week came when I smashed a perfectly honest hotel man's pitcher, trying to break the ice to get water to shave with one morning. Most of the orders were small, most of the dealers were apathetic, but Joe kindled some sort of fire under everyone who would listen to him. At 7:30 Saturday evening I left him, sixty miles from his headquarters town. He had just finished coaxing an initial order from a reluctant dealer who had quit us absolutely three years earlier because one of our representatives had handed him a rubber check. Sales for the week, including the Monday carload, were respectably in the class of any other man in the division, and Joe himself was steaming with optimism.

"You see how this territory is coming back," he declared. "It's passed the turn now, spring is almost here, and we will be in the black from now on out. Give me another year and I'll be on top of the heap."

We gave him another year all right—we have given him three more years—and Joe has delivered. His territory began to show a tenuous profit that spring and, in spite of steadily increasing distress in the general business of his section, our cause has prospered. More than that, his business is sound, and all of it collectible. His dealers discount or pay when due; we could fire our credit man if all the territories were on a par with his.

And So He Gets the Job

I must concede, though, that he is still a pretty dumb-looking brother. Some of the boys are going to be disappointed that they were not chosen for this promotion and are going to wonder what kind of favoritism prompted our decision. One man I know particularly well is going to seek me out and confide that the company is making a mistake. He is going to explain that some of the things we must have in an executive are intelligence—which Joe doesn't possess—a front—a phrase which Joe does not understand—education—opportunity for which was denied to Joe. He is going to tell me once more that his own talent is being wasted on a territory where conditions are unfavorable, where dealers are not prosperous, where crops have failed.

And so I put in these few words to explain about Joe and our reasons for promoting him. He may be dumb, and he may be crudely uncultured, and he may be ugly. But he has two virtues that outshine all others in our humble esteem. He doesn't know when to quit and he has never yet yelped under fire. And so he gets the job.

The business world, in the next few hectic years, will show a greater and greater need for sturdy leaders who know the meaning of hard work and who have demonstrated their ability to stand up and take withering punishment without a murmur. Competition is desperately hard and is becoming harder every day. Brilliant ideas in manufacturing, in advertising and selling no longer are adequate to give a house leadership. Competition snatches at every new product or method, duplicates or improves on it and levels out differences in the basic appeal to the customer almost before they exist. The only way in which an organization can head the procession these days, and stay there, is by filling its ranks with men who know how and are willing to work harder than the other fellow. Joe Hawley and many another poor fool who does not know when quitting time comes are the ones who will prosper in the new age. They will be sitting in the seats of the mighty when most of their brilliant and indolent contemporaries are standing in doorways with a tin cup and a bunch of pencils, explaining to anyone who cares to listen, how they would have been where Joe is today had it not been for rank favoritism on the part of dizzy executives who did not appreciate a good man when they saw him.

—GEORGE BIGGS.

COOK WITH REAL GAS . . . WITH PYROFAX . . . NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE

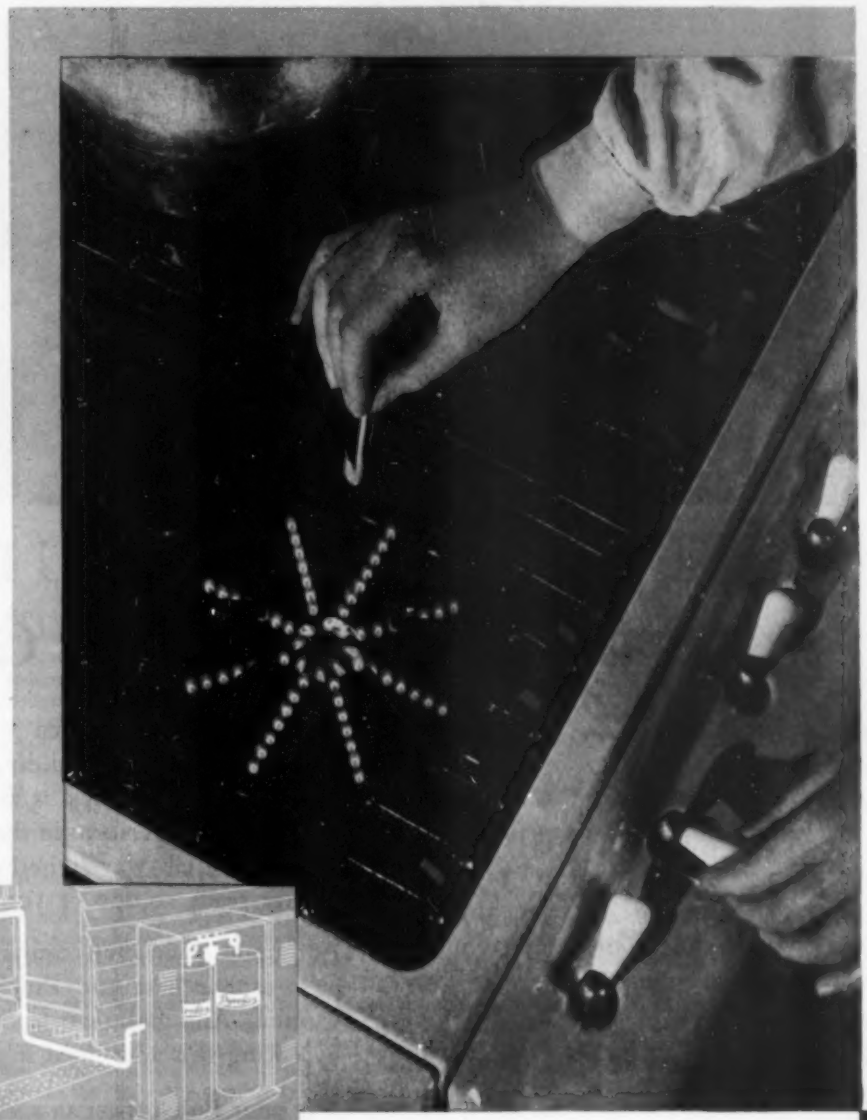
You, Mrs. Housewife, if you do not cook with gas, will be interested in the new prices for Pyrofax gas equipment. They bring you the opportunity of having Pyrofax—the gas for use in homes beyond the gas mains—completely installed (including gas range) *for less than the cost of a really good coal or oil stove!*

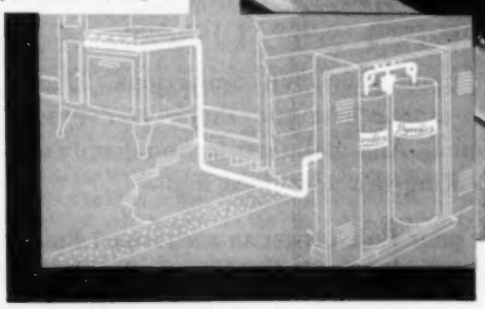
Now at a very moderate cost you can equip your kitchen with a clean, convenient, up-to-date gas range. In addition, you can enjoy the use of many other gas appliances, including the famous Electrolux gas refrigerator.

Pyrofax is a natural gas (taken from the natural gas fields), highly refined and purified. It burns with a bright, hot flame *exactly like city gas*. It comes to you compressed into steel cylinders. Two cylinders, housed in a neat, attractive cabinet outside your kitchen door as shown, are connected with standard gas pipe to that quick-cooking, trouble-free, all-enamel gas range you have long set your heart on.

One cylinder is for immediate use, the other is a reserve. When the first cylinder is empty, the reserve is turned on and the empty replaced with a full one. You can *never* be without gas. Each cylinder holds enough Pyrofax to last two to three months.

Pyrofax is made by the oldest and largest compressed gas manufacturers in the country and is serviced through a nation-wide chain of distributing stations. How Pyrofax is appreciated by the thousands who use it is shown in the following unsolicited testimonials: "I am very well pleased with Pyrofax. Shall recommend it to all my friends." "My wife is very much pleased, as it cuts her cooking time in half." "Pyrofax is economical, efficient, and the service has been prompt and unfailing." "Am delighted with Pyrofax and the stove is giving great results." (Names on request.)





Pyrofax two cylinder system is simple as A B C. Diagram shows direct piping from cabinet to range.

NEW LOW PRICES

A small down-payment will bring you the complete Pyrofax equipment at once. You can get range and all now at an amazingly low price. Look for the name Pyrofax and avoid new and untried imitations. Ask your local Pyrofax dealer to demonstrate this wonder fuel for homes beyond the gas mains.

Return the coupon for a descriptive booklet telling you all about Pyrofax.

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CARBIDE AND CARBON BUILDING, 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
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Please send me some of your interesting literature on Pyrofax and the name of the nearest dealer.

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Buick

MORE PEOPLE BUY *USED* BUICKS THAN MANY MAKES OF NEW CARS

"We want a man's sized car. We want power and roadability. We'll get infinitely more miles and thrills in a used Buick than in a new car of comparable price. Clearly, Buick is the better buy."

It is very possible that this thought is engaging *your* mind, as it is engaging the minds of tens of thousands of other buyers. For this is the way America is thinking.

The proof is that more people buy used Buicks than many makes of new cars. In fact, so great is the popularity of the used Buick, that it actually outsells the *big majority* of new cars—for the very reasons you have in mind.

A used Buick provides more power—more swiftness, smoothness and stamina—more of all the good motoring qualities . . . because Buick is wonderfully designed and wonderfully made by craftsmen who have held leadership in fine car building for a quarter-century. And a Buick is always a Buick. It continues to perform in the same smooth, even-tempered way whether the speedometer reads 10,000 or 100,000.

Act upon your own convictions. Decide now to purchase the Buick you've long wanted. And make satisfaction doubly sure by taking this additional step—

Buy your Buick from an authorized Buick-Marquette Dealer. He conditions his Buicks carefully—prices them fairly—and offers them on the most reasonable terms. His establishment is *the* place in your community to buy a used car.

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Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

THE CITY'S GIDDY WHIRL

By Gilbert Seldes

ILLUSTRATED BY ADDISON BURBANK

FROM temptations," runs the song, "crimes and follies, villains, taxicabs and trolleys"—it is the litany of evils from which heaven will protect the working girl. It is also the bucolic catalogue of the delights of the city—of the vintage of 1909.

Note the date. Twenty years, roughly called a generation, have passed, and, at appropriate moments, publicists assure us that in spite of the war, no other era has seen such massings of wealth, such strides in invention, such increases in the comfort and amenity of common life.

Yet all the attractions of the big city remain oddly as they were. In crime, of course, the change from furtive and occasional murder to large-scale manslaughter may be called progress, but the rest of the list remains the same in essentials. The follies are every bit as foolish, if they are not quite so amusing, as they were. The villains can hardly be distinguished from the decent people—a difficulty which also existed in 1909, for the same song records the fact that "he treated her respectful, as those villains always do, and she supposed he was a perfect gent." It is true that the trolleys, in some places, seem outmoded and the taxis are gaudier and more menacing, but the temptations remain tawdry and trivial. So that even the bemused and besotted and utterly romantic New Yorker stays away from his night clubs for weeks at a time and, if he has paid fifteen dollars for the privilege of consuming three or four pints of charged water, writes letters to the papers saying that only the visitors to his city keep the night clubs going, while millions of New Yorkers lead a nice, quiet, sensible home life. The editors of the papers, not being responsible for sentiments expressed in correspondence, are under no obligation to prove either of these assertions.

As residents or visitors, millions of people continue to be attracted to large cities and, being unable to explain their motives for coming to a life which by common consent grows excessively costly and progressively less bearable, they invent reasons and give them the awe-inspiring name of Economic Pressure. One hardly blames them. It would make anyone feel foolish to confess that he lived in a large city because the great-great-grandfather of someone else lived in the same city.

City Dwellers Grow Apprehensive of Their Own Possible Solitude and Make and Accept Engagements Months in Advance, Knowing That They Will Break the Engagements if Anything Else Turns Up

City Advantages for the Country

THAT remote ancestor had his reasons. When caravans met at crossroads and exchanged goods, or covered wagons converged at the mouth of a pass through the mountains, a settlement naturally sprang up at the favored spot and grew into a city. When it took a month for a ship to cross the Atlantic and three months longer to transport its cargo to the West, certain commercial advantages accrued to those who lived on deep harbors. Even a hill which could be fortified had its points as the center of a community's life. In the days, then, of difficult transportation and of dangerous living, cities grew naturally. But why three or four or ten million human beings whose life is adjusted to rail and motor and air transport, to wires carrying power, and to domestic security—why they should huddle in the cities their forefathers built remains mysterious.

The mystery deepens when we remember that invention, which for generations threw all its gifts in the lap of the cities, has in the past two decades not only made the city displeasing but has rendered back to the country all of the city's advantages. If science for a century was concentrating, for the past generation it has become increasingly distributive. It brought people together to enjoy elevated trains and steam power and artificial ice and lavish theatrical displays. And when it had done all that it turned its back on the city and began scattering movies and radios and motor cars and automatic refrigeration and electric sewing and washing and ironing machines all over the countryside.

While the economists are working out formulas and theories to account for this change in the direction of invention and discovery, the man in the hinterland is enjoying himself not only as much as, but sometimes at the expense of, his city brother. Superficially it would appear that the city man can have his radio and movie talkies as easily as the farmer. Although these inventions substitute one form of entertainment for another, they do exist for all alike. But there is a difference. The dweller in the outlands now is on equal terms with the city man; he no longer has to wait three years for a third-rate company to present a play or even three weeks for a remote dealer to order a phonograph record of a new song. He sees and hears instantly.

And because this is so—because the population in small towns and villages is vastly important—entertainment is being adapted to the taste of that population. Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, New York and a few other cities may put the impress of their approval on a play and even on one of those supremely special superspecials of the movies, but the bulk of entertainment cannot wait for the six months' run which this approval implies. The movies go out swiftly to the country, the radio broadcasts for all. There is the case of a movie player who is said to have received the largest salary in the profession and whose films were virtually never seen in New York. Only after this circumstance made the headlines in the New York papers did Fred Thompson's name become even faintly familiar to the metropolis, and if he had a following there, it was entirely in the neighborhood houses. The singing-dancing talkies are likewise not made for the metropolitan audiences familiar with musical revues. Whether this change will lower or raise the quality of American entertainment remains to be seen. Critics of the talkies in New York and Chicago have already complained of the hick atmosphere of elaborate and costly productions. It is a long way from the complaints of the backwoods that New York plays offended their morals.

Theaters First

I PUT entertainment first because when people speak seriously of the attractions of city life they invariably say, "The theater and—and everything." Now that the theater, generally speaking, has been scattered and sown broadcast over the land, what remains of "everything"? For fifty years "everything" meant the comforts and the luxuries of life, and the inexorable march of progress dragged to the city every man who wanted the best of everything. But from the moment the motor car made it agreeable to live in comparatively remote places, power had to follow, especially the easily conveyed power which runs along electric wires. After that, everything was easy, and there is hardly an item in the list of modern essentials or comforts or luxuries that remains peculiar to the city.

While this reversal of direction was going on, what new things did science give the city itself? By measuring cubic air space, city planners and architects evolved building rules, especially the set-back of skyscrapers, to conserve the little that is left of light and air. Some of them are rather pathetically hoping that science will provide them with artificial substitutes for both of these commodities, so that they can go on building without worry.

Another item of progress is the creation of traffic control—which is all to the good if you leave out of calculation the frazzling of nerves during a two-minute red-light stop when no traffic is crossing, and you have to stand still none the less. There is also a new automatic elevator which reduces conversation with the attendant to the minimum. All the other items of progress in purely urban life seem to be in the direction not of change and improvement but of multiplication, on the theory that if one subway provides a way of moving people from place to place, five subways will solve the city's transit problem.

It can only be a short time before Sunday-feature psychologists discover that the noise, the nervous worry, the airlessness and darkness and fetid smells of the city are really good for us. But the average man, making a diagram of comfort in the past twenty years, using, let us say,

the index number 50 for both city and country in 1910, would run the comfort of country life up to 75 by 1930 and that of city life down to 40 or less. If this average man is caught in an economic mill race from which he cannot escape, his remaining in the city is pathetic, but it can be understood. The actual mystery attaches to those who do not have to come to the city at all, and to those who can go but prefer to stay. The fact that economists are condemning the city as an economic unit, the fact that city planners are working on distributing the industrial and the social centers of great cities, are apart from the question. The underlying motive is too deep—or too trivial—for the eye of the economist.

The motive, I suspect, is fear. The city which began as a trading post may have lost its usefulness, but the city which began as a citadel—as a fortress—retains its prime function. It relieves men and women of fear. It gives them sanctuary, a place to which they can repair when they are attacked. Only the ancient fear of the stranger has changed into its opposite—the fear that the stranger will not come—the fear, in short, of solitude. I suggested earlier that it would be inconvenient to say that we live in cities because our ancestors two hundred years ago lived in cities. It is equally foolish-sounding, but perhaps nearer the truth, to say that we live in cities because our ancestors two million years ago were afraid of wild animals or two thousand years ago were frightened by invading hordes of enemies.

Psychologists have a name for this subconscious fear of the wide-open spaces—agoraphobia. They assure us that when we walk around two sides of an open rectangle instead of cutting diagonally across—even if the rectangle is no more than a ballroom—we are exhibiting traces of the fear which afflicted our progenitors when they were driven out of the sheltering woods and ran, a prey to every enemy, through a clearing. Our ancestors clustered together and handed down to us, in addition to their fears, their notions of sociability. We like to be in crowds.

There are moments when, for individuals, the city ceases to perform its function of supplying company. One of them can be observed at almost any man's club between six and seven in the evening, when there is usually a waiting line before the telephone booths, with men consulting the directory or little pocket memoranda, calling up numbers. Their voices come pathetically through the doors: "Just happened to be free tonight. . . . Thought you and Bill. . . . Oh, I see. Some other time then. . . . Hope you'll have a good time." And then the persistent search for another number to call. It is the zero hour of the unattached bachelor. Another moment is at the extreme end of the day; at the beginning, in fact, of another day. The usual round of gayety has been worked through—dinner, theater, night club; ending, in New York, with the obligatory visit to Harlem. After each of these items some have tried to break away, but a law seems to operate that no one shall leave. In the end the law is violated, but the end is late, and even then the chilly sidewalks echo with reproaches and threats, for people are still afraid to go home, still afraid of being alone, and cry out that you must come on to breakfast.

What lies behind this morbid terror of loneliness is for psychoanalysts to guess. That it exists, everyone who has lived in a large city can testify. Rather than be alone people will go to the dullest of dinners, to the feeblest of those shows which are optimistically called entertainments. They grow apprehensive of their own possible solitude and make and accept engagements months in advance, knowing that they will

(Continued on Page 133)

THE END OF THE ROPE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Don't let's look at it any more!" I said, and turned away to bury my face in the thick, soft blossoms of the little windflowers. John, who could always read my thoughts, even through the back of my head, laughed at me and tweaked my ear, winking at Alois, coming up the path from the glacier just then with a pail of water.

Alois is such a dear, Margaret—the finest guide in the Alps, if you should ever want one. But I don't suppose you ever will, after this story of mine.

Well, anyway, he took his pipe from his mouth, grinned and pointed with it toward the mountain. "A fine fellow!" he said. "And we have good weather!"

"Don't brag, Alois. Remember the Jungfrau last year!" teased John.

"That was different," Alois objected. "It was at the hotel that they made the mistake. But today there is no doubt. My cousin 'Dolf has so advised the English couple."

Alois set down his pail, flexed his aching arm, and drew a little field glass from his pocket, training it upon the mountain. "There is a small *Lawine* up there just now," he observed, "but they should be almost down by now. They sleep at the Strahlegg."

"What English couple?" I asked as we followed him into the hut. A little wind had sprung up and the air, passing over the icy cornices of the Fiescherwand opposite, was no longer warm. We gathered about the crackling stove and sniffed eagerly at the delicious fumes of the pea soup which Alois was concocting.

"Surely madame has heard?" he mumbled as he stirred. "It is the famous Lady Herron and her husband!"

It is queer, Margaret, but that is the way everyone always spoke of those two—as if he were quite secondary to her in importance. As, indeed, he doubtless was! She was said to be the finest *Alpiniste* in England, you see, and everyone knew her—talked about her too. We had only been in Grindelwald a day or so and we'd not met her, but some women at our *pension* had been whispering at the table about her and her latest acquisition—a handsome Italian count, or something, hanging about her all the time, whom they said any self-respecting husband ought to shoot on sight. I had privately decided that she was a romantic figure. I'd heard, too, that she was very beautiful.

"Oh, yes," Alois went on, rummaging in the provision basket and beginning to set out tea. "They are coming over today from the Gleckstein Hut, making a traverse of the Schreckhorn—a fair climb, that, without a guide!"

"I hear she is very competent," I suggested.

"Oh, well, certainly," Alois admitted. "But I do not approve of such a tour with less than three people." That seemed to close the subject for him. "We will eat in one quarter of an hour," he warned us.

I began setting out the enameled cups and plates, the tin forks and our own jackknives upon the square deal table by the window, while John arranged our beds. . . . Oh, my dear, I quite forgot, you've never even seen a hut! Well, imagine it if you can, only one room, and two-thirds of it taken up by a sort of trough filled with straw, in which everybody is supposed to lie down in peaceful unconventionality to sleep, arranged like sardines in a box. Do you wonder that we chose the unfrequented little Schwartzegg and prayed hard for no other guests?

In the rest of the room there is only space enough for the stove, a table, a couple of benches and the washbasin. Blankets are folded over the beams, and on brackets on the wall are a first-aid cabinet, a stretcher, and extra rope, picks and lanterns. There may be a few books on a shelf and pegs to hang your coats on, but that's quite all. Very cozy, really, especially at such a moment as I was describing, when the smoky tin lamp was lighted and the steam of coffee and pea soup made us all hungry and drowsy.

I was nodding over a book I'd found when an exclamation from John roused me. He had wiped the moisture from a windowpane and was looking out ecstatically. "By Jove, it's sunset, afterglow! Come out at once, you lazy woman!"

He held out a blanket to me and thrust his arms into his own windbreaker. He opened the door callously and let in the breath of the glacier. Now, I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me, Margaret, if I'm sentimental again for a moment, for you see it all belongs in the story. . . . All right?

Well, we stood out there in the stinging cold, and I was terribly happy. He put his arm over my shoulder, and together we looked across the glacier to the hoary peaks of the Jungfrau chain. They were gleaming like candles then in that strange, ruddy light which kindles only in the high Alps on a still and cloudless evening. Far, far down the valley the twinkling lamps of Grindelwald pricked through the purple mist, but we did not look that way, and our backs were sternly toward the Schreckhorn. Nothing real, nothing of today or tomorrow, must penetrate such a moment, you know, dear. We two, understanding and triumphant, were alone in the world—detached, floating away in a kind of speechless and romantic ecstasy. It was for this that I had trudged the hot path to the hut, for such moments that the whole race of mountain climbers continues to risk its necks year after year.

With a roar and a sharp staccato cracking, the glacier was settling for the night. The candle flame flickered and went out on the giant Finsteraarhorn, leaving it a sort of sinister blue knife blade against the first faint stars. Next the golden rim of the Fiescherwand faded to sullen steel. Without a word we turned like two children, hand in hand, shivering a little, toward shelter.

I took down John's climbing shirt from the line by the door. "Frozen stiff!" I laughed, breaking the magic silence. But John was staring anxiously up into the sky above the mouth of the valley. He whistled slightly between his teeth and flung open the hut door.

"Alois, come out here!" he cried. "Now, what do you make of that?" He waved an excited hand toward certain streaks of misty gray in the primrose west.

Our guide puckered his brown forehead, and, moistening a finger, held it up, for all the world like one of our Vermont farmers, to the wind.

He muttered and spat sullenly onto the frosty rocks. "Well, anyway, nothing comes here before dawn. We will get our view, I think, certainly."

I knew what they feared, Margaret, dear. Those mild, pretty gray veils are dreaded by every mountaineer, for they are the heralds of rain and fog. John's face was so crestfallen that I risked a hasty glance behind us at the mountain. Sharp and black, it reared its crenelated tower into a crackling, starlit sky.

"That at least looks good, Alois, doesn't it?" I begged.

He shrugged. "Good enough," he said. "Will the *Herrschaften* come to soup?"

By half-past eight we were fairly sure there would be no others with us in the hut. Two parties had passed, had looked in a trifle wistfully and shifted rucksacks on chafing shoulders, but noting the cramped quarters and ourselves so ostentatiously spread about, had, happily, gone on.

Alois split some sticks and piled them neatly by the stove, placed his boots and John's near the warmth, drew a kettle for the midnight tea, and joined us at the table where John had spread his map. The guide's horny finger traced the little dotted line. "Here we will eat our *Frühatück*," he indicated. "And here, on the *Grat*, we should be by eight o'clock; the *Gipfel* by eleven, if we are lucky, and you can see us then, madame, with your glass, from before the hut. Down to the Strahlegg surely by two o'clock. Now, what will you put in my sack, Herr Turner?"

Prunes, chocolate, cheese, a bottle of cold tea, John's flask and the extra socks, the camera and a drinking cup. It was easily packed; all the other stuff would stay down here with me. Then there were the ice claws, the axes, the precious coil of rope and the lantern. Alois placed them all neatly on the bench, and without ceremony blew out the lamp.

"To bed!" he commanded. "It gives but four short hours to sleep."

I rolled dutifully in my blankets against the wall and felt the comforting pressure of John's shoulder beside me. But, of course, neither of us slept, my dear; it was too ridiculous to try. I am always amazed at the hardihood of mountaineers who—only think—must climb for hours to a hut, subsist on scant food and no water, must then, fully clad, lie down to rest where sleep of necessity eludes them, and so, in the worst physical condition, rise up in the chill of midnight to fling themselves upon their great adventure.

Farther down the trough I heard the heavy, determined breathing of the guide, but I knew that even his professional slumbers were not very profound. There came too often during those hours the flicker of his anxious match as he examined his watch, and once, toward the end, he got up and padded softly across to the window to study the night sky.

We did not sleep, and yet all in a minute it was twelve o'clock. The alarm rang devastatingly through the stillness, and John turned over and groaned. Alois was already astir, poking the fire.

"Raining?" asked John's voice thickly.

The güide laughed aloud. "So clear I have never seen it," he said, and blew on the blaze contentedly, feeding it little sticks.

I picked straw from my hair, rubbed my eyes, and sat up with that cold, sick feeling which comfortless, nervous dozing always produces. I didn't have any of the relief the others had, you see, in grunting over the pulling on of stiff boots, cursing the rolling of putties. I just sat there and shivered and worried miserably, and listened to them gulping their hot tea, and I couldn't say a word. I knew so well just how they were feeling. Margaret, you've no idea of the suppressed excitement and the delicious, palpitant fear which assails you in the moment just before you begin a big climb! But they were going without me! I was to stay behind for the first time!

Good old Alois must have noticed my white face, even as he stolidly peeled his sausage and cooled his tea in long, hissing draft.

"Madame is very courageous to remain here alone," he remarked. "But it will not be so long now before dawn."

John looked up from adjusting a strap and grinned at me. It never occurs to him, you know, that I have any weaknesses like other women. "Nonsense! Don't put such thoughts in her head, Alois. There is nothing to hurt her here, of all places; for miles around, no man or bird or beast."

I remembered those words, Margaret, after they had gone, and I really do think they started my mood of fright and apprehension. It was such terrific loneliness there, my dear—such unnatural aloneness! Well, I watched them as long as I dared,

(Continued on Page 46)

Power, Strength and Endurance! Performance that is Efficient and Dependable! Value that is definitely established! Such is the Auburn Straight Eight of 125 Horsepower and 130-inch Wheelbase for less than many Sixes. With an Eight, before one cylinder explosion has burned out, or quit pushing, another starts. The overlapping power impulses blend into practically one continuous push. This results in better balance; an uninterrupted flow of smoother more flexible power; fast acceleration; quiet operation and enduring performance because the abundance of reserve power prevents strain and depreciation. Auburn was a pioneer with Straight Eights and has had about five years' experience with this type of motor ahead of others. Auburn also gives long wheelbase, stronger and more rigid frames, low bodies, Bijur chassis lubrication and many other advantages that insure finer riding qualities, easier driving, better roadability, longer service and the greatest value on the market for the least commensurate cost. We leave it entirely to the car itself to prove this claim.

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(Continued from Page 44)

from the little platform before the hut; Alois' tiny lantern shining out of the darkness, and the two men crawling like specks, slowly, slowly up over the first snow slopes. Around the angle of the little, hanging ice fall they would stop and put on the ropes. But it was bad luck to watch them out of sight! So I went back into the empty hut, and I tried to be cheerful. Recklessly I threw more wood in the stove and sat down at the table to read.

There wasn't much of a library to choose from—just a first-aid manual and a collection of mountaineering exploits—mostly famous disasters—of all gay subjects! I pulled the smoky little lamp toward me and opened the book at random, to find myself reading again the old story of the Matterhorn conquest. The guide, Taugwalder—the one who stood fast when the rope broke which sent Croz, Hadow, Hudson and Lord Douglas spinning down into eternity—now there was a fine sturdy fellow for you—a guide to trust in any extremity! I should have liked to make a climb with him. What a cruel thing to ostracize him from his home, from his kind, for all those months when suspicion was cast upon him, and how happy he must have been when he was finally acquitted and reinstated! You recall the story, of course, Margaret? How certain guides, jealous of his sudden fame, had accused him of deliberately cutting the rope between him and Lord Douglas to save his own skin? And you remember how they finally proved that he was innocent? Experts got out the rope end and examined it—you can see it still, as we did, in the funny, gruesome little Zermatt museum. The break is short and clean! Well, you know, had a knife blade severed even the first few strands, the rest would have instantly spun out, raveled, and torn before ever the blade could complete the stroke!

That story never fails to thrill me, and I fell under its spell again, but I closed the book. Suddenly I found myself half dreaming, half asleep, up on those fearful slopes with the three survivors, right after it happened, when the thunder of the loosened stones and ice was just dying away to awful stillness, and the three clung, paralyzed and stricken, unable to move or to think.

Did I really hear the rush of the falling bodies, the screams, the crash of the avalanche? Asleep or awake? There was all at once a dreadful hubbub about the hut—the wind tearing at the roof, flinging ice and pebbles against the walls, prying with furious fingers at the rattling windowpanes. I turned down the lamp, I think, and crawled like a coward into my corner of the straw behind the hanging blankets. This was certainly no go! What a fool I'd been to come! I should have foreseen this! If I'd only brought a dog along for company! Then I remembered John's words—"No man or bird or beast!" Of course, not even a dog could climb to this grisly perch! I was more alone than anyone in the whole world!

Shuddering, I pulled the blankets over my head and began to worry sickeningly about John, confusing him and Alois, in my sleepy, befogged brain, with those desperate men up on the precipices of the Matterhorn. A wind in the mountains, Margaret, is the thing most feared by every climber, and I listened in abject terror. But, do you know, after a brief while it seemed miraculously to quiet down again; and then I think the awful stillness was more eerie than the storm. I lay and shivered and listened and worked myself into a fine state of nerves. And finally I knew that I couldn't stand it any more. I must get up and look out into the night!

Then, right there, Margaret, my dear, began a sort of horrible, inexplicable nightmare!

It seemed to me that I struggled out of my nest of blankets, across the cold stone floor, past the table where the old lamp was spluttering like machine-gun fire in the stillness; and that finally I knelt on the bench under the window and began to wipe away the frost from the pane. I pressed my face close and looked out—looked out on all that black solitude, straight into the pale, staring face of another woman!

Was I dreaming? Was it a reflection of my own features, convulsed by terror and panic? I don't know. I don't remember anything at all there for a moment.

Then suddenly someone seemed to be in the room, moving about, and a chill came in with her and remained with her, such as I've never felt before. It seemed to radiate from her, and turned the blood in my veins to ice. There was a little click-clacking sound in the room too. Someone's teeth were chattering far too loudly for reality. Mine, perhaps? Hers? I don't know, but I can hear them to this day. I can never forget that horrid sound!

She seemed to be a tall woman, perfectly turned out for climbing, by a tailor who knew his trade. She was all in whipcord and leather, but shockingly torn and dishevelled, Margaret, and a great scratch, on which the blood had frozen and caked, ran from her temple to her chin.

Her face? Oh, yes, I looked. It was beautiful—or it had been beautiful. The hair which hung in ragged points beneath her cap was ash gold, and her eyes were deep-set and full of queer blue lights. But her pallor! I've never seen any living thing

that color, Margaret—with the ghastly, purple, pinched shadows around her nostrils.

She spoke to me, and that was part of the nightmare too. Her voice was low, calm; her manner as poised as if she had come to a garden party at home. It was too commonplace; it was uncanny!

"You are alone, I see," she said. "May I warm myself for a bit by your fire?"

I nodded. I think I stammered something about a pot of tea. I came over by the fire to brew it, and she moved away at once. I felt the icy chill from her as I passed her.

And then came the strangest part of all, Margaret. We sat down at the table together, and she drank, and ate, too—cheese and bread and marmalade that I set before her. And she talked—again just as if we were at a garden party. Polite, stilted conversation, with never a mention of the queer place we were, or where she came from at this unnatural hour, or who she might have been! And always the terrible chill in the room, and the blue light in her eyes defying me to ask a question or drop for one moment this weird game of make-believe.

I was very dazed and my head kept going round and round. Perhaps I'd lost consciousness long ago, perhaps this was delirium—how can I ever tell? At any rate, presently she asked me—and her eyes stopped shifting and fixed two knifelike points on mine—she asked me: "Are you married?" It seemed so curious, so irrelevant, the first flicker of the personal.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" I cried. "My husband and a guide are on the mountain now—the Schreckhorn by the Andersongrat, you know!"

Her face seemed suddenly to recede from me; the purple shadows about her nostrils spread until they reached her cheek bones;

(Continued on Page 48)

EVERY GAAHAM SIX AND EVERY GAAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

Graham Special Eight Sedan. 100 h.p. with Graham time-proved 4-speed transmission. Also available in Coupe with rumble seat. Six wire wheels, side mountings, special equipment. With standard equipment, price at factory $1595

Graham Standard Eight, 3-speed transmission with quiet second gear, $1445, price at factory

Speed to spare, yes - but speed with *uncommon* comfort *and* safety

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QUALITY IS THE BEST POLICY

PRACTICALLY all cars today provide speed to a point beyond customary usage; and the Graham Special Eight is no exception, of course.

But it is a most decided exception in the degree of downright comfort and safety which it provides along with its 70, 75 and 80 miles an hour capacity.

By comfort we mean easy riding. But we mean, also, an absence of driving strain and tenseness that permits you to sit serenely back and take your ease.

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It includes riding a brick pavement without the roar of tires, and a concrete road without the boom of tires on the paving joints; and any road without the annoyance of road noises being telegraphed on up to the car body and there magnified.

In the hydraulic brakes, which "take" equally on all four wheels, is safety control; and safety of another sort lies in the shatter-proof safety plate glass.

Speed, certainly. Your second-gear start will amaze you with its lightning swiftness, but even so it gives no hint of the ease and quiet of the third-speed acceleration to 60 or 65 miles in the length of a city block, or the seven-league-boot sensation when you go into fourth.

These are things we would like you to learn for yourself, at first hand, through the good offices of your Graham dealer. We are certain your experience will convince you that a motor car investment of more than the Graham Special Eight price cannot justify itself on the basis of additional performance ability.

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Special Sixes and Special Eights equipped with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission

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Graham cars give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that protection for yourself and your family, the more surely it renders all the other Graham attractions irresistible. Complete equipment of shatter-proof glass at the lowest extra cost ever placed on such equipment in any car

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the clerk didn't make a mistake..that's your nickel...change from your dime... Rocky Ford only costs a nickel..

It's natural for a man taking his first puff on his first Rocky Ford to think ..."Here...the clerk must have given me too much change... This isn't a 5¢ cigar."

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Rocky Ford

the 5¢ cigar

WITH THE 10¢ TASTE

P. Lorillard Co.

(Continued from Page 46)

her eyes, which sank almost into her head, burned not blue but red.

"May they find peace!" she whispered. Just those words, Margaret, as if she were speaking in a trance or an ecstasy.

And then she got up abruptly, crossed to the stove with a strange clumping of boots, as if she walked with blocks of ice, and her hands moved quickly, dexterously. She was washing her cup and dish in the pail, and putting them away with easy, accustomed gestures. I watched her, fascinated, and then suddenly all the blood in my body raced back to my heart. With her blue and clawlike hands she caught up the heavy knife by the wood block which Alois used to cut his kindling, and swung it with swift, biting strokes across her breast.

The room reeled and I shut my eyes. When I opened them again, she was still there, the lid off the stove, the red glow turning her face to ashes, as with one hand she dropped upon the embers a brief length of hempen rope. Only then I realized that she had worn this rope tied over her jacket and across her chest, as the leader of a party always wears it. It is such a common sight in the Alps that it had not previously registered on my numbed senses. I stared at her, and stared. It all meant nothing to me then but madness and terror.

Perhaps she felt my eyes on her and her work. She threw me another piercing, challenging look, then swiftly crossed the floor in two strides, pulled down a blanket and threw herself upon the straw in the farther corner. "I am tired—tired. I must have rest," said the hoarse, low voice. "Will you put out the light?"

"Of course, in a moment, certainly, but ——" I was trying to get up courage to protest, to keep the comfort, for a while longer, of that sickly, smoky lamplight, when without any apparent reason, with a puff and a sputter, the thing went out right there before me, plunging the hut into darkness. There was no sound, no sign of any life from the other end of the room.

I held my breath until my heart suffocated me, and still no sound. What was there for me to do then but take my blankets and crawl into my corner of the straw? The chill in the hut was increasing!

I can't say if I slept, or if I had always been sleeping, but a little later I opened my eyes because I distinctly felt a presence near me. I saw nothing. Then came the voice, low and hoarse, next to my ear. A wave of icy air swept over me. I thought something cold touched my wrist. I tried to scream.

"Good-by, you good woman," the voice said. "Sleep well, for there has been no one here to trouble you tonight."

"But—but," I gasped, only half understanding, and struggling for some degree of sanity, "you shouldn't venture out again! It is still dark! Dangerous!"

"Ah, danger!" And there was a horrible, mirthless sort of laugh in the darkness. "What is danger to me now? I was killed on the Andersongrat at four o'clock this afternoon!"

That was the peak of the nightmare, Margaret. I ought to have wakened screeching or something, but I didn't. I didn't waken at all, or else I fainted. How can I ever know? At any rate, when I was at last fully conscious again, it must have been a long time later, for the hut was filled with the cold, gray, smoky light of a sunless mountain dawn, and I was quite alone.

I sprang up, stiff in every muscle, but the dreadful chill was gone from the room. I looked across the straw to the farther corner. No depression marked the spot where a body might have lain, and the extra blankets were folded neatly over the beam, even as on the evening before. The table? Not a trace of cup or dish or spoon, not a crumb where a ghostly visitor had sat. The stove! Eagerly I crossed the room and flung off the lid. Had that gray, coiled serpent there once been an end of rope? My inquiring poker dissolved it to a heap of meaningless ashes.

"Oh, well," I said aloud, and my voice sounded reassuring and even cheerful, "I must shake this dream off at once and be sensible."

So I made another fire and put some coffee on for my breakfast. It was 5:30 by my watch. I could eat a little and take another nap. I would awaken next time refreshed and normal once more, and then it would soon be time to start for the Strahlegg to meet John. No chance of seeing them on the summit in this fog! But doubtless they were even now standing upon some ridge beneath a blue and cloudless sky, staring down into this sea of mist at their feet. Such were the habits of mountain weather, I consoled myself.

I was not to lie down again, however, for many weary hours, as you shall see. Hardly had I poured my coffee when I heard a sound which set every worn-out nerve to tingling once more. There is a curious sort of shout, Margaret, which they use in the Swiss Alps to denote a number of things. It carries for a great distance and is a cross between a yodel and a sort of wild diabolical laugh. Usually it means exuberant joy at having reached the top of something, or it can be a salutation to another party. However, six times repeated in quick succession, it means distress and the need of assistance. It was such a cry, far off, up somewhere on the slopes of the Schreckhorn behind the hut, which now reached my ears, over and over again, almost without pause.

Instinctively I flung into my coat, hauled on my nailed boots, and seized the emergency pick from the wall. But once out upon the platform, I realized the folly of setting off anywhere alone in that thick white fog which shut out behind an impenetrable wall every object more than twenty feet away.

I answered the cry with what breath I could summon, but my voice, in that vast, majestic stillness, sounded like a child's impotent treble. Of course it was John and Alois lost up there in the frosty clouds—who else? And I could do nothing—nothing at all but sit and wait! I began frantically to pace back and forth and to cry. The tears poured down my cheeks, leaving little icy tracks, and I wrung my hands until they were numb. The calling ceased after a while, and that was the hardest of all. I went back into the hut and threw myself upon the straw and wished to die.

Then, after a little, I grew calmer, and I suddenly thought, "Why not go to the Strahlegg for aid? I ought to be able to reach that, with any sort of luck." With trembling fingers I scribbled a note and left it on the table, and in another instant I was out and moving down the path to the glacier. I'd been gone but a moment, however, when the shout came again—this time so much nearer that my heart gave a great flop of relief. It was John's own blessed voice! Hurrying back up to the hut, I was just in time to see two figures moving slowly toward me out of the mist. Slowly, painfully, for they were not alone—some sort of burden trailed behind them on the snow; a black bundle tied with their rope, which they moved along with tragic tenderness and concern.

No need to tell me what it was they had found. I knew. The body of a woman, ash blond, with a jagged scratch across her cheek from chin to temple! I began to whimper hysterically.

John saw me there first and called to me in a voice so hoarse and strained that I scarcely recognized it: "Go back—go back into the hut at once, Mary, and stay there till I come to you!"

So I dragged myself in and sat dully on the bench to wait. I heard their hard breathing, the scrape of their boot nails on the stones, a bench being moved, a heavy weight lifted and laid down. Then John came in. His face was red with exercise, but there were terrible lines about his mouth and eyes, and I thought that he swayed just an instant in the doorway. He spoke no word, however, brushed past my outstretched hands, snatched a blanket from the bed, and went out again directly.

Some minutes later both men entered and went at once to the fire. Gaunt and grave and set, their faces were dreadful to look at in that withering half light. They said nothing, but spread out their hands to the warmth, staring, staring all the while at something I could not see.

"There's coffee ready," I ventured tentatively, afraid of my own voice.

"Good enough," grunted Alois, and the spell was broken. He began to unlace his boots, and presently he was splitting sticks busily and muttering to himself in Grindelwald dialect.

I went over to John and put my arms around him. "Is she quite dead?" I whispered.

"Ah, who knows—who knows? That's the terrible part of it," he answered, but I couldn't understand. "Then why—leave her out there—on the bench—in the cold?" I asked, shuddering.

"Darling," John put his hand up and stroked my cheek for a moment in the old way, "you've got it wrong. That's the husband out there; the woman still lies somewhere on the mountain. . . . Oh, God!" He buried his face against my shoulder for an instant, and Alois looked over at me significantly.

"If madame has the courage, it would be well to make him talk," he suggested.

"John, dear." I shook him a little, his face was so gray and queer. "Won't you tell me about it—everything that happened? I'm not afraid. The chief thing is I've got you down with me again, safe and sound."

Alois was right, Margaret. The relief of telling brought him back to normal, but it was a grisly recital. Shall I let you hear it? All right.

It seems they had a dreadful time in the long snow *couloir* when that wind sprang up and began shooting loose ice and stones down on them. One even went through their lantern, extinguishing it, and they were finally driven onto the rocks over on one side—a way which was quite strange and doubly difficult in the dark. They reached a little sheltered shoulder of rock just as the first streaks of light were showing, and sat down to rest. Directly over them was the sheer precipice of the Andersongrat. But when they took up the climb again, Alois had to crawl around a corner to reconnoiter, and there he found the body, caught there in a crevice, but obviously fallen straight down from the heights above. Immediately they searched around as far as possible, with John holding Alois on a length of rope, for, of course, they realized that the other body must be somewhere about. But it was no use. Their own position was too precarious, and the route to the Grat too long and roundabout from there. The other body either lay caught among the rocks near the summit or had fallen on the farther side. They spent two hours vainly searching, and then decided to come down for help.

"So, now, Mary, you are fresh and rested. You will go at once to Grindelwald and send up a party. Alois and I go on to the Strahlegg for such guides as may be there, then back upon the mountain." He gulped his coffee. "We should be starting now."

"If you will excuse me," Alois put in firmly, "I think it very unwise that the lady attempt to reach the valley alone. The storm can have started slides along the way."

I seized eagerly at this straw. "Yes, John, you have to come! I'd never get there otherwise. I'm—I'm not feeling very well!"

John looked at me sharply. "What's the matter, puss?"

"I—I had a bad time here—nightmares and that sort of thing." For a moment I was tempted to tell them of my dream, my ghost, but it was too fantastic in the face of this grim reality. I was a little ashamed of my weakness and hysteria.

"Well, maybe I'd better go down, then," John agreed finally. "But I'll be up with the rescue party before dark, Alois, old

(Continued on Page 50)

THE INCREASING USE OF THE TELEPHONE REQUIRES THE EXPENDITURE OF HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS ANNUALLY FOR EXTENSIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

It keeps faith with your needs

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

You have found a constantly growing use for the telephone. You have learned its value in business. You have found it helpful in keeping contact with family and friends. Its increasing use has given the telephone its humanly important place in modern life and requires the expenditure of hundreds of millions annually for extensions and improvements.

In 1929 the Bell System's additions, betterments and replacements, with new manufacturing facilities, meant an expenditure of 633 million dollars. During 1930 this total will be more than 700 millions.

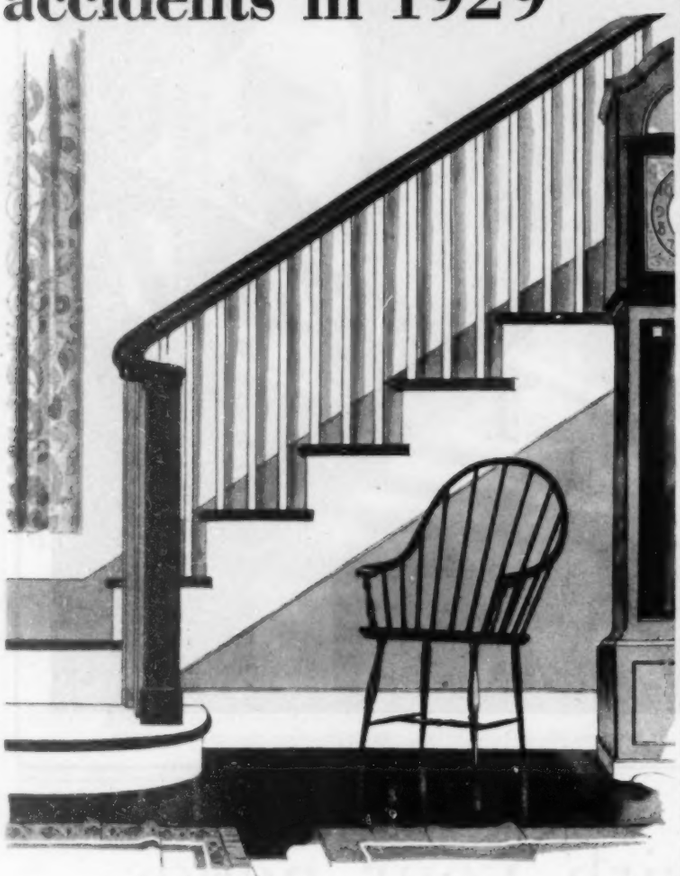
Definite improvements in your service result from a program of this size and kind. They start with the average time required to put in your telephone—which in five years has been cut nearly in half. They range through the other branches of your service, even to calls for distant points—so that all but a very few of them are now completed while you remain at the telephone.

In order to give the most effective, as well as the most economical service, the operation of the Bell System is carried on by 24 Associated Companies, each attuned to the part of the country it serves.

The Bell Laboratories are constantly engaged in telephone research. The Western Electric Company is manufacturing the precision equipment needed by the System. The staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is developing better methods for the use of the operating companies.

It is the aim of the Bell System continually to furnish a better telephone service for the nation.

FALLS caused most of the 24,000 fatal home accidents in 1929



HOME accidents make up more than a quarter of all serious accidents recorded, and are equal to industrial accidents in frequency. Falls on stairs and steps, rugs and floors are the most prolific cause of household injuries.

These are good safety rules for the home:

Fix rugs firmly to polished floors with rug fasteners.

Go up and down stairs carefully—do not rush to answer doorbell or telephone.

Do not place or store heavy objects where they may topple and injure someone in falling. Do not leave objects where they may be fallen over or collided with.

Handle sharp implements and tools with due regard to their danger.

Use care when stepping in or out of bathtub.

Even with the exercise of greatest care, insurance is an economic necessity. The agent of this Company in your city will be pleased to study your insurance problems and assist you in arranging needed insurance.

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and affiliated North America Companies write practically every form of insurance except life

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man. You can count on me for that. You'd better kindle watch fires up there to show us your location."

"How wonderful you are, Alois!" I said as we made ready to leave the hut. "How can you have the endurance, the nerve to go right back there, up that terrible cliff?"

Alois shrugged his lean, hard shoulders. "These things come, madame, in the mountains. One does what one must," he said simply.

So John and I started on the long trail to the valley. As we left the hut I cast one terrified look at the dark form upon the bench. It was completely covered, but on one side there trailed down from beneath the blanket a mute and dreary end of rope—a rope which, in that one glance, I saw was not broken sharp and clean, but frayed—spun out in a tassel which was tossing dismally in the wind.

"Tell me," said John a while later, when we were over the most difficult part of the path, "what made you think it was a woman? How did you know who it was?"

"But, John, I didn't; I don't know yet. Did Alois recognize the man, know his name?"

"Of course—Lord Herron," said John.

"Oh-h! And his poor wife, then—that famous climber! Killed—alone somewhere up there! It is too dreadful! How do you suppose it happened?"

"A rope of two, on such a climb—you heard what Alois said yesterday—is foolhardiness! And he was a clumsy sort of chap, they say. I don't know what possessed her—she should have known better. God grant that they find her, and that she is still alive!"

"No, no! She is dead—dead!" I repeated dully, and when he questioned me further, I had to tell him of my vision in the night.

"Poor darling! It was a cruel thing to leave you alone there. No wonder you saw hobgoblins!" John's little affectionate laugh was amused and tolerant, I could see, but unbelieving.

It seemed to me that all Grindelwald was out to meet us, as if half expecting the bad news. Such things travel by a strange wireless, Margaret, and in a few hours the posse had started, although without my John, who lay in his bed with a chill and a sore throat.

Two days and two nights they vainly searched for Lady Herron on the mountain, and finally we looked out one morning at the solemn, exhausted procession returning through the little main street bearing in their midst the single stretcher. The village was shaken; everyone spoke in hushed tones; no one thought of anything at all but of the poor woman lying alone and stark on some remote, lost shelf on the Schreckhorn's cruel flanks, under the new snow which had begun to fall.

After a decent interval there was a tolling of bells and a simple funeral in the graveyard of the little parish church. Oh, it was terribly sad! They marked the grave with his ice pick, broken as it was. The pallbearers were the bronze-faced guides, the mourners the village folk and the summer guests, for no one came from England. At the *pension* we heard that the Italian lover had disappeared the very day that Lord and Lady Herron started on the fatal climb, and had left no address behind him at hotel or post.

So that was Mary Turner's story—the haunting thing that Richard had noticed in the shadows of her eyes! I had sat through the recital spellbound, the flesh creeping along my spine. When she told of the little grave marked by the broken pick, I felt tears on my own cheeks. But I was numb and stiff from sitting in the cramped quarters of the *wagon-lit*. I leaned over and kissed Mary tenderly.

"I hope you're leaving it all behind, dear," I said, "and I don't wonder it oppressed you. A dreadful experience! Now do let's try to get some sleep, if we can. I'll open the window just a crack, but don't worry, I'll not let down the blind! I wouldn't look at a snow peak now for a million dollars!"

Four days later we were in Cuppari.

It turned out to be all that John Turner had promised us. A long, slender crescent of silver sand, pretty villas, a tiny casino, and a general atmosphere which, to our tourist-tired eyes, was distinctly more foreign and quaint than cosmopolitan. Also, there was the sparsest possible sprinkling of Anglo-Saxons about.

One of the few, however, sat near us on the beach that first morning. A charming, petulant type with thin nostrils and arched brows, and that famous pink and white and gold coloring which is the toast of the tight little isle.

She drooped under her striped umbrella and gazed out upon the blue waters of the bay with an expression of unutterable ennui and distaste. Whenever the handsome, dark man sprawling at her side ventured a remark, she shot him one of those flattened, deadly glances from the tail of her eye which could have slain him in cold blood.

I watched them for an amused instant or two, then whispered to Mary Turner, who lay flat on her back in the sand, her face shielded from the sun by a great, flopping hat of palm fiber.

"If you want to see a touching tableau entitled Disillusionment, just take a look over your shoulder at that pair."

And presently Mary raised herself protestingly on an elbow and focused her round eyes with difficulty in the blinding glare.

"Busy repenting at leisure," I suggested, laughing. "He's probably a Dalmatian, or an Italian, don't you think?"

Mary made a strange, choking little sound and sat up very straight. Her eyes were positively popping from her head. She grasped my wrist in a wiry grip which, in spite of the blazing heat, was as cold as ice.

"Get John—get John quickly!" she begged, and I saw, to my alarm, that she was trembling all over.

A sunstroke, was my first thought, and I ran down to the water's edge and frantically signaled to the men, who were out upon the raft. Mary was in a strange, sobbing state of excitement when we gathered around her. She could scarcely speak.

"Sure, a touch of the sun!" John agreed with me. "Come on, darling! We'll get you right up to the hotel!"

"Nothing of the kind!" said Mary indignantly, pulling herself together with an obvious effort. "I—I just wanted simply to ask you, John—now listen carefully and think hard! If there was a fog, so you could get by the Strahlegg Hut unseen, could a person, traveling alone, in secret, get from the Schwartzegg Hut over into the Rhone Valley, and so into Italy, without ever going back down to Grindelwald?"

"Oh, my heavens!" groaned John Turner. "Why that subject again, 'way off here on the Adriatic? I thought we'd agreed to leave all that stuff buried back in Switzerland!"

"Yes, John, but this is important. You must answer me quickly!"

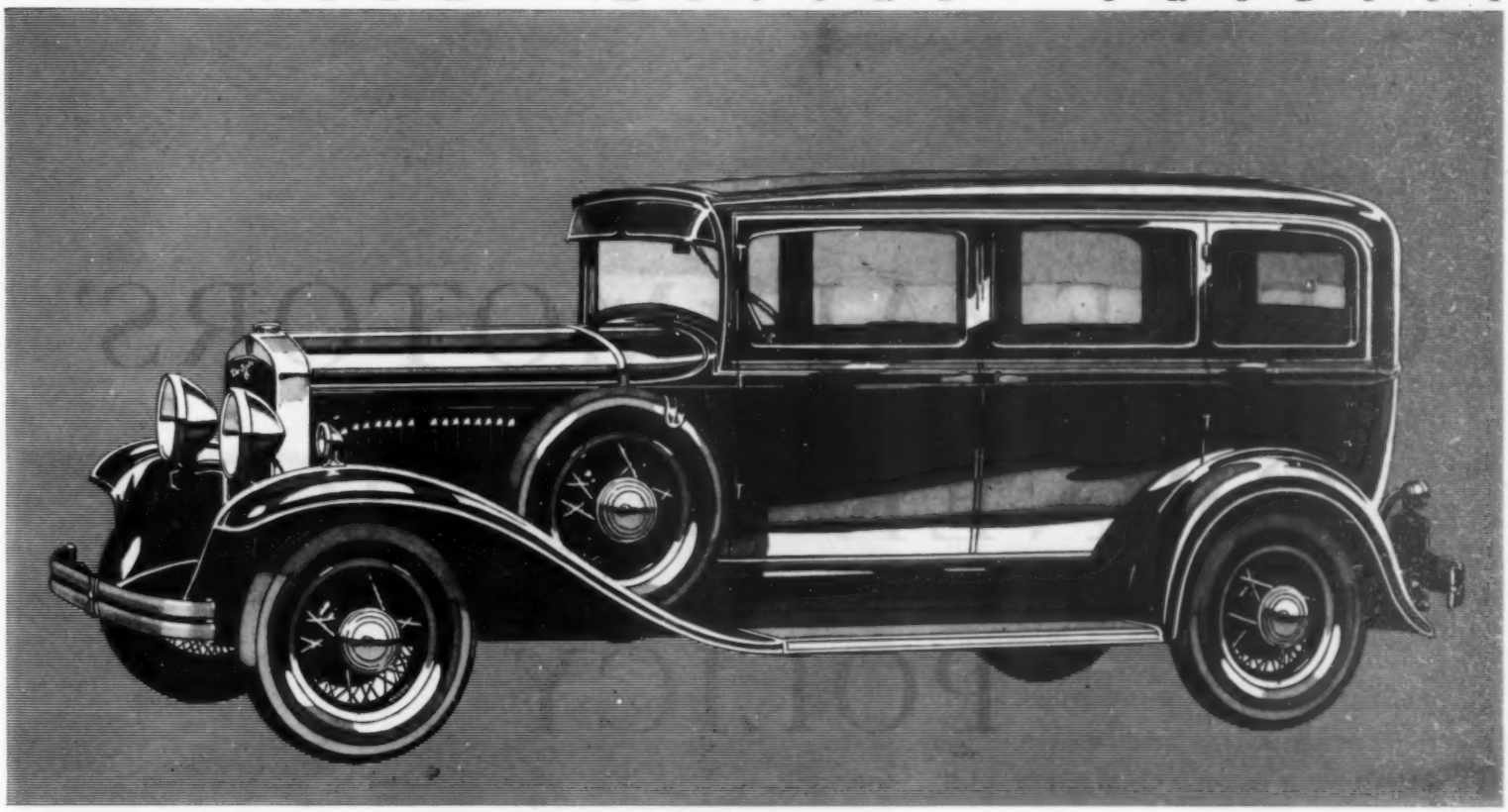
"Oh, well, yes, I suppose it could be done—over the Strahlegg Pass to Gletsch. But your hypothetical person would have to be a first-class climber with plenty of nerve."

"That's it—that's it!" cried Mary frantically, and turned in the direction of the strange couple we had previously remarked. But the little disturbance had evidently annoyed them. They were far away down the beach, moving rapidly.

An hour later Richard saw the man in front of our hotel superintending the loading of luggage into a big car. Mary had gone to bed with a nervous headache.

"That woman is Lady Herron!" she told us over and over again. "You remember that trailing end of rope, don't you? Oh, why were we all so dumb, so blind? It was such a simple way out for her!"

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



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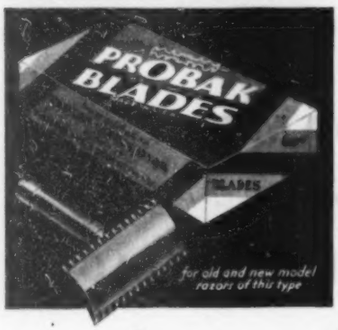

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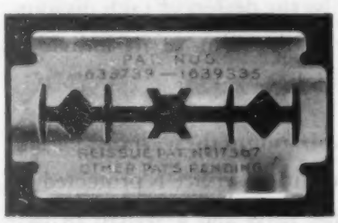

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CONSEQUENCE, A MEMOIR

(Continued from Page 37)

scorching sun and the endless carts filled with Ukrainian refugees—peasants returning home.

We had no definite plan of action, no clear idea of what we should do. Each one of us realized that we were voluntarily walking straight into the lion's mouth.

Our driver, making his way with difficulty among the carts and the pedestrians, finally stopped and pointed to a fence barring the road. This, he said, was the frontier.

We alighted. On the left, by the side of the road, was a low, unpainted wooden shed; on its threshold, in the open door and occupying it entirely, stood a huge man wearing a smart soldier's uniform—a khaki shirt of fine cloth without straps, and shiny new boots.

In one hand he held a long whip, the thin leather ends of which curled on the floor at his feet like live snakes. His cap was pushed back and a lock of dark hair escaped from it and fell on his forehead. His shaven fat face expressed complete self-satisfaction. This man had nothing in common with the former soldiers, whom I had learned to know so well during the war and to whom I was accustomed; I did not know where he belonged or how to handle him.

But it was too late now to hesitate; he had already noticed us and, without changing his position, was watching us approach the shed. Indecision or confusion would ruin everything. I boldly walked up to him. But even now I did not know what to say. Raising his eyebrows and without bending his head, he gave me a mocking glance.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I must speak to you," I replied, surprised that my voice should sound natural and calm.

He said nothing. I made a movement as though to enter the shed. After a moment's hesitation he made way and let me pass. We entered the shed, my husband coming in after us.

Held Up at the Frontier

"What do you want?" he repeated, following me.

"Listen," I began, and paused until I had perfect control of myself and of the intonations of my voice. "Early this morning my relatives crossed the frontier. Our train was late and we have not had time to obtain our papers. I am afraid that our relatives may get so far ahead of us that we will not be able to catch up with them. Yet I must see them before they cross the German frontier. Let us pass. We will come back after seeing them and will then attend to our papers."

"That is quite impossible," he replied. "To cross the frontier you should have a permit of the local Soviet of Orsha. Do you have it? And what about the Ukrainian visa?"

"But I am telling you that we have not had time to get our papers," I returned, trying to express natural agitation. "That is just it. Our relatives have our Ukrainian visas with them." I invented while talking.

"Show me your identification and the documents given you at the place you came from."

My husband took from his pocket the paper issued by the Pavlovsk Soviet. The representative of authority, on whom our fate depended, took it into his hands and studied it. Our name was indistinctly written; this was the decisive moment. Fortunately his attention was attracted mainly by the seals, the profusion of which seemed to satisfy him.

"H'm," he mumbled, transferring his glance from the seals to us. "Still, I cannot let you pass."

"Oh, Lord, but this is terrible!" I wailed, entering more and more into my part. "What are we going to do? If we don't get our visas, then we must begin all over again. Do you want us to go back to Petrograd?"

"I don't know about that, but I cannot let you pass without the permit," said the man somewhat impatiently.

By this time I had firmly decided not to surrender. Come what may, we had to get on the other side of the Bolshevist fence. Our life, our whole future, depended on it.

"Listen!"—I suddenly took a tremendous risk. "Don't you see the droshky there? We have all our baggage on it and my husband's brother will remain with it until we return. And we have no money." Saying this, I opened my old hand bag under his very nose. It contained only a worn cigarette case and a handkerchief. The piece of soap in which was concealed the paper from the Swedish legation was at that time in the pocket of my raincoat and seemed to burn my side. The penholders containing the money were in my husband's pockets. What if this soldier suddenly took a notion to search us?

An Ex-Enemy to the Rescue

Yet I noticed that my last argument appeared to have some effect on him; he was undecided. I became still more convincing. My eloquence rendered him silent. Finally, looking around and convincing himself that we were alone, he suddenly said:

"All right, go on."

I did not even answer, so great was my surprise; with one step, my husband and I moved toward a door.

"This way," he said, pointing to another exit. We passed through a second room, where emaciated officials, still wearing the old customhouse uniforms, glanced at us curiously.

In a moment we were on the other side of the Bolshevist fence. Before us lay a stretch of land, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, separating us from the German side.

For some reason unknown to us, both the frontiers were closed at this time. The Ukrainian refugees whom we had passed on the road gathered on this narrow strip of land into an immense and compact crowd. It was evident that they had been there for a long time. Hungry-looking peasants in rags apathetically surrounded carts loaded with their belongings and drawn, for the most part, by scrawny cattle. On some of the carts, amid piles of rags, children were lying, exhausted and weakened by hunger or disease; they looked like skeletons. Never in my life had I seen a more pitiful gathering of people.

We pushed our way through the crowd. It paid not the slightest attention to us. We came to the German fence, solidly, accurately built of boards, between which one could see barbed wire. The wide, strong gates were locked. Behind them stood two German soldiers in helmets. We came close to the fence and peered through. Officers in gray uniforms walked calmly to and fro or stood in groups. So short a while ago we had fought against these men, and now I was forced to ask their protection against my own people.

I took the soap from my pocket and, slitting it open with a penknife, took out the paper which identified me—our only document!

I noticed that one of the officers, apparently on duty, was pacing to and fro at the gates. He was so close to us that I could speak to him. Yet some time passed before I mustered my courage. Finally, remembering with difficulty my forgotten German, I called:

"Please, couldn't you come to the fence? I must speak to you."

He did not hear me; I had to repeat the sentence. He stopped and peered attentively at the fence, trying to discover whence came this voice. His face was young and pleasant under his steel helmet. He approached the fence. I spoke with greater boldness:

"Owing to a stroke of luck, we have succeeded in passing the Bolshevist frontier, but we have no papers, no passport, no permit of departure, no Ukrainian visa. If you refuse to let us in, we shall have to return to the Bolsheviki. My husband and his brother are with me; they are both officers. The Bolsheviki have just begun to persecute officers and we cannot remain in Russia. In the name of God, let us in."

The officer, coming close to the boards, deliberately looked us over. I saw at once that he had grasped the situation.

"You are an officer of the Guards?" he asked my husband. "And where is your brother? I don't see him."

"We were obliged to leave him on the other side with our things," I replied, for my husband spoke no German.

"I really don't know what to do with you." The officer smiled irresolutely. Then, rolling up my paper of identification, I pushed it through the boards. He took it, read, and silently scanned my face. Our eyes met.

"Open the gates," he ordered the guards.

The soldiers obeyed. The key clicked loudly once, twice, there was the sound of a drawn bolt and both folds of the gate swung wide open. We entered. It was just as terrifying, just as simple and just as wonderful as a miracle.

On this side of the fence even the air seemed lighter. Everything was different here, from the expression on the people's faces to the cleanly swept ground and the neat customhouse that stood at the roadside. We were now in the camp of our enemies.

No one paid any attention to us when we entered. Our officer, striking his boots with his whip, spoke to us as to old acquaintances.

The fact that he had saved our lives bound us to him by invisible ties. He was full of solicitude, yet not so much as hinted about what he read in my paper.

I asked his advice. Weighing our situation, he offered to take us to the Ukrainian commissar, who, in his opinion, would grant us a visa, without which we could neither remain here nor continue our trip.

But the word "commissar" terrified me; it seemed to personify all the horror that we had gone through during the past year. I positively refused to appear before the Ukrainian commissar, and no arguments could move me.

Waiting for an Audience

I preferred, I said, to deal with the Germans, and asked to be sent to the local commander. The officer finally acquiesced to my demand, shrugging his shoulders good-naturedly.

"But I assure you, you are making a mistake—a great mistake," he added, turning us over, under receipt, to a short soldier.

We went with this soldier along the dusty road, and in spite of our thirst and hunger—we had not eaten since morning—we could not help wondering at the order surrounding us; we had grown so unaccustomed to it.

The way was long; it took us about an hour. Finally we reached a field on which were several barracks, painted a khaki color. Our guard told us that the office of the commander was located here; he would, he added, find out when the commander could receive us.

He was gone a very long time. Upon a trampled lawn stood or walked men in gray uniforms.

Orderlies continually went in and out of the building. Efficient, unhurried organization was everywhere noticeable.

Our soldier came out of the barracks and, without explaining the cause, told us that we must wait. We sat down on the shaft of an unhitched wagon near by. I looked around and my thoughts began to take shape. Escaping the Bolsheviki, we had now come to a country where the Germans ruled, yet still it was Russia. Oh, Lord!

(Continued on Page 56)

BODY BY FISHER

While We Were About It

More than three years ago we set out to build an eight-cylinder motor car. While we were about it we made that car—the Viking Eight—a mighty good one. We made it long and low and smartly tailored in appearance. We made it roomy and comfortable to ride in. We made it easy to handle in traffic and on the highway. While we were about it we built into this car the most pleasing possible type of performance—quick acceleration . . . satisfying speed . . . full range smoothness . . . and the well-known dependability of 90-degree V-eight design. We gave it unusual luxury—kept strictly within the bounds of good taste. We made it a car that the most particular person could well be proud to own. While we were about it—and we kept this purpose steadfastly in mind the whole while—we made the Viking Eight an unsurpassed value. We built it to the most exacting standards—yet to sell at medium price. But there's no need to go on. You can quickly check what we say by inspecting the car yourself and talking to Viking owners. When you do, we feel confident that you'll want a Viking for your own.

VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 54)

Time passed. The sun, which had been mercilessly scorching us since morning, hung now immobile over our heads. Our mouths were dry, our arms and feet felt heavy. On the lawn in front of the building the same quiet activity went on; gray uniforms passed back and forth; the door of the barracks continually slammed. Our guard was gravely concerned with a small, evil-smelling cigar at which he avidly puffed a few times; then, extinguishing it, hid it carefully in his pocket, to take it out again a few minutes later and attempt anew.

It was strangely quiet. One could hardly believe in all this stillness; it seemed as though at any minute machine guns would begin to rattle or rifles to roar. Thus several more hours went by. From time to time our soldier, at my insistent requests, would go to the barracks to see if the commander would receive us, but usually he left us reluctantly, as though afraid that we might run away, and returned without having attained the least result.

From time to time my husband or I would get up and walk up and down the lawn. The hours dragged on endlessly. Finally even the sun grew tired and began slowly to glide to the horizon. We did not believe that the commander intended to see us. But just when we had lost all hope the soldier made signs for us to follow him. We had decided that my husband would go to this interview alone. The commander, we had been told, spoke Russian. Soldier might better speak with soldier, without a woman by. I was to join the parley only as a last resort.

My husband went into the barracks. I remained alone with the soldier. A short while later my husband returned. My presence, he said, was necessary; the commander refused to give us a pass across the frontier without the visa of the Ukrainian commissar.

I went with my husband to the commander. We entered an empty, badly aired room smelling of paint and heated wood. Behind an unpainted table sat two or three officers with tired faces. One of them rose and came to us. I saw at once that it would be impossible to induce this man to change his mind. His expression was cold and haughty. I addressed him in Russian and tried none the less to move him.

He listened to me with indifference and repeated what he had told my husband. Without the Ukrainian commissar he could not do anything. That was final. We left. A desperate lethargy seemed to envelop me. Our situation was now, it seemed, completely hopeless.

A Visa at Last!

We trudged in the direction of the frontier. All that remained was to return to Orsha, to the Bolsheviki. I could hardly walk. All hope had abandoned me, yet I did not care; I was too tired.

The sun was setting. I walked leaning on my husband's arm and stumbled at almost every step. It was nearly dark when we reached the German outpost. Suddenly a familiar figure appeared from the darkness—it was the German officer, our rescuer. He understood at once that we had failed.

"You were wrong not to listen to me," he laughed. "A good thing for you I'm again on duty. Wait here. I think that the Ukrainian commissar has not gone away. This time you will not refuse to talk to him?" He turned to me. "But you can hardly stand," he exclaimed. "Probably you haven't eaten for a long time. Come into our guardhouse; we might find something for you to eat." As he took me under the arm I was actually reeling; my head swam, my eyes were dim.

"Give me some water," was all I could say.

I do not remember how I reached the small porch of the house. I was sitting upon a bench under wooden eaves, and as one in a dream I heard someone open a bottle of soda water. The sizzling liquid filled the glass which, it seemed, I was holding. I groped for it and drank avidly, and then ate with the same avidity a bar of chocolate that was offered me. Very soon strength flowed back into me, and my husband, having in his turn appeased his hunger, went to talk to the commissar, who had just arrived.

Another miracle. He proved to be the nephew of someone we had known well and for a long time. We could tell him everything, and as if by a magic wand the situation changed. The commissar gave my husband a pass and a visa for the unfortunate Aleck, who had been waiting the whole day, with the suitcases, at the Bolshevist frontier gate. Two soldiers were dispatched with my husband to bring the baggage. I stayed on the porch of the little house, and the commissar and our rescuer tried to keep my thoughts diverted while my husband was on the Bolshevist side.

Royalty on the Shelf

Shortly my husband safely returned with Aleck. Soldiers carried the suitcases. The Bolsheviki must have forgotten our morning promise and had not appeared to recognize my husband. The pass and the Ukrainian visa had satisfied them. Even the customs examination passed quite smoothly; my husband had succeeded in slipping into the hands of the miserable officials a few Kerenki—paper money of the smaller denominations issued by Kerensky—and was permitted to go after the most superficial inspection.

Now that we were safe, we had to think where to go. The next train for Kiev was not until the day following. The Ukrainian commissar offered us, for the night, his car, which stood on a side track near by. He conducted us there and had dinner sent to us from the German officers' mess. In my whole life I have never eaten anything better than the thin bean soup splashing at the bottom of those enamel pans.

Sitting opposite each other on the torn velvet seats of the car, we laughed and laughed. A tremendous weight had rolled off our shoulders. Life seemed beautiful, as after a mortal disease. We were as happy to be together as if we had not seen each other for an eternity. Thus ended the day, the day of my saint.

Excitement and happiness kept us late awake, and when we put out the light we still could not sleep, but for a different reason. If the Bolsheviki had shown mercy to us, this could not be said of the insect inhabitants of the car. Next day there was not an unmarked spot on my body.

In the morning we received the visit of the commissar. He was greatly agitated by the reports from the other side. The sailors who had arrived on the same train with us had made that night the round of the hotel and the rooms rented to transients. Many of those whose papers and visas were in order had been delayed indefinitely in Orsha while additional information was sent for, and those who had no documents had been arrested and put in the local jail. We heard later that some of those arrested were returned to the towns from where they came, and others transferred to prisons in which they spent many years. From the very day of our escape, the crossing of the frontier had been rendered, by the Bolsheviki, almost impossible.

Next day, while waiting for the train, we stayed in the car of the commissar. He asked us not to come out; he was afraid of trouble, should it become known that I was there. We submitted, of course, but never found out what kind of trouble he was expecting—whether from the Bolsheviki or from the Germans.

At night we boarded a train that took us to Jhlobin. Here we had to change for Kiev. The train consisted exclusively of cars of the third and fourth class. It was crowded mostly by common people. With great difficulty we found room, if we can call it that, in a fourth-class car. Formerly these fourth-class cars were used for the transportation of prisoners only. A passage ran from door to door along the windows, while on the other side there were wooden benches placed back to back. Above the seats were two rows of shelves. On one of these shelves, beside ourselves, we placed our suitcases, afraid to leave them out of our sight. We could only lie flat on our shelf; it pressed so closely upon an upper one. The car was hideously overcrowded; once we had climbed up, further movement was out of the question. Spreading our coats over the bare boards, we all three lay down. The car was wholly dark. Somehow I succeeded in extracting from one of the suitcases a candle that I had brought along for emergency and, sticking it into the cover of a neighbor's basket, I lighted it.

That made things better. The train began to move. It was close in the car, it smelled of people, and the noise of conversations rose in a constant hubbub. Someone was loudly arguing and a fight started. But we had, at least, a light.

Little by little the voices became subdued. Settling the best I could on my hard bed, I drowsed. Suddenly I woke up from a terrible jolt and was thrown against the partition, striking my head. This jolt was followed by the squeak of brakes, a cracking and crunching of wood. The train stopped.

There was no doubt that one car of the train had run against another, but it was still impossible to gauge the extent of the wreck.

After a few moments of dead stillness, especially striking because it followed the clicking of the wheels and the deafening crash of the sudden stop, a panic broke in the car. People surged in utter disorder to the exits, crying, moaning, crushing one another. Suddenly, on the shelf above us, a bottle broke. A thin spray of transparent liquid began to drip between my head and the candle.

"Benzine!" shouted my husband. There was no time to lose; I stretched my hand and with the palm mashed out the light. In the darkness the panic increased.

A Haven Among Soldiers

We remained on our shelf. There was no sense in climbing down. Through the dirty panes of the car windows flickered the lights of lanterns. Only when our car had emptied did we climb down from our shelf and jump out upon the embankment. Our car had struck the next one, and one of its ends was broken to pieces. We went along the train to the engine, which stood apart, the train having been broken off from it. No one could explain what had happened.

The hustle and shouting kept on for a long time. Finally we were told that we would have to abandon our car and move into another. Dragging our suitcases, we tried to find seats, but this was impossible. The train had been already overcrowded, and now the passengers of two broken cars had to be squeezed in. While we were walking along the train I noticed that a car somewhat cleaner than the others had been assigned to German officers; this was announced by a notice in both languages. Having ascertained that we could not possibly get on the train any other way, we decided to thrust ourselves in there, hoping that we would not be run out.

I led the way. Hoisting myself to the platform, I opened the car door and found myself in a large, boarded compartment. A table stood in front of me; behind it was a long wooden couch. Several German officers were sitting on the couch, their coats unbuttoned. They were drinking and talking and laughing noisily. Their faces were red; it was plain that they were drunk.

I backed out, but it was too late; they had already seen me, and greeted me with roars of laughter and compliments rather too outspoken. Embarrassed, I explained with difficulty that my husband was with me and that we could find no place; our car had been wrecked. Although somewhat disappointed, they let us into one of the back compartments and, paying us no longer any attention, continued their revels until morning. Nevertheless, our new abode, although made of board, seemed a palace to us after our fourth-class shelf.

Next day toward evening we arrived at Jhlobin. We were struck by the outward appearance of the station; it had undergone almost no change; even the service was as it used to be. Everybody was polite and cleanly dressed; people and things alike were in their places. Here also, for the first time in almost a year, we enjoyed real food. In the station dining room stood a table of hors d'œuvres, overloaded with good things to eat. Plates piled high with white and black bread stood in front of each diner, and in the soup, served steaming hot, were large pieces of meat. The smell alone made one's mouth water. I cannot understand why we did not die that day from overeating.

A Feast at the Time of Plague

It is difficult to express in words what we experienced that day. We were alive, out of danger. He who has not lived through such a moment does not know what it means actually to enjoy life.

Late that night we boarded the train which was to take us to Kiev. Still there was no end to our raptures. We were in a real first-class sleeping car, where, for the first time in all these days, we could at last undress and wash. And how agreeable it was afterward to stretch on a soft couch between two crisp white sheets.

We arrived in Kiev next day. The city was so overcrowded that there was no room in any of the hotels, but this did not disturb us now. We knew that somehow we would find a place to live. Our faith was justified. My husband met on the street an old acquaintance, who at once invited us to her house. And that day also, like a blind person who suddenly has seen the light, I rejoiced in everything. Everything seemed new and wonderful—the beauty shop where my hair was washed and curled; the attractive confectionery, where, like a schoolgirl, I ate twelve pieces of pastry, one after the other. Lord, what a day that was!

We moved with our suitcases to our friend's house. Next day, finding out that there was an opportunity of sending a package to Petrograd, I bought a sack of white flour for my father. Later I learned that it had reached him.

Now began an unreal, camplike life, in which was no stability, no real peace. Kiev had been saved by the Germans, yet it had at the same time been conquered by them. The Ukrainian government issued orders, made decisions, yet one knew always that its very existence depended on the Germans, who used it as a sort of mediator between the inhabitants and themselves.

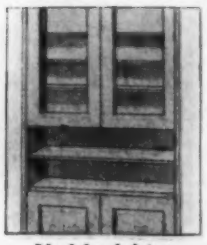
The Germans behaved like conquerors, but without them the country again would have been in the power of the Bolsheviki. That hackneyed phrase, "A feast at the time of plague," fitted the mood of the city exactly. Both the refugees from Northern Russia and the higher classes of the local population who had gone through the horrors of the Bolshevist régime relaxed now in the body and in the spirit—here were food, gayety, protection—and yet one could not believe that it would last. A nervous tenseness was in the air. Fantastic rumors circulated. Suddenly, for instance, I heard on every side that my brother was in Kiev. He had been seen, I was assured, here and there. I was even told the names of people who had met him. At first I laughed, but later the tales became so convincing that hope was born in my heart. I had been for many months without news from Dmitri; the times were such as to make possible the most incredible things.

I began to make inquiries which led me from source to source, until my meeting with Dmitri was all but arranged; then the whole thing collapsed, as one might have expected. Evidently some adventurer had been using my brother's name.

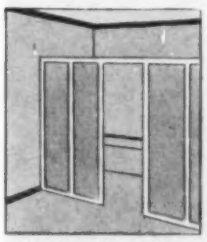
(Continued on Page 61)

For summer cottages, farm houses or skyscrapers ... Masonite Presdwood

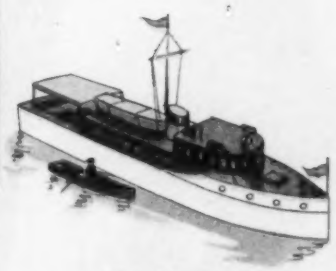
Panels the trucks which carry supplies to city, farm and camp



Ideal for shelving and cabinets



Presdwood partitions for cottages at the lake or offices in the city



For building rowboats and speedboat decks

At lake and woodland resorts more attractive vacation cabins are being built, in rural communities houses are being erected and remodeled more economically, in big cities erection costs are being reduced on skyscrapers and commercial buildings—all because of this grainless wood board, Masonite Presdwood.

Presdwood is made of wood, exploded by steam and then pressed into hard, smooth, grainless boards. It has no knots or blemishes, is strong and durable, can be sawed or punched and does not crack, split or splinter.

Builds cottages and boats

This workability of Presdwood and its high resistance to moisture and warping make it ideal for rowboats, speedboat decks, roadside signs and cottage exteriors. Its natural warm color and burled appearance make Presdwood especially suited to interior use. It panels walls and ceilings, makes shelving and clothes closets, dish cabinets and tool chests, homes for birds, and many other useful and decorative items.

On the farm, as in camp, Presdwood is ideal for the man who is handy with hammer and saw. It builds extra rooms, is used for odd jobs, lines milk houses, and makes sheds and poultry houses. Like natural wood, it is usually painted or varnished when exposed to the weather, but for inside use requires no special finish.

Panels homes—lines concrete forms

Manufacturers use Presdwood because it improves products and lowers costs. Builders use it for paneling. Contractors line their concrete forms with Presdwood because the resulting surface requires no costly hand smoothing.

Manufacturers, builders, home mechanics and vacation "fans" will find inspiration in the Presdwood booklet with its list of eighty uses, its attractive illustrations and its instructions for applying finishes. Your copy will be sent on receipt of the coupon. No cost. No obligation. Just clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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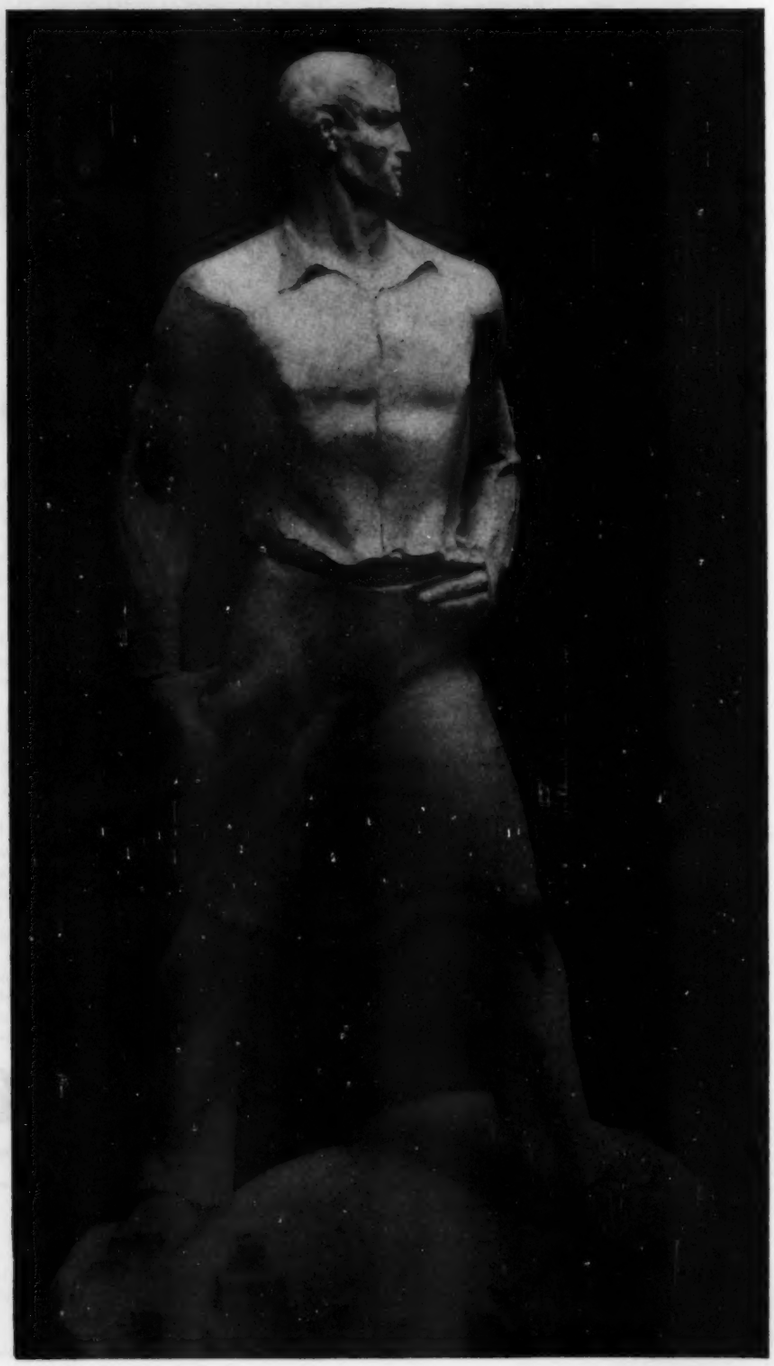
is a privilege



"Leadership"
from the original sculpture created for the Vacuum Oil Company by Mr. Warren T. Mosman.

. . . not a right

A leader *remains* a leader only by *deserving* leadership.

A man may demand leadership, bargain for it, steal it or, by chance and circumstance, achieve it for the moment; but, he can *hold* it only as it is *granted* to his inherent *qualities* of leadership.

If you have experienced the trials and triumphs of leadership, you know that each new day brings new problems of thought and judgment which, as a leader, you must solve.

THE DAILY CHALLENGE TO LEADERSHIP

The history of Mobiloil is an eloquent demonstration of the responsibility which rests upon a leader.

If—in, say, 1915—the makers of Mobiloil had declared, "Mobiloil is now the outstanding leader—we can get along with fewer engineers and fewer research chemists, close our laboratories and our testing plants," would Mobiloil have *retained* its leadership?

No. It would soon have ceased to be a leader.

Instead of lessening research and experiment, the makers of Mobiloil have constantly expanded them.

EACH YEAR A NEW YEAR OF LEADERSHIP

Each year of Mobiloil's leadership has been a *new* year of leadership.

Each year the work of engine analysis, crude oil analysis, refining-method analysis, upon which Mobiloil's original leadership was founded, has been continued in constantly-widening scope, as new needs and conditions have arisen. The Mobiloil research laboratories and engineering staff are today the most complete in the world devoted to the science of lubrication.

What does this mean to your car?

It means long life, smooth operation, economy. It means, for you, a sense of confidence and comfort. It means, for the maker of your car, the gratification which comes from the knowledge that the engine into which he built so much care and intelligence will, with Mobiloil, yield its full measure of service.

WHY MOBILOIL LEADS

There are many oils on the market for your choice. Some are good oils, others are of doubtful quality. Some lay claim to this property or that. Others offer this or that crude base, this or that refining method, as a guarantee of their efficiency.

Yet Mobiloil is privileged to remain the leading oil—not only in America, but throughout the world—

NOT—because it is made from a particular crude base (although there is available to its makers practically every grade of crude oil produced);

NOT—because it is made by some single special process (although the Vacuum Oil Company were the first successful makers of lubricating oils by the vacuum process, which is acknowledged to produce the finest lubricants the world affords);

NOT—simply because it passes certain tests (although Mobiloil has always maintained its lead against other oils in scientific lubrication tests).

NO—Mobiloil leads today because it provides a definite type of oil for your particular engine—and because that oil is backed by (1) the most comprehensive study of automobile engines in the world, and (2) the refining experience of the world's acknowledged leader in scientific lubrication.

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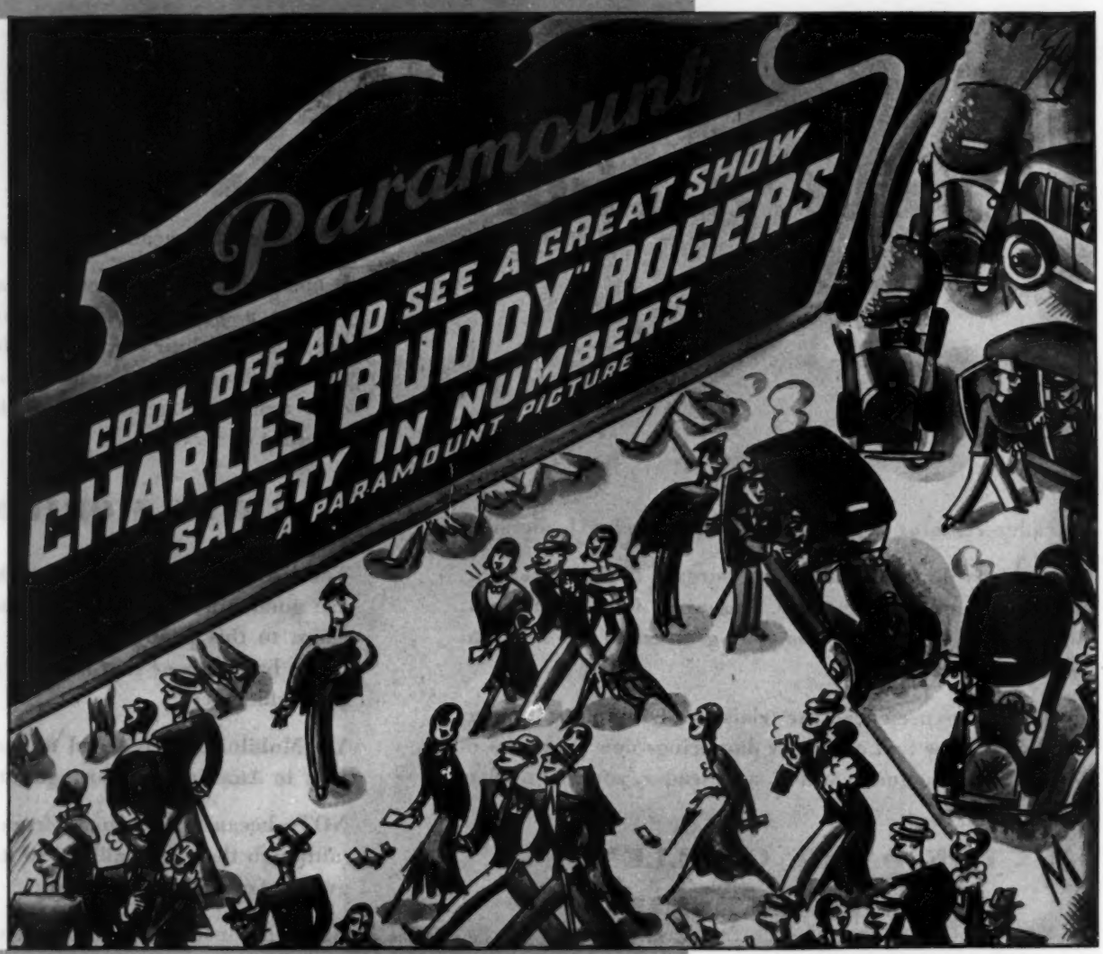

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NANCY CARROLL in
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CLARA BOW in
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JACK OAKIE in
"THE SOCIAL LION" and
"THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE"

• • •

WILLIAM POWELL in
"THE SHADOW OF THE LAW"

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"THE BORDER LEGION"

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GEORGE BANCROFT in
"THE CAVEMAN"

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"DANGEROUS NAN McGREW"

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 56)

The hospitable house where we were stopping was already overcrowded with guests. At night every room was occupied, and the visitors continually changed. People came without warning, straight from the Bolsheviki, in rags, hungry, often without money. Often our hostess would meet friends on the streets and bring them home with her, as she had us. In her small dining room we never sat to the table with less than fifteen or twenty.

Our plans were still very indefinite. We did not know what to do. I began to see, however, that we should not remain in Kiev too long. First of all, I did not feel quite at ease. The war was still going on in the west. The presence of our former enemies, their bearing, their tone, the farcical character of the political game and the intrigues between them and the local administration—all this irritated me. And the instability of the situation was all too evident; it was impossible to maintain any illusions as to the future of the Ukraine. Having succeeded in escaping the Bolsheviki, it would now be stark madness to expose ourselves to new catastrophes. We should move on, farther south, nearer to the sea, to the frontier, and wait there.

We decided to go to Odessa, where some close friends of mine had a house, to which they urged us to come.

The final impetus to our departure was given, however, by a rumor circulating about town which almost prostrated me. I was told that my father had been arrested again, and this time imprisoned. Shortly afterward this report was confirmed. From that day I no longer knew peace. From Petrograd came endless reports of the cruelties of the Bolsheviki. The era of arrests, executions and tortures had now definitely begun. Throughout many long months my imagination painted dreadful, horrible pictures. I woke up at night, and in mortal terror; it was as if, just at that moment, afar, the dreadful, ultimate thing was happening. There could now, I knew, be no longer any doubt as to what the end would be; yet my heart was continually torn between hope and utter despair. The last word I received from my father was a penciled note, written in the prison, thanking me for the flour I had sent him.

A Refuge in Odessa

It was not until I was a refugee in Rumania, months later, that the outcome became known to me. My father was arrested only ten days after our departure. He was imprisoned in the Fortress of Peter and Paul. Here he remained six months, partly in the prison itself, partly, by reason of illness, in the prison infirmary.

The Princess Paley exerted all her energies. It appeared, toward the end, that my father would be released. This was, in fact, definitely promised by the Bolsheviki, but on January 30, 1919, the very day that freedom was to have been granted him, he was suddenly taken from the prison and, without further torture, shot.

Aleck decided to stay in Kiev. My husband and I went on to Odessa, to the large villa of our friends there. Odessa was occupied by the Austrian troops, but their presence was less noticeable than that of the Germans in Kiev. The Austrian general and the Russian military governor peacefully shared the power in the city. Before the arrival of the Austrian troops, Odessa had also been swept by a wave of Bolshevist cruelties, but now life had settled back into peace and order; and save for the high-peaked caps of the Austrian officers on the streets, one would have thought that everything was as it used to be.

For the time being further travel was not feasible. Almost all Rumania was in the hands of the Germans; besides, and still more important, we had almost no money. We had to wait. But the constant anxiety as to my father urged me to write to the kings of Spain and Sweden and to the Queen of Rumania, who was at that time, with her court, in Jassy.

In Odessa we relaxed little by little from our anxieties, rested, recovered our health. The hospitality of our hosts was touching; they shared with us everything they had and did their utmost to make our sojourn agreeable. We had some acquaintances in town, and their number grew steadily as other friends came to Odessa. We saw one another frequently and led, all things considered, an existence that would have been most pleasant, but for my dark premonitions about my father and his family.

Success, meanwhile, was decidedly inclining to the side of the Allies. It could now be hoped that this terrible war would end. One heard more often and more insistently of growing discontent in Germany and Austria, and of interior political complications.

The peace in Odessa was merely outward; it could be only temporary. The flow of the lava had not yet hardened; under the thin crust upon which we lived, one could clearly feel the mass boiling and surging. And things happened from time to time that set the whole city trembling with fear.

Beautiful But Dangerous Fireworks

The heat was terrible. Every morning the shades were drawn, the shutters closed. Everyone rose early; everything was attended to before noon, and after luncheon we rested.

One afternoon around four o'clock I was awakened by the dull noise of explosions. At first these explosions came at long intervals, but shortly they followed one upon another so rapidly that the air was filled with a dull incessant roar. We all rushed into the garden. From there we saw an immense black cloud of smoke rising in waves at the northern part of the city. Someone went to telephone for information and was told that the ammunition stores located at that edge of town were afire.

We had seen these stores; they stretched for miles. Toward evening the uproar increased considerably. From the roof of the house we saw a grandiose spectacle, a display of giant fireworks. A bright, immense flame licked the ground, and on the black background of the smoke thousands of huge rockets rose high in the air, threading the sky with innumerable lines of fire. Thus it continued throughout the entire night. In the morning ashes and bits of ammunition began to fall around the house. Then the big shells began to explode. Panic swept the city. The windowpanes shook ceaselessly; some broke. The military governor of the town sent word to me that all the efforts to check the spreading of the fire had been fruitless. People rushed along the streets in every direction, some carrying pillows, others clothing; others, perfectly useless objects. Frightened acquaintances continually rushed into our garden bringing new, panic-stricken rumors. The earth shook; there was now such an uproar in the air that we could hardly hear one another.

To instill calm in myself and in the others, I placed a wicker chair on the terrace, took a book and pretended to read. The military governor telephoned each half hour. He said that the main danger now consisted in the large stores of melinite, which were buried deep under earth, but which might explode any minute from the shaking of the ground. I asked him whether it would not be better for us to go down into the port, and, taking a boat, sail into the open. He replied that should the melinite explode, a sort of earthquake would result and there might be left nothing of the city, while a tidal wave would rise in the sea, swallowing everything.

All the other ways out of town had been cut off. We were obliged to stay. The melinite had probably been dampened, for it did not explode, and by evening the fires subsided. They had burned, on the whole, for almost thirty-six hours.

By the end of October rumors as to the revolution in Germany and Austria had become quite definite. Two other mighty monarchies were on the eve of dissolution. My attitude to these reports was divided, just as was my feeling toward the recent enemy who had temporarily freed a part of Russia of the Bolsheviki. A change of the social order in Central Europe meant, doubtless, a near end of the war, but, at the same time, it retarded the possibility of reëstablishing the monarchical principle in Russia. And at that time I still could not imagine my country otherwise governed.

As soon as the rumor of the revolution was confirmed, the Austrian troops got out of Odessa. This took them only a few days. There was talk of Allied troops coming in, but no real sign of it; and our situation meantime again was dangerous. The lawless and troublous elements in town were again active; robberies in the city assumed the character of an epidemic, while in the province organized armed bands threatened to reinstall Bolshevist rule. An epidemic of Spanish flu raged, moreover, in the city, and people died like flies. Our house was not wholly spared. Among the first to catch the disease were my husband and I.

Once, at the very beginning of November, when we were still in bed, an unknown Russian officer came to see me from Bessarabia, which had already been annexed by Rumania. This officer was sent by the chief of the Allied Intelligence Service in Rumania, a Canadian colonel named Boyle, who was then either in Jassy or in Kishinev. This Boyle was almost a legendary person and his fame had spread along all the shores of the Black Sea. He enjoyed great influence at that time in Rumania and by the use of that influence saved many Russians. He had heard, from the Russian officers surrounding him, of my presence in Odessa, and knowing how dangerous it was for us to stay, he now sent word that he was ready to help.

Work for the White Army

I thanked him and answered that I would be ready to leave in about a week. Somehow I did not put much trust in the desire of a Canadian colonel to save us, but I was utterly mistaken. At the appointed time, to my great surprise, the officer returned. He brought me a letter from the Queen, my cousin, with an invitation to come to Rumania, and announced that everything was ready for our departure. A Rumanian officer had come with him, who was also assigned to accompany us.

We were first to go to Kishinev, where further instructions awaited us. Our preparations for departure soon were made. On the very eve of our departure I had another attack of fever. But the trip could not be postponed. Bolshevism, with its, for us, inevitably fatal consequences, was on the verge of reassuming control. Several small detachments of officers—volunteers from the White Army which was being organized on the Don—had already been sent to Odessa to protect the inhabitants and maintain order; and another such small detachment had been dispatched north to defend a large junction station, Razdelnaya, toward which were marching the bands of the Ukrainian adventurer and highwayman, Petliura.

We were assigned a special car, in which we were to make the entire trip to Rumania. The two officers traveled with us, and also an elderly maid, whom I had engaged a few days before our departure. Everything went well for the first sixty or seventy miles. Then, reaching Razdelnaya, we plunged unexpectedly into an atmosphere of war. It appeared that Petliura was much stronger than had been expected. His bands had crushed the small detachment of the officers and forced them to retreat to Razdelnaya—this very town. Petliura pressed his advantage closely, and was still advancing. The behavior of this adventurer and his associates did not differ from that of the Bolsheviki. They burned and wrecked everything they could, tortured and killed.

Our train stood in the station a long while. Then it was announced that we could not proceed. There was no more water in the engine, and the water pipes at the station were out of order. Our car had stopped just in front of the platform, upon which thronged the officers of the detachment of volunteers. It was a gathering of the most varied faces imaginable, and they were dressed in all manner of clothes. The young White Army consisted of most diverse elements. It was united solely by the idea of active fighting against the Bolsheviki. I could not determine from their appearance anything of their sympathies, and was far from sure as to what their attitude would be toward me when they found out who I was and where I was traveling to.

Last Moments in Russia

Our Russian officer went in search of the commander of the detachment and brought him into the car. A courteous, young colonel, he somewhat dispersed my doubts. He would be happy, he said, to give us the engine belonging to their troop train. To this I would not agree; I was afraid to deprive them of their only means of transportation. But the colonel assured me that water would soon be procured and that they could use our engine. It would be too dangerous, he added, for us to delay that long our departure.

While the new engine was being attached to our car the colonel went out to the platform to give orders; when he returned he announced that he would not let us go without a guard.

I protested. First, his men did not inspire me with confidence; second, I would be taking them away from their direct duty. But the colonel held his ground. Our argument was ended by his announcement that it was he who was in charge here, and that he assumed all responsibility.

Several officers with machine guns were placed on the engine, while two others stood guard at the doors of our car. When everything was ready the colonel came to ask permission to start the train. I thanked him and assured him of my best wishes. He kissed my hand and jumped down. The train began to move.

I stood by the window. Suddenly it was as though an electric current had passed through that crowd of volunteers. As one man, they turned toward the car, straightened in line and saluted. I rushed to the back platform of the old-fashioned car. Choking with emotion, the tears pouring down my cheeks, I shouted greetings and good wishes. They gathered at the end of the platform and removed their caps to the departing train.

That evening we came to Bendery, where the frontier of Bessarabia began. It was completely dark. The car was dimly lit by a few candles stuck here and there into empty bottles. It was cold. During the day my fever had risen. I was shivering; my eyes watered. In a few minutes I was to leave Russia, perhaps forever.

Before our arrival in Bendery I sent for our volunteer guards to thank them and to say good-by to them—to say good-by to Russia in their persons. Six men entered the car and filled it with their heavy winter clothing, their fur caps, the jingle of their soldiers' rifles. They brought with them the smell of Russian fields in autumn, of the smoke of burning wood, of leather, of soldiers' coats. In the half-dark compartment, lit by a single candle, one could only discern their contours.

I was so agitated that I could not speak. These strangers—people I had never seen before—were closer to me now than my own kin; they were a part of my own being; they contained all that I was leaving.

Wishing to engrave forever their faces in my memory, I took the candle from the table and lifted it up to each face in turn. The tiny yellow flame illumined for a second the heads of clipped hair, the faces, weather-beaten, with heavy mustaches.

I wanted to say something significant to them, so that they too would remember me forever, but I could not utter a word; only tears—bitter tears, and comfortless—rolled down my cheeks.

Thus I said good-by to Russia.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

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RCA RADIOLA

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MIRTHFUL HAVEN

(Continued from Page 5)

Seemingly, the Captain was arrested only by the slight problem of where best to set the plant as an ornament to his doorway; but in reality his gaze was sidelong, occupied expectantly with the schoolhouse door across the street. The pupils of the lower grades had been dismissed half an hour earlier; the groups just now beginning to emerge were of the high school, and, except for the scuffling and alternately hoarse and falsetto barkings of a few of the younger boys, they came out decorously. The fifteen or twenty girls walked in pairs or trios, with linked arms, and chattering intimately—all but one, who was a little too conspicuously alone in the midst of them. That is, she was not only alone, she was left alone by the others, for those that passed her on the way across the graveled yard made a little distance between her and themselves, talked more busily together and walked faster as they went by her. Their eyes narrowed a little, too, as they thus gave her no chance to join them; but this exclusion of her did not seem an act founded upon some fresh emotional impulse; on the contrary, it was obviously almost unconscious and had the air of habit. The girl herself was pensive; and yet, to her also, her exclusion was plainly no new thing but habitual.

She was marked apart from her schoolmates by more than their avoidance of her. In the main, the others, boys and girls alike, were meager-faced and pasty with too much living near the stove in double-windowed houses under the pinch of that hard winter; in her cheeks, alone among them all, glowed a youthful, bright and healthy color, and she was the only one of the girls a stranger would instantly have called pretty. She was fifteen, shapely and lithe in the shabbiest blue sweater, rough skirt, old stockings and patched leather high boots to be seen in the schoolhouse yard; her eyes gleamed blue to the Captain more than a hundred feet away, and her hair was the kind of brown that looks red at a little distance. The Captain, indeed, believed that it was red, and admired it not the less on that account.

One of the older boys, coming from behind her, made a pretense of stumbling and fell heavily against her, clutching her shoulder as if to support himself. "Oh, you Edna Pelter!" he whispered, and grinned derisively, but did not take his grasping hand from her shoulder.

This, too, must have seemed something habitual to her, for she did not speak or even turn her head to look at him; she jerked herself free, automatically rather than impatiently, and went on, crossing over to the wooden footway on the Captain's side of the street. She did not seem aware of the gallant figure standing between the two little bright brass cannon, though the Captain's sidelong gaze had never moved from her since she had appeared in the schoolhouse doorway. With the potted geranium still apparently perplexing him, he watched her until she turned at the next corner, going eastward toward the sea, and was lost to his sight; then he carried the purely histrionic plant, its purpose served, back into the parlor and set it down upon the table whence he had taken it. Although he had not yet made her acquaintance—did not, indeed, even know her name—it was for this glimpse of the fifteen-year-old girl, Edna Pelter, that Captain Francis Embury, nearing eighty, came directly home every day after mail time instead of lingering for gossip in the drug store, as formerly had been his wont. He was the only person in the world, except herself, who felt that much interest in her.

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II

THE boy who had pretended to stumble against her felt his own kind of interest in her, however, and he also watched her until she had turned the corner. He was a swarthy big boy of eighteen, with a heavy figure, thick black hair that seemed never to have been combed, much less washed, and his expression was one of derisive brooding, as though he pondered upon an injustice to himself that he found grossly absurd. He stood waiting, scuffing the gravel of the schoolhouse yard with the sole of his rubber boot and sending furtive glances at the backs of his departing schoolmates until they had passed from sight; then he moved away in the direction taken by Edna Pelter, going slowly at first, but walking faster after he had turned the corner. She was a hundred yards or so in advance of him and he let that distance remain between them until the village street had become a country road—Old Road, leading down to the sea over higher and rougher ground than that traversed by River Road, the straight and almost level thoroughfare by the waterside. Old Road winds and dips and rises between lonely stone-walled fields, where ledges of rock come through the thin earth like the bones of a beggar through his tattered garment; there are bordering dark thickets, too, and it was as she approached one of these that the girl heard hurrying footsteps upon the roadway behind her.

She knew whose they were and again did not turn her head, not even when the boy who had followed her, overtaking her, threw clumsy tugging arms about her and pulled her to a halt. She kept her face averted now, however, for a definite reason, and her pensive expression was shaded by a slight, patient annoyance. She scuffled a little; then stood still, enduring with boredom the boy's heavy embrace.

"Oh, go on home, Hugo Wicks," she murmured, sighing. "Don't you ever get tired?"

"Come off!" he said huskily. "You can't put it over on me! I got as much rights as everybody else! You got to let me ——"

But at this, as he strove to bring his lips near hers, she struggled away from him, and, disengaging herself, struck him smartly across the mouth with a hard little hand. "Rights!" she said. "Nobody's got any rights around me!"

Hugo was enraged by the blow and faced her furiously. "Oh, haven't they?" he said. "You think everybody doesn't know all 'bout you and Vinnie Munson? Who do you think you are anyways?"

"I'll show you," she said sullenly. "I'll show you who I am if you don't quit gettin' funny around me!"

"Big talk!" Hugo jeered, and became bitterly loquacious in a series of gibes. "Big talk when Pelters try to brag about who they are! Pelters! Whose lobster pots is your father haulin' up after dark nowadays? Why don't you never wear that nice sweater of Nina Grier's you got out o' the high-school cloakroom and had dyed last Feb'uary? Say, Edna, what happened to your sister, Nettie, her never comin' home from that trip to Boston she took when that railroad man's wife was huntin' around fer her two three year ago? Listen, Edna, has Vinnie Munson told you 'bout his mother havin' him up before the preacher fer goin' with you? Pelters! I'll show you how much right Pelters got to talk about who they are!"

With that, before she could move to prevent him, he flung his arms about her again and kissed her. She bore this, as she did his taunts, with apparently more mere dreariness than emotion.

"Oh, get through!" she said. "Get through and go on home!"

Hugo released her and rather abruptly seemed to become discouraged. "Go on yourself!" he said, and, turning his back, walked sulkily toward the village. Edna, pensive again, as if there had been no interruption, continued upon her way.

Old Road is so crooked that it seems to have been paralyzed while wriggling with indifferent success to avoid the stone ledges; it makes into two miles the one straight mile between the village and the sea, and the second mile is through forest so dense in growth and thorny underbrush that the thicket is like an unkempt hedge bordering the narrow roadway. Nevertheless, a few dim paths struggle through the woodland tangle, and, at the emergence of one of these upon the mere wagon track that Old Road becomes in the forest, a well-dressed boy of sixteen stood waiting. He was dark-haired and dark-eyed, with noticeably long dark eyelashes, a sleek dark skin and shapely features; women of any age would have taken note of him anywhere.

His desire, as he waited for the approaching high-school girl, however, must have been that nobody at all should take note of him, for he did not step out upon the road; instead, he stood pressed back into the thicket, and not even upon the path itself but a few feet away from it.

When her footsteps upon the stiffened mud of the wagon track became audible he made no sign, and still stood motionless and silent as these sounds ceased abruptly and he knew that she had halted at the mouth of the path. For a moment she stood as silent as he, but each knew that the other was there, and, after a glance over her shoulder, she entered the path, saw him and smiled faintly at him. He took her hand, and with precaution drew her a dozen yards deeper into the underbrush; he would have gone farther and was evidently surprised when she stopped.

"Come on," he urged her in a whisper. "We can't stay this near the road; somebody might hear us."

"I don't care," she said; but she spoke in a whisper too. "What if they did?"

"'What if they did?'" he repeated, and stared at her. "My goodness, are you crazy, Edna? Come on!"

"I don't want to," she said. "Let's go sit on the rocks at Great Point."

"'On the rocks?'" he echoed incredulously. "Why, anybody that wanted to could see us on the rocks. There's a big sea runnin' after the No'theaster and there's nearly always two three people on the Point to look at it; they'd see us."

"Well, what if they did? We wouldn't be doin' any harm, would we?"

"My goodness, Edna! You know as well as I do I couldn't go where anybody'd be liable to see me with you."

"Couldn't you?" she asked gravely. "I thought anyways you might do at least that much for me, if I ever wanted you to."

The boy's expression had become one of distressed perplexity. "But what for?" he said. "What do you want me to get seen with you for?"

"I don't know. I just thought ——" She hesitated vaguely, then smiled, tossed her head jauntily and spoke as if imparting a confidential but triumphant bit of news. "Some day I'm goin' to put it all over this old town, Vinnie. I guess I been eatin' dirt in this old burg pretty near long enough."

"What's the matter?" he whispered, greatly astonished. "What's come over you? What you want to commence talkin' this way for all of a sudden, Edna?"

"All of a sudden? It's not so much so as you think. I've had notions from a good while back that I wasn't goin' to stand everything a whole lot longer. I'm not goin' to have the whole burg callin' me bad all my life, I guess! I'm gettin' kind o' tired bein' picked on for the only one that's bad too. I could tell a few things about some o' the girls that think they're so slick, if I wanted to, I guess!"

"Sh!" he warned her, alarmed by a vehemence in her manner, though her voice was still repressed to no more than a murmur. "Don't get excited, Edna!"

"I'm not. I guess by this time I ought to be used to the way this burg acts toward me, because it's never been any different since I was born! Sometimes lately it just makes me kind o' tired, though, and I get to thinkin' I'm too old to let it go on so much

(Continued on Page 66)

HAND THE COUPON TO YOUR WIFE

NOT TO US

•

Unaccustomed as you are to sending notes to the companion of your joys and sorrows, please place the coupon below in her lily white hands!

For in all probability it is she—*and not you*—who buys the tooth paste you are using!

For women, you know, buy 84 per cent of all the tooth paste sold. They direct, if they do not dictate, the tooth brushing habits of men!

If you are not now getting Ipana, you may be missing the tooth paste you'll prefer above all others.

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

•

Even if your gums bleed rarely—if your "pink tooth brush" seldom bothers you—use Ipana. Its two-fold protection is good common sense.

So ask your wife to get a tube the next time she buys the tooth paste. Whiter teeth; sturdier, healthier gums will be your reward!

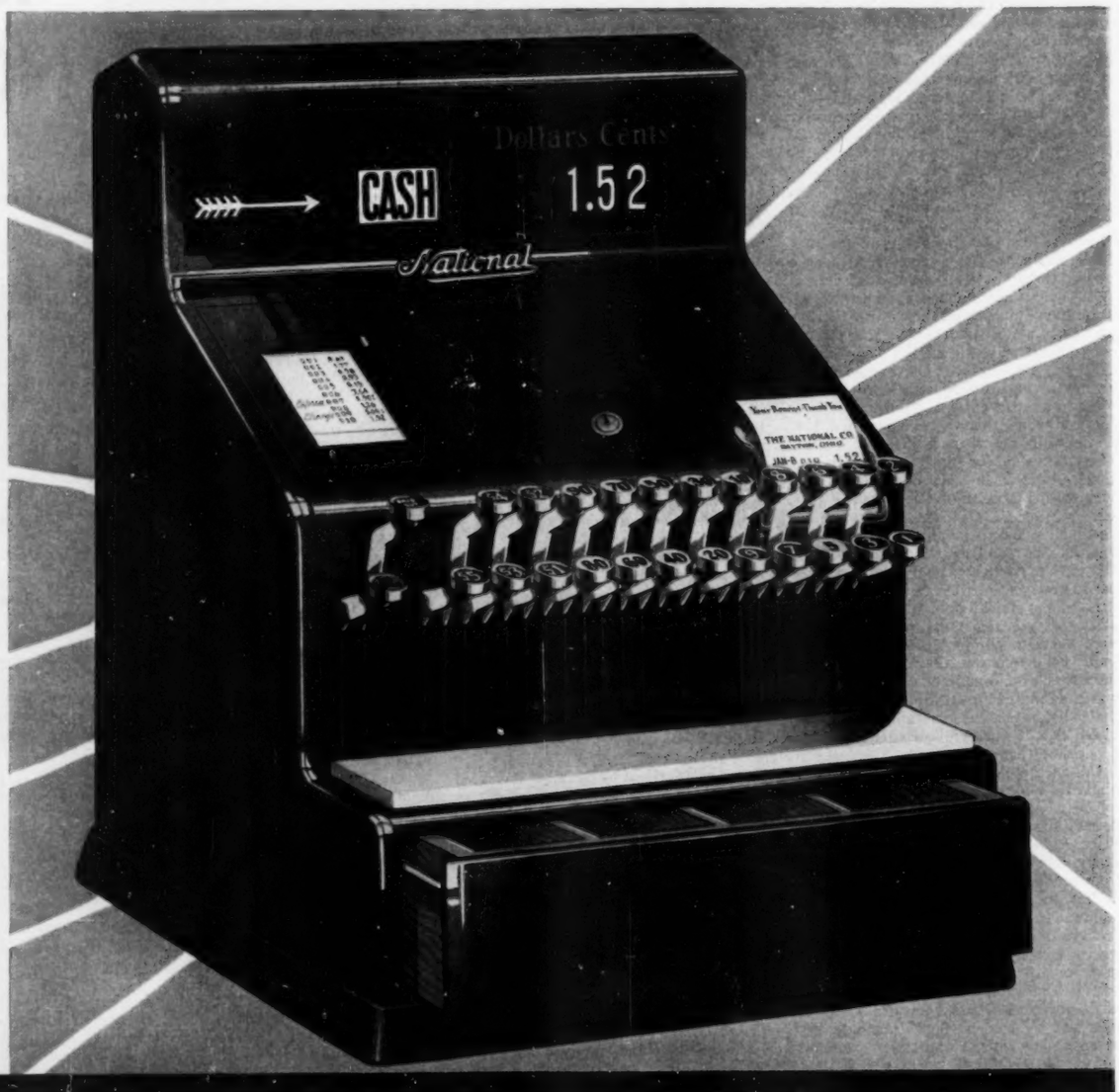
To my more than Better Half:

As the head of my household and bursar of the budget, may I respectfully suggest that, on my behalf and yours, you include upon your list of drug store necessities, one tube of

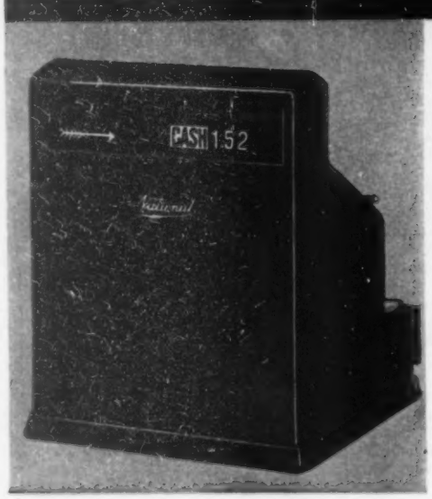
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed.....

AN ENTIRELY NEW



Amount and kind of transaction read correctly both front and back of register.



THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY announces a new cash register which gives results that no low-priced cash register ever gave before.

It is revolutionary in principle and design—the greatest single advance in machines of the press-down-key type in cash register history.

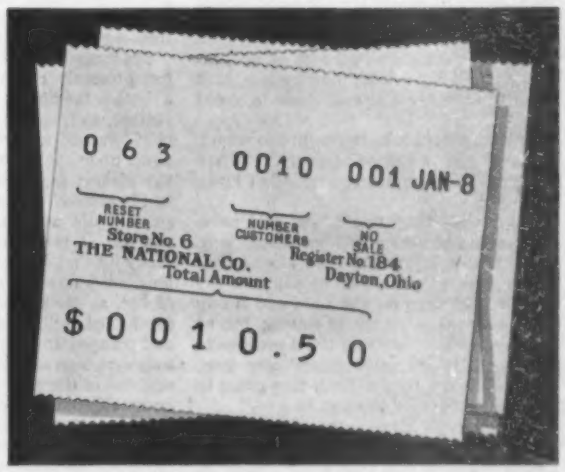
New and beautiful in appearance . . . with a straight-line cabinet in brown mahogany, oak, or any solid color . . . compact to fit in a small space. It combines features and functions never before possible in a press-down-key cash register.

Here is the cash register that merchants everywhere have been wanting. It meets today's needs by providing greater information, protection and control than ever before.

It is the cash register *you* will want for your business. See it today at the nearest National Cash Register Company office.

CASH REGISTER

¶ New Indication . . . showing the amount and kind of sale in correct, consecutive order from both front and rear of machine . . . now available for the first time on a press-down-key cash register. ¶ New printed Statement of Business. ¶ New Receipt automatically printed and issued. ¶ New visible, autographic Detail Strip. ¶ New unit construction. ¶ New combination lock . . . no keys . . . first time ever used on cash registers.



Printed statement of day's business

THE COMMERCIAL INDICATION . . . shows the figures of each sale as you were taught to read and write them . . . from left to right . . . not jumbled in reverse order. It is easier to read, gives greater protection against errors in making change, prevents wrong records.

THE PRINTED STATEMENT OF BUSINESS . . . prints total amount of sales, number of customers, number of times counter is reset, number of No Sales, date, store number, name and address, and register number . . . a permanent record of what your business is doing each day . . . instantly available at any time.

THE RECEIPT IS AUTOMATIC . . . It is printed and issued as the amount keys are depressed. Shows the amount of transaction, number and date. Makes you as sure of getting the money as the customer is of getting the goods.

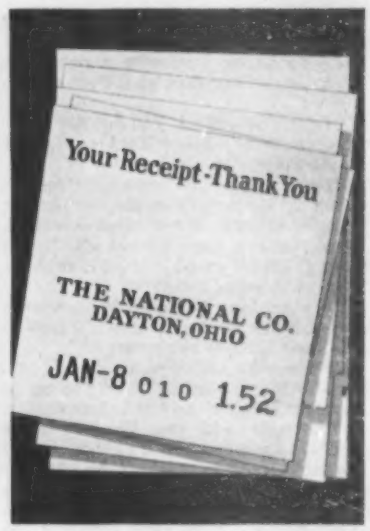
THE VISIBLE DETAIL STRIP . . . gives complete printed record of each transaction . . . shows amount, consecutive number and kind of transaction . . . has special autographic feature for writing additional information . . . spacing lever permits dividing day's record into different periods of time . . . when a transaction is recorded, the amount appears instantly on this strip.

THE UNIT CONSTRUCTION . . . makes all printed, counted and added records readily accessible from front of register . . . lets you change detail slip, receipt paper and inking ribbons quickly and easily.

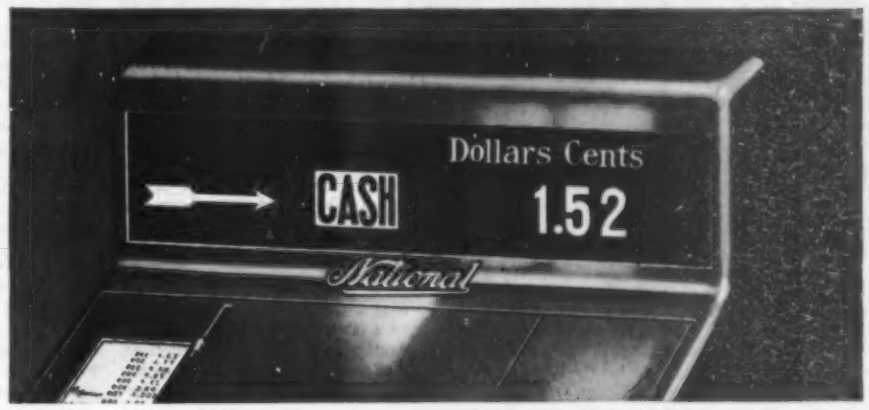
NEW COMBINATION LOCK . . . first time this style lock ever used on cash registers . . . gives proprietor personal, private control of the registered records of his business. No keys to handle, lose or forget.

NEW LOW PRICES . . . easy terms . . . no interest charges . . . liberal allowance on registers taken in exchange. This new National Cash Register is available, if desired, without the detail strip or receipt printer. You can buy it with part of the money it will save you.

The detail strip—your "silent partner"



Receipt for the customer



The indication reads the same from both front and back

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

WORLD'S OUTSTANDING PRODUCER OF CASH REGISTERS AND ACCOUNTING MACHINES

DAYTON, OHIO

(Continued from Page 63)

longer; that's all. I'd like to show a few people ——"

"Listen," he interrupted, and pulled at her hand. "We can't stand around here talkin' about it; we're too near the road. Let's go where we were Wednesday."

He moved as if to walk deeper into the woods; but she shook her head. "How about your comin' to sit a while on the rocks with me, Vinnie? I just thought I'd kind o' like to have 'em see somebody wouldn't mind, and it looked to me like you ought to come if I wanted you to."

"Me!" he said, protesting. "Why, it'd be worse for me than anybody, on account of my family's position; and besides, look at all the trouble I already been in about you!"

"But this wouldn't get you into any more, Vinnie," she returned quickly. "They wouldn't know anything they don't know already."

"About me they would," he said nervously, still whispering. "There hasn't been anything ever injured my reputation except whoever found out about us and told my mother, and she told old Reverend Beedy when she took me there, of course; but he and my mother both said if I'd promise to save my soul by never havin' any more to do with you, they'd do all they could to keep it from gettin' around, so ——"

"Did they?" Edna interrupted, with a sharply ejected breath of laughter. "Then I guess whoever told your mother must 'a' been busy lately. It's all over town."

"What!"

"Oh, yes," she said, again with a breathed effect of laughter, but not of mirth. "I guess you're fixed up with a reputation hardly any better than what I got myself, Vinnie."

"I don't believe it! You just say so because you think maybe it'd get me to go out on the Point with you."

"No, I'm tellin' you because it's true and so's you'll see it won't do you any p'tic'lar harm if you come. It really is all over town, Vinnie, because Hugo Wicks knows it. So what difference would it make if anybody just saw us sittin' there?"

"My goodness!" Vinnie Munson once more exclaimed under his breath. "How do you know Hugo Wicks knows it?"

"Because he just asked me if you'd told me about your mother takin' you up to Reverend Beedy's. So won't you come out on the rocks with me, Vinnie? Won't you?" she whispered, and wistfully leaned toward him a little. "Won't you?"

But he looked away from her, and, swallowing, spoke plaintively, "I guess if Hugo Wicks knows it, then you're right and it is all over town. My mother said she'd try to keep my father from findin' out I'd been goin' with you; but I guess now he'll hear it."

"Won't you?"

"Well, my goodness!" he murmured; and from beneath his softly shadowing eyelashes there glinted perceptibly something of the repulsion he naturally felt for a girl who entangled him with disastrous circumstance. The tight clutch of his fingers upon hers relaxed and their hands separated. "I expect you got me in trouble enough without my sittin' around on any old rocks. I guess you must be crazy!"

"All right," Edna said, somewhat gloomily thoughtful, but unresentful and not at all surprised. "I just thought I'd ask you, anyhow. I didn't expect you'd want to, maybe." She paused, then murmured unemotionally, "Well, g'by," and, turning from him, began to push her way through the underbrush in the direction of the road. Vinnie Munson made no response to her word of farewell, although both of them vaguely understood that this parting was a farewell indeed, and meant the end of more than the short whispered and murmured conversation that it concluded.

Again upon Old Road, and not more pensive than when she had left it for the thicket, Edna walked slowly onward toward the sea. All the way from the village a sound like forest winds had been growing louder in her ears; now it became deeper, more like the rolling of continuous, distant thunder heard indoors, and, as she advanced, separate crashings could be distinguished regularly in an endless series. Old Road escapes from the thick inclosure of the woods only to end the next moment at the broader highway over the sea cliffs; thus, as if she came out of a dark corridor to look forth from a high balcony, she stepped out into the open, and there suddenly was the wide ocean uproarious below her. All the nearer air was filled with its clamors and boomings; and yet in the distance the illimitable gray reaches of water seemed to move silently from a misty and dimensionless horizon.

She turned to the right upon the highway, but presently crossed it, pressed through a broad tangle of bayberry bushes and juniper, and, having climbed a pile of great bowlders and upthrust stratified rock, sat down upon the topmost stone, where only the highest flung mist of spray from the surf below could reach her. Here, a lonely, small figure upon a vast rough pedestal, she was at the crest of Great Point, the rocky jut that forms the juncture tip of two long crescents of coast line; to left and right of her, as far as her eye could reach, the green surf, rolling up ponderously, broke and plunged upon the land. Below her the seas were heaviest of all; hundreds of yards out, one of them would heave itself into an enormous and ominous ridge, gain momentum, speeding landward; then, steepening and rising prodigiously for an unbearable moment, this running precipice would crash in a white collapse that still swept onward and struck so hard upon the brown rocks that bubbles of foam were flicked almost to the feet of the girl upon the crest of Great Point.

She sat with her elbows upon her knees and her face made into a triangle by her supporting hands—a dreamer's posture appropriate at the moment; for, instead of the breakers up and down the coast, what she saw were the white manes of companies of horses, racing. The horses ran just beneath the surface, with only their flying manes visible, and today they were titanic steeds, galloping monstrously. In easier weather and under a sunny sky they were crystalline ponies, racing cheerily, not with the fury of these colossal submarine chargers; and this fancy, transforming the ocean into a hippodrome, was an old one with her, as it has been with other watchers of the sea immemorially.

For half an hour her attitude remained almost without any change at all; then her dreamily fascinated gaze shifted to follow a line of coursers that dashed themselves to pieces upon a pebbled beach a quarter of a mile to leftward of her, and suddenly she sighed, shivering a little. Her glance, happening to move slightly inland, had fallen upon the intrusive presence, not of a human being but of a long gray house, all stone and shingle, with a broad lawn framed in a clipped brown hedge. Nothing could have been more familiar to her than this house, built before she was born, and she did not shiver because of the desolate expression of vacancy imparted to it by its heavily boarded windows and doorways; the sight of it, startling her from reverie, seemed to remind her of something distasteful and oppressive. Moreover, the power thus to trouble her was not a property of this house only; next to it and nearer her stood another, a long white house upon a high terrace above a lawn where shrubberies were stacked about with straw; and other houses, two score or more, faced the sea from the ridge behind the highway, all of them expressing the same affluent vacancy, and all of them disturbing to Edna Pelter. For, as if made conscious by the first that the others were there behind her upon Great Point, she rose, turned, and looked frowningly up and down the long irregular line of these empty houses, from one end to the other. Her frown was hostile, but not defiant; in her eyes was the look of the native who stares up at the walls of a foreign invader too powerful and too well established to be resisted, and for the moment that she bore this look, she became, in instinct at least, a true part of the community that despised her. Other eyes of Mirthful Haven had that look whenever they glanced, always a little unwillingly, at these houses by the sea.

III

THE graveled highway over Great Point lies between the rocks and the summer cottages; it still keeps near the sea where it dips down from the Point to low open acres of bayberry bushes and juniper, but, after that, having crossed a little waste of sand dunes and coarse yellow grass near the harbor mouth, it turns abruptly inland and joins River Road, the straight and level thoroughfare that leads to the village. Edna Pelter, coming home somberly from the rocks and the racing of white-maned coursers, all at once looked more cheerful as she left the grass and sand dunes behind her and stepped upon River Road's bordering wooden sidewalk. Before her, at the other end of the mile of gray roadway, the clustered houses and elms and the two neat spires of Mirthful Haven were delicately miniatured in blue against a rosy sky, but that was never a sight to bring any brightness upon her face.

Halfway from the village to the sea, the river widens to form the upper end of the harbor, and from here, all the way to the massive old granite breakwater that protects the harbor mouth, there is ample riding for vessels of moderate draft, except at low tide. With the ebb complete, the channel is narrow, for then only the river itself is left winding sluggishly between mud flats and mussel shoals.

River Road comes out from the village with the river upon its right and fields sloping up to Old Road upon its left; but for its second half mile, nearer the sea, it is the crust of an embankment built over the flats and shoals, and is saved from the tidal water by retaining walls of stone and heavy old water-logged timber. Above these bulwarks, at each side of the road, runs a feebly protective, long wooden fence; the narrow boardwalk occupies the edge of the road toward the harbor, and here, though the sagging top rail of the fence offers a lounger little encouragement to sit upon it, he may at least rest his elbows if he chooses to brood upon curling processions of sand eels at high water, or, when the wet flats are bared at low tide, upon the incautious spoutings of clams and the stealthy-mindedness of crabs.

It was low tide when the high-school girl came to the boardwalk and turned her brightening face toward the distant village; a hundred yards in advance of her the protective fence was broken by a gateway that lacked a gate and gave access to a platform of boards resting upon wooden piles driven deep into the mud. The platform was large enough not only to support the gaunt clapboarded building that stood upon it but to serve as a sort of wooden front yard next to the road, and also as the floor of two connecting covered verandas, one upon the seaward side of the building, the other at the rear, facing the river and known to its owners as the "back porch." From it, a long and narrow wooden pier staggered dubiously across the flats to a couple of landing floats at the edge of the channel, where a small dismantled sloop and two or three rowboats reposed desolately in the mud; and all parts of this queerly cohesive group—the boats, the pier, the barnacled and slanting piles and the peak-roofed high box of a house, its whole angular shape a little a-tilt upon the platform—were the color of weathered dead wood. The place was ramshackle, haggard, lonely, and looked as if the next high wind would leave no more than the skeleton of it sprawled upon the mud; yet it was what brought light into the somber eyes of Edna Pelter as she came toward it.

Above the front door that opened upon the little wooden yard was nailed a dingy signboard: "Pelter's. Sailing and Fishing Parties Accomodated. Boats for Sale or Hire. Lobsters Clams and Fish." Thus the place was known to Mirthful Haven, and also to those elevated and disturbing houses upon Great Point, as Pelter's; and at Pelter's, Edna lived and had been born. She had grown up with the little wooden yard, the rickety pier and the mud flats for her playground; visibly her heart was lighter as she came home to this scarecrow of a place, and, when she emerged from the shadow of the long side veranda into the sunset light now golden upon the "back porch," to find her father smoking there, she even smiled. In response, he turned his head slightly toward her, and, lowering his eyelids, gave her a glance beneath the surface of which a faint surreptitious humor seemed to play; but this exchange was all of their greeting.

He sat tilted back in an untrustworthy old cane-seated rocking-chair, with his long legs stretched upward before him and his brown rubber boots upon the veranda rail—a big, thin, shabby man with tousled, thick fair hair and a face that was hollow-cheeked and cross-lined, yet remained a handsome wreckage, all beauty not yet having been weatherbeaten out of it. Recognizably, his daughter had her looks from him; his eyes, too, were seen at a distance to be blue, but his had a twinkle, at once sardonic and careless, that hers lacked, and Mirthful Haven was fond of saying that he sometimes showed the whites of them like a bad horse. Indifferent to the sharp chill of the northern April air, he sat without a coat, the sleeves of his gray flannel shirt rolled up to the elbows, and its front exposed by the falling away of his buttonless waistcoat; his right hand held his pipe to his mouth and his left rested companionably upon the head of a dog that lay beside his chair.

The dog, a big mongrel with some leanings toward a remote Airedale branch in his ancestry, rose, went to Edna, and, as she halted, stretched himself amiably before her, looking up at her with fond and intelligent eyes. She did not notice him, however; her father's humorous glance at her had been but a momentary one, immediately returning to observe the movements of a stout man who was coming toward them from the other end of the pier, brandishing a long boat hook in his hand. This stout man had lately been deep in the mud, for his thigh boots of rubber were caked with it almost to their tops; his broad face, moreover, was reddened by an emotion easily discernible as anger, and his lips moved in mutterings not yet audible upon the veranda.

Looking at him, Edna became pensive again. "Found it, did he?" she asked in a low voice. "Not so stingy he's goin' to make a fuss over as little a thing as that, is he?"

"Go on in the house," Pelter said mildly, out of the side of his mouth, not looking at her. "Go on in and git supper."

"None of the Wickses was ever any good," she murmured thoughtfully, not moving. "All they live for is just to bother people. Don't let him ——"

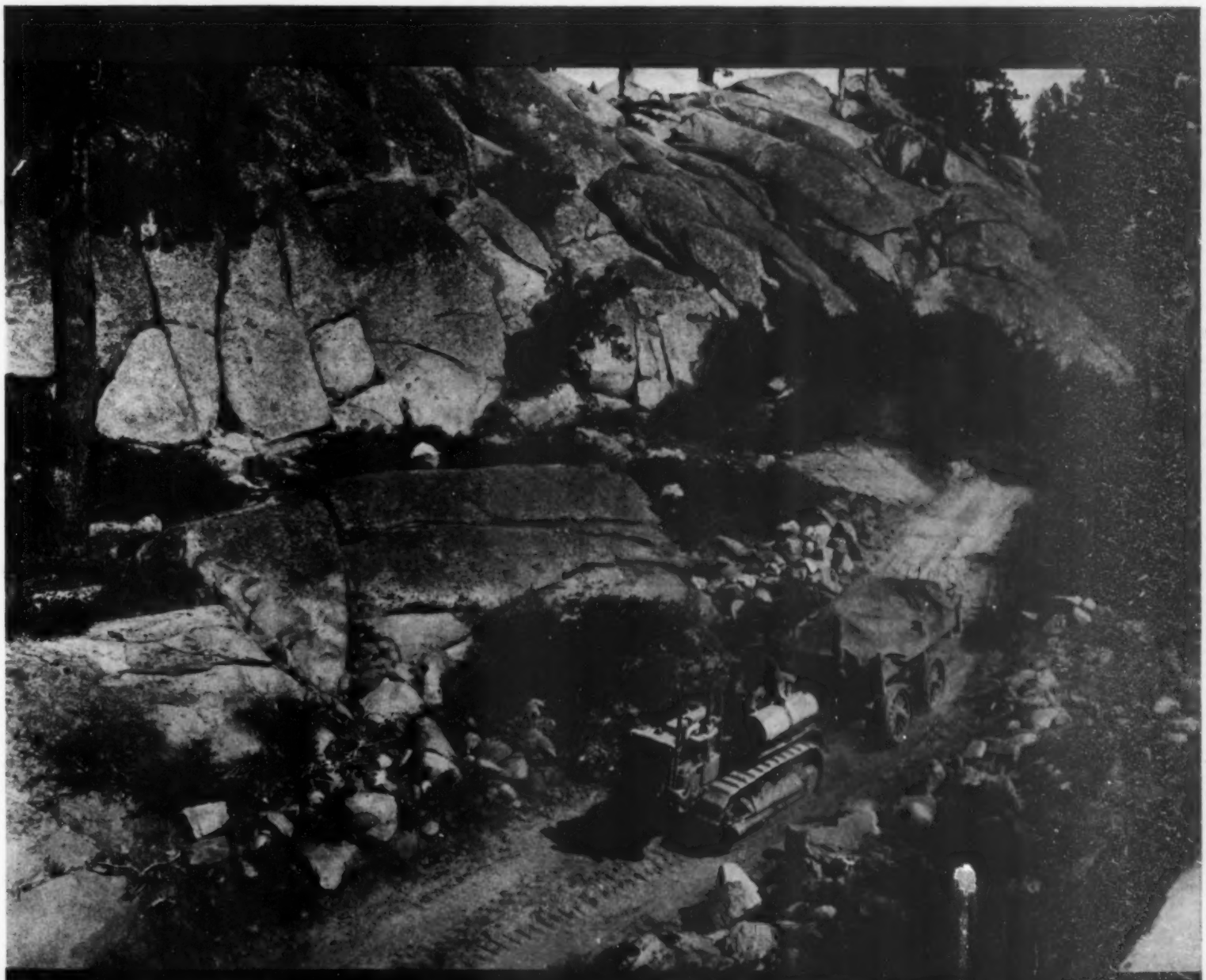
"Go on in," Pelter said, and moved his head in a slight gesture toward the wide doorway partly open behind him. "Freem Wicks ain't hardly so able he'd know how to bother me much, I guess. You go in git supper started."

"Well ——" she said a little reluctantly; then, apparently obedient, pushed back one of the broad sliding-doors and went into the house.

She made a momentary clatter at the stove; then tiptoed back toward the doorway, and keeping herself out of sight from the veranda, stood listening.

Outside, her father continued imperturbably to watch the approach of the muddied, stout figure with the boat hook, and remained motionless, not even drawing upon his glazed corncob pipe when the visitor's mutterings became recognizable as semi-profane and inimical to all persons bearing the name of Pelter: "Pelters! My Godfrey Mighty! Always b'en the pests o' this commun'ty; always will be! Wust pesthole in the commun'ty! Always was and always will be! Pelters!" Then, arriving at the juncture of the pier with the veranda,

(Continued on Page 70)



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SEVEN THOUSAND FEET above the sea—hot days and cold nights—stiff grades up over the granite summit down to Spicer Lake Dam. "Caterpillar" Tractors carve out a road and do the hauling. Shrewdly designed seals keep out the sharp dust particles. "Caterpillars" are built stout enough and strong enough for jobs like this—that's why they hang up such pleasant records of care-free performance in the every-day jobs of farming, earth-moving, road-building.

Prices—f. o. b. Peoria, Illinois

TEN	$1100	TWENTY	$1900
FIFTEEN	$1450	THIRTY	$2375
SIXTY	$4175		

Caterpillar Tractor Co.

PEORIA, ILL., *and* SAN LEANDRO, CALIF., U. S. A.

Track-type Tractors Combines Road Machinery

(There's a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You)

CATERPILLAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRACTOR

"But," *you may say,* "I don't *want* to drive a car 100,000 miles!"

ALL right! How long do you want to drive a car before buying a new one? Two years? Three years? Or longer? . . . . Name your own length of time—in miles or years—and Reo is still the most satisfactory car you can own. For you can be dead sure of one thing—the very fact that Reo is good for 100,000 miles enables it to out-perform any shorter-lived car over any fraction of that distance.

And it is quite obvious why Reo is a better car to buy, even though you may want to drive it only 20,000—or 30,000—or 40,000 miles.

For one thing, there isn't a single, solitary part in a single, solitary Reo that isn't built to stand 50% to 100% more strain than it will ever undergo in actual service. That means less adjusting, fewer repairs and replacements—at 10,000 miles or 100,000.

Then take that matter of vibration. You know what vibration does to a car—shortens its life, impairs its performance. Reo has beaten vibration. How? By balancing every major moving part—even down to the fan blades—with hair-trigger accuracy. That's why a three-year-old Reo is smoother—quieter—than many a motor car that has yet to celebrate its first birthday.

Lift up the hood of a Reo Flying Cloud and you'll find the toughest cylinder block that ever rode a chassis. This block is made of chrome nickel iron alloy. It has seven times the endurance of the usual gray iron block. That means one-seventh the valve-seat wear and valve adjustment—smoother motor performance—whether you drive the car two years or six.

And inside that cylinder block are pistons made of Lo-ex—a new low-expansion alloy. Lo-ex is tough—tougher than tool steel. It will outwear three ordinary pistons. What's more, Lo-ex expands less under heat than any other metal known. That gives a closer fit between cylinder and piston. The result is better compression—more power.

. . . . REO SILENT-SECOND TRANSMISSION • THE GREATEST AUTOMOTIVE IMPROVEMENT SINCE THE SELF-STARTER!

This is the biggest step forward that automotive engineering has taken in the last 15 years. Reo's new Silent-Second Transmission makes a tremendous contri-

bution to long life and to the more enjoyable handling of a motor car. It reduces engine speed—cuts down wear and tear on every part of the motor. That means longer life—and finer service through every year of that longer life.

But that's only part of the story—a very small part! With the Reo Silent-Second Transmission you can do 40 miles an hour in second—as smoothly, as silently, as in the ordinary high. No more clashing or "feeling in" of gears when you shift, either. You can shift from second to high at any speed—and from high back to second at 40—swiftly, surely, quietly, and with one-finger ease. Get behind the wheel of a Reo Flying Cloud and you'll agree that this transmission is the greatest automotive improvement since the invention of the self-starter!

And while we're on the subject of performance, let's not overlook Reo's brakes. They're *brakes!* Drive as fast as you like—they'll stop you in half the distance required in the strictest police regulations. They're equalized perfectly—and they can't become unequalized. Moreover, it's no uncommon thing for Reo brakes to go 50,000 miles without re-lining.

Yes. Reo is built to run well for a long, long time—and to look well for a long, long time, too. For Reo doesn't believe in sweeping yearly model changes. Reo has those conservatively smart lines that *stay* smart. The Reo Flying Cloud you buy today will still be a distinguished looking car two—three—four years from now.

From Mile 1 to Mile 100,000, Reo will out-perform any car within $1000 of its price. And, after three years of service, Reo will still out-perform any shorter-lived car at its best. No matter which kind of car you have owned, Reo will give you more real satisfaction, more downright pride, than you ever got out of a car before. And Reo will save you money in the bargain! Get one!

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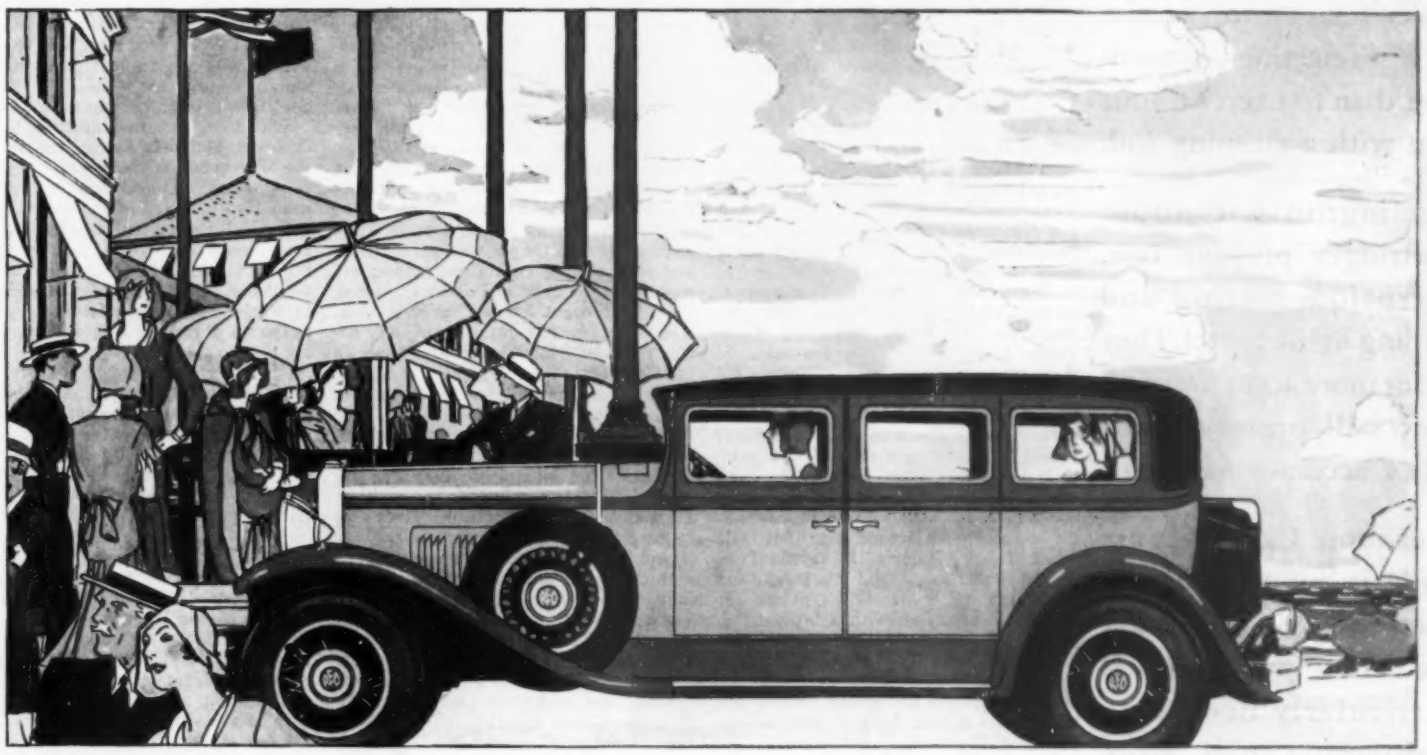

The REO FLYING CLOUD . . . MODEL 25 . . . SPORT SEDAN . . . EQUIPPED WITH REO SILENT-SECOND TRANSMISSION.
$1945 *f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan. (Spare tires extra.)*

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REO FLYING CLOUD

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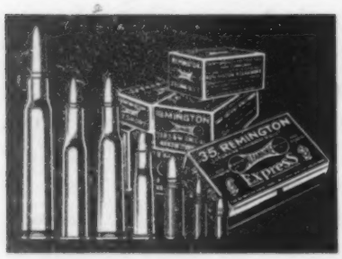

Head-Work SAVES Arm-Work

ANY rifle deserves good care—must have it to remain accurate. It's easier for you to exercise care in selecting ammunition than to exercise your arm with a cleaning rod.

Remington Kleanbore Cartridges prevent rust, corrosion, pitting and leading in the barrel. They shoot more accurately and they will preserve your rifle's accuracy for years.

Kleanbore Cartridges are made in all the popular sizes—rim fire and center fire. Their protection is particularly needed in high-power rifles. More Kleanbore .22's are sold than all other makes combined.

REMINGTON ARMS CO., Inc.
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Remington
KLEANBORE
CARTRIDGES

(Continued from Page 66)

the angry man halted and thrust the boat-hook forward for Pelter's inspection. "See it?" he asked hoarsely. "See them 'nitials burnt into the handle? What you make them 'nitials out to be? F and W, ain't they? Does F and W stand fer Long Harry Pelter or fer Freeman Wicks? Which?"

But Pelter, ignoring both the protruded boat-hook and the questions addressed to him, seemed unaware that anything intruded upon a contemplation of the farther side of the harbor. His gaze passed over the mud flats beyond the channel, to rest serenely upon the rocky banks and clumps of pine trees and wind-carved sand stretches of the opposite shore. This coolness, however, did nothing to lower the temperature of his questioner.

"You answer me!" the stout man shouted. "Does F and W stand fer Long Harry Pelter or fer Freeman Wicks? Which?"

"Might stand fer Frank Williams," Pelter suggested casually, beginning to draw upon his pipe again. "Might stand fer Fred Watts. Might stand fer Ferd Wilson."

"Yes, they might!" Mr. Wicks agreed, with hot satire. "Espeshually if they was men o' them names livin' anywheres nigh to this commun'ty; but as it happens to fall out, they ain't!"

"No; but there's a man by the name of Foster Wiles livin' down east o' here a piece. He put that boat-hook into a little tradin' I had with him this March."

"So you claim it as your own proputty, do you? You're a-goin' to git up out o' that chair and try to hender me from luggin' it back to my own boat where it belongs, are you?"

"No," Pelter returned coolly. "I never was one to kick up a hullabaloo over as nothin' of a thing as a boat-hook."

"I thought not!" Mr. Wicks said, breathing heavily. "You know how I found out 'twas here? Ed Ma'sh told me. 'When'd you fust miss it?' he says to me. 'Last September,' I told him. 'I hain't see it sence the last night I was herrin' torchin' in September.' 'Who was out herrin' torchin' with you?' he says. 'My boy, Hugo, and Jeff Miller and Long Harry Pelter,' I told him. 'Then you ought to know who took it,' he says. 'Where's the place to look fust in this commun'ty when a man misses his boat-hook, or his oar-locks, or maybe a block-and-ta'kle, or a monkey-wrench, or half a keg o' nails, fer that matter?' he says. 'Why, Pelter's,' he says. 'Long Harry's got his floats out agin after the winter,' he says. 'You go down to Pelter's and poke around near that little vessel o' Long Harry's,' he says. 'Poke around Pelter's enough,' he says, 'and you'll find it!'" Mr. Wicks paused for breath; then added, with a bitter vehemence, "Thought by this time I'd fergot all 'bout missin' that boat-hook, didn't you? By Godfrey Mighty, I don't see how any man can set there and smoke without the grace to feel shame! Look at them 'nitials, I tell you!"

As he spoke, he thrust the handle of the boat-hook so close to the seated man's face that for a moment Long Harry Pelter's sidewise glance showed the whites of his eyes in the dangerous look defined by Mirthful Haven as that of a bad horse. However, all he did was to smile faintly and say, "I'll have this Foster Wiles write me a letter and prove it some day, Freem. You better talk 'bout shame to yourself. Seems to me I heard lately you made a great speech over bein' a sinner up at some church meetin' in the village. If you're such a sinner as you say you are yourself, you ought to feel quite a mite o' shame, oughtn't you?"

For a moment Mr. Wicks' inflamed broad face showed a struggling perplexity; then he became stern. "You better think a little about hell fire!" he said. "You keep your tongue off o' church matters until you git grace enough into you to beg fer mercy before the Throne! When I speak in church o' bein' a sinner, that's a thing between me and my Maker; it don't mean nothin' I got to stand before any livin' man or woman fer with my head bowed. In the sight o' the Lord I'm a sinner like all mankind, but among my fellow citizens I got a right to walk in the pride o' my self-respect, and that's somethin' you hain't never had the right to do!"

"And yet," Pelter said reflectively, "it seems to me I recklect you accusin' me o' pride once or twice in the past. Seems to me I recklect some such thing."

"I said the right to pride," Mr. Wicks returned grimly. "You got Satan's pride and enough to lug you straight down into the brimstone when you die. You got the hell-fired pride that wun't give down, even when you see them 'nitials before your eyes and know in your heart what they convict you of. Yes, and takin' another man's proputty ain't all they convict you of, by a mighty sight! Look at them 'nitials right down on the end o' the handle. All you had to do was to saw four inches off the end o' that handle—'twouldn't 'a' spoiled it none 't all—but you was atchually too lazy to take the trouble! My Godfrey Mighty, when a man's too lazy to exert himself that little to keep other people's proputty from bein' found in his keep, why, my Godfrey Mighty, you can't hardly tell what to think of it!"

"Can't you? Might think F and W stands fer Mr. Foster Wiles, mightn't you?"

"No, I mightn't!" Freeman Wicks shouted. "Think I don't reckanize my own boat-hook? Think you hain't been knowed to do the same thing before now? Ain't it a piece with all you do? Why, jest look at you!" Here, by coincidence, the indignant man became even more vindictively loquacious than his son, Hugo, had been in the goading of Long Harry's daughter earlier that afternoon upon Old Road. "Look at you! You had a good, able woman fer your second wife; her and her mother, too, was both good, nice, able women and tried to be a good, nice stepmother and step-grandmother to your two daughters. Even got 'em to Sunday school a while, their stepmother did, the year before she died, and after that, if their step-grandmother could 'a' stood livin' at Pelter's any more, she'd 'a' brought 'em up somethin' like. You think anybody in the commun'ty believes you ever lifted your little finger to keep 'em from runnin' wild like they done? I'll say this much fer Edna, though: Anyhow, she's showed more energy 'bout Nina Grier's sweater than you done 'bout my boat-hook—walked clear over to New Yarmouth and got it dyed blue. You and her hain't heard the last o' that, neither, I'll trouble to warn you. Abner Grier says he can git the dyein' store clerks to swear to it, and he's goin' to come down on Pelter's with the dep'ty sheriff and a search warrant soon's he finds time. I ain't goin' to waste my breath on what's the rest o' the talk about her in this commun'ty, or on what happened to Nettie, all because what kind of any example'd they ever see you a-settin' 'em, and when'd you ever show gimp or godliness enough to make 'em walk the straight path? I ain't goin' to use up my voice talkin' to you on them questions. I come here to git my boat-hook, and I got it, and that's everything I want with you. All I got to say is, you hain't the decency to own even a dog like respectable people own. Look what he done last summer to them new summer people's dog that rented the J. C. Pemberton cottage! Nigh tore him to pieces! Them people swore if they come back next year and this dog o' yourn ever shows his face on the Point, they're goin' to hire somebody to shoot him!"

"Did they?" Pelter inquired in a mild voice. The dog had returned to his side, and Long Harry's brown hand again rested upon him genially. "How much did they say they'd give you fer doin' it, Freem?"

The stout man, bafflingly insulted, stared fiercely. "Give who fer doin' it?" he cried. "Who said ——"

"Didn't you?" Pelter inquired, stroking the dog's head. "Didn't you jest say you 'greed to do it fer 'em? There's certain people o' Mirthful Haven that seem to know pretty well which side their bread's buttered on, and always take the part o' the summer people against us that rightfully live here. I thought from the way you spoke you must be one o' them certain people—natives that turn against natives and shoot their dogs, maybe, when there's a chance to make a dolluh off o' the summer people. Didn't you say ——"

"I didn't say nothin' o' the kind!" Freeman Wicks shouted. "Don't you accuse me ——"

"I ain't doin' any accusin'," Long Harry Pelter interrupted. "That's more your line, Freem. I jest take note o' the fact that you drop around here like a good neighbor and find on my place a boat-hook I traded a man named Foster Wiles fer, and because it's got his 'nitials on it, you think it's a smart act fer you to take it away with you in the place of one that dropped overboard when we was torchin' herrin'. Then, because you feel maybe a mite ashamed, you bluster around and taunt me and my family with all our misfortunes and git yourself so worked up sympathizin' with a summer family's dog against a dog that was born and raised in Mirthful Haven that you threaten to take the summer family's money fer shootin' him. I jest take note of it, Freem; that's all."

For some moments Freeman Wicks was speechless; his chest heaved, his short neck appeared to distend slightly and his staring eyes to protrude. "You accuse me ——" he said thickly. Then he threw the boat-hook down clattering upon the veranda floor. "By Godfrey Mighty!" he burst out. "I don't believe a word about no Foster Wiles, but I ain't goin' to give no Pelter an excuse to go around this commun'ty accusin' me o' stealin' boat-hooks and shootin' dogs fer summer families!"

With that, he turned upon his heel and departed, stamping his way noisily upon the loose boards of the veranda at the side of the house. Long Harry did not move until the thumping of these enraged and defeated footsteps had subsided; then he rose, picked up the boat-hook and carried it into the house. When he moved at all, he usually moved quickly, and he crossed the threshold just in time to detect his daughter in the act of turning away from her listening post to go to the stove.

"Been busy?" he inquired dryly.

In response she gave him an adoring glance, all radiant admiration, over her shoulder, and, at this, the left end of his mouth extended slightly into a faint, lopsided smile. "Better git them cod fried," he said. "Us Pelters got to have nourishment, jest like other people."

IV

THE house upon the wooden platform had a steeply pitched roof with a gloomy loft just beneath, and the lower of the two stories under the loft could not well have been called the ground floor; it suggested, rather, the defining title of water floor, for the incoming tide, covering the mud flats, gurgled about the supporting piles below the feet of Edna Pelter and her father as they finished their supper of fried codfish, baked beans and coffee. This lower story, where they sat, had no partitions and served the Pelters as workshop, storeroom, kitchen, dining-room and living-room, all beneath the one long expanse of unplastered ceiling, which was richly hung with a black lace of cobwebs between the rafters. The walls, too, were unplastered, and their flimsiness, providing the building with airy drafts throughout the year, may have accounted for the healthy, high color that was upon the cheeks of both father and daughter, in spite of the hearty quantity of fried food they habitually ate.

The big, brown, wooden room held the accumulating litter of useless things acquired by people too poor to throw anything whatever away. In a corner near the kitchen stove there was even a great coverless box filled with empty tin cans; elsewhere there were coils of dead rope, clutters of broken lanterns and empty bottles, torn sails, splintered oars, cracked spars, ancient

(Continued on Page 72)

MAJESTIC *Model 103. Radio Phonograph. Cabinet in Walnut and Lacewood. New electric pick-up. New* COLOTURA SPEAKER

The Difference *is all in* COLORFUL TONE

ONE IS a famous tenor. The others are singers of equal training and practice. But let them share the spotlight for a moment, to sing the same song in turn. *Your ears know instantly* why the world acclaims one as supreme. Unduplicated skill has added COLORFUL TONE to the master's voice. *He alone* can give the *greatest possible beauty to every tone.* He makes every note richer, more brilliant than the others can make it. His breathing, his posture, his skillful control of throat muscles—these enable him to achieve the gorgeous Colorful Tone that wins and holds the spotlight.

And in radio, too! Superior skill has added Colorful Tone to Majestic's voice. The amazing Colotura Speaker gives you *the very utmost* in richness and realism. It brings you *every sound as it really is.* Truer and more brilliant than other speakers could bring it. So accurate and natural that you hear *all* the COLORFUL TONE of the great singer's voice. Your Majestic dealer invites you to *prove with your own ears* that only Majestic can give you this superb Colorful Tone. Visit him—ask for a free home demonstration.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Complete Radio Receivers

Each Sunday evening, enjoy an hour listening to the entertaining Majestic Theatre of the Air, 9 to 10 Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System. In Canada: ROGERS-MAJESTIC RADIO. *Price slightly higher.*

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Majestic RADIO

These few words about my 2 MORE Shaves per Blade Guarantee are

for Doubting Thomas only

ARE YOU one of those skeptics who think the only difference in shaving creams is in the colors on the tube? Then you're the man to take me up on my Mennen guarantee of *two more good shaves per blade.*

Of course, I realize that those 2 more shaves per blade aren't so important in themselves. But they are the proof of Mennen superiority. Mennen lather soaks all the toughness out of whiskers . . . leaves less work for the razor. Result . . . no yanking, scraping, no irritation of facial nerves. Longer blade life. No wear and tear on the skin. *That's* why I can make my sweeping guarantee.

While getting whiskers ready for the blade, Mennen lather relaxes taut skin, penetrates the pores, floats out oil and dirt, preventing embarrassing pimples, blackheads and muddy looking skin. Mennen lather is antiseptic. Leaves skin clean, healthy, good-to-look-at.

2 Kinds: Bigger Tubes

We make two kinds of Mennen Shaving Cream (1) Menthol-iced for skin that likes arctic coolness in shaving lather . . . (2) Mennen without Menthol, smooth, bland lather without the icy feature. Great shaves, both of them. Bigger tubes, too . . . you get more shaves per tube as well as more per blade.

Do me the favor of trying Mennen . . . just one tube. If this up-to-the-minute shaving cream doesn't make good my promise, you get your money back from me.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

To complete the skin treatment, apply Mennen Skin Balm, after your shave. Protects against dirt, dust and weather. Non-greasy. Skin completely absorbs it. Styptic, healing and bracing as a cool sea breeze.

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SHAVING CREAMS
Menthol-iced **Without Menthol**

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. S-8, NEWARK, N. J.
Jim Henry: Show me, Jim. Send me a trial tube. I'll take a new blade and count the shaves.

Name .....
Address ..... City .....
Send me Mennen Menthol-iced ☐
Send me Mennen Without Menthol ☐

(Continued from Page 70)

anchors, rudders and tillers, and topless kegs of rusty and bent nails; fish nets, rotted and torn, lay in black heaps against the wall and seemed to have caught within their meshes a jumble of extinct one-cylindered motor-boat engines made of caked rust. A great fishlike skeleton in wood loomed along one side of the room, the keel and ribs of a boat Long Harry had begun to build five years before and still talked of finishing some day; but, in ironic commentary upon such talk of his, there stood near the pathetic stern a capacious packing box completely filled with thumb-worn old magazines, autumnal leavings gathered from the summer cottages year after year. Moreover, against the wall, near by, there were some shelves of books from the same source of supply, and equally shabby, equally thumbed; and, as if in final ironic suggestion in regard to this boat building, there was the carnival touch of a guitar hanging from a nail above the shelves by a faded purple cord.

Pelter used a pewter spoon to scoop the last of the beans out of the glazed brown earthen jar in which they had been baked, finished them in two gulping mouthfuls, and then, as his daughter began to carry the dishes to the sink, he walked over to the guitar, took it down from its nail and began to tune the strings. Edna was careful to make no clatter with the dishes and she washed them as noiselessly as she could. "Won't you—won't you sing Barb'ry Allen?" she asked, almost tremulously.

Long Harry had tinkled out a few chords and then apparently decided to hang up the guitar again; but when she made this timid request, he laughed, threw one leg over the corner of a workbench that stood against the wall and, resting the guitar upon his thigh, began expertly to play an accompaniment for the doleful ballad of Barbara Allen. Edna stood with all her body rigid and motionless, except her hands; they moved silently, with infinite care, at their task in the sink while Long Harry sang the song that was her favorite in his repertoire. He sang it in a light, resonant tenor voice of a peculiar quality, a timbre both sweet and mocking that fascinated his daughter, as everything about him always fascinated her. Her hands ceased to move and she stood spellbound, still all over, when he came to the final scene of the lovers' tragedy:

"'O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow;
My love has died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.'"

For a little time after he had finished the song, Edna still stood motionless, her back toward him; then slowly her hands began to move in the sink again and she said huskily, not turning, "Won't you—won't you sing some more? Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True, or Robin Adair, maybe?"

"No," Pelter returned, and there was a whimsical glint in his blue eyes. "You'll never git them dishes washed if I do. Guess I better help the job out with somethin' that'll make you move faster." With that, his dexterous fingers brought forth from the guitar a thumping and inspiriting jingle, and he began to sing an air livelier than those she asked for, though almost as widely forgotten:

"'As I walk along the Boy Boolong,
With my independent air,
You can hear the girls declare,
"He must be a millionaire,"
You can hear them sigh,
And wish to die,
You can see them wink the other eye
At the man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.'"

Pelter's idea seemed to be well founded; his daughter's hands moved vigorously in time to the beat of the jingle, and, noting this, he chuckled. "Don't you never go complainin' around the village how I don't do my share o' the housework," he said. "We'll git them dishes done slick 's a whistle!" At this, she laughed to him caressingly over her shoulder; he began to play a jig, in time to which her flying hands showed such energy that when the jig was finished so was the task, with the dishes stacked upon shelves over the sink, and the knives, forks and spoons put away in a drawer of the deal table where the father and daughter had supped. "There!" Pelter said, hanging up the guitar. "I guess if 't wun't for my vim and gimp this house wouldn't hardly be fit to live in! But don't ask me to do no more dishwashin' tonight, Edna. Come night, a man's got a right to take his leisure."

He turned to the packing box that contained the stacks of old magazines, delved within it until he found what he wanted—a tattered copy of Punch—brought it to a rocking-chair beside the deal table, and, seating himself there, began somewhat perplexedly to turn the pages by the light of the oil lamp.

"Seems like sometime, if a man studied enough, he ought to be able to make head or tail o' this little magazine," he said to Edna, as she came to sit at the other side of the table with an old brown book in her hand. "I take a go at it every now and then, but every time I do, seems to me I know jest that much less what it's all about. Odd, that is, too, because it's from the Old Country where all us Pelters come from 'riginally; so it looks like a Pelter ought to be able to make some sense out of it."

Edna had become thoughtful. She did not open her book; but, as it lay in her lap, there seemed to be some connection between it and her thoughts, for her lowered glance was fixed upon its worn cloth cover.

"Yes," she said. "I was thinkin' about that some today. We got more old English blood in us than anybody else in Mirthful Haven, haven't we? We're the oldest family anywheres along this coast, aren't we?"

He nodded. "Yes—less'n it might be Cap'n Francis Embury; and his family couldn't be any older than what ours is, because Pelters and Emburys come at jest the same time and in the same vessel. Landed here together, they did, right mighty near where we're settin' now, and that was pretty near the same time as the Mayflower they boast of so much up Massachusetts way."

"Yes, that's what I thought," Edna said. "Leastways, I mean I knew it was so that Pelters and Emburys were ——" Suddenly she interrupted herself with a half-suppressed laugh; then, in answer to her father's look of inquiry, explained, "Cap'n Francis Embury's such a funny old man, I can't help laughin' whenever I think of him."

"Cap'n Embury funny? Your Grandfather Pelter sailed under him as ship's carpenter fourteen year', and I guess he didn't think Cap'n Francis Embury was very funny! Good friend to him, too, the Cap'n was, up t' the time he died. Cap'n Embury's the finest man in Mirthful Haven. What makes you think he's so funny?"

"Well, one way he is," Edna insisted. "Every afternoon when school lets out he makes some kind of excuse to be standin' around in his front yard to watch me and kind o' give me the eye and pretend all the time he's doin' somethin' else. Had a geranium pot in his hands this afternoon, actin' 'sif he didn't know where to set it. I let on, like I always do, 'sif I didn't take any notice of him, but his eye never budged an inch from me! He must be about a thousand years old!"

She laughed again, and now her father shared her merriment and laughed with her. "'Tain't to Cap'n Embury's discredit, though," he said. "Guess he'd have to be quite a ways over a thousand before he'd lose his eye for handsomeness in womenfolks!"

Edna's color heightened with pleasure; she glanced at him shyly and gratefully, then became thoughtful again. "Well, what I was wonderin'——" She paused. "Munsons aren't as old a family as Pelters, are they?"

"Munsons? Munsons ain't old family 't all, though you'd think they was—all the airs they give themselves and the high livin' they do! Munsons come to Mirthful Haven in my father's time and made some money ship-buildin' just before ship-buildin' petered out. Put what they made in wood lots and pasture land on Great Point, and that's where their money comes from, sellin' the land off to summer people in buildin' lots. Munsons sold the land fer all the cottages and the hotels, too, and got twenty thutty acres of it left yet on the Point, holdin' on fer higher prices; and, the way the summer people keep comin' here, thicker and thicker, it looks like they'd git 'em some day and put on more airs than ever, likely. What got it into your head Munsons might be old family, maybe?"

"Nothin'," she answered. "I just wondered, because sometimes they act almost 'sif they could go with the summer people if they wanted to, and were careful not to make any breaks, or anything. I knew they weren't in the list, though."

"What list?"

"The list o' the first people that landed here, in the history," she said, and lifted the book from her lap. "I mean the ——"

"Give me that," he interrupted, and took the book as she extended it to him across the table. "This ain't a volume that ought to be left jest layin' around; it's got the paper with the Pelter family tree on it inside the cover, and anyhow it's valuable. It was printed in ship-buildin' times when everybody thought Mirthful Haven was goin' to be a big place some day and its early history ought to be preserved. My grandfather su'scribed fer this copy of it, and it's been in the family ever since. You wun't find no Munsons in it, I guess; no, nor no Wickses, nor names of a good many other people that think they can hold their heads higher 'n Pelters in Mirthful Haven today. Listen."

He opened the book and began to read aloud:

"'The names of the founders of Mirthful Haven should be held high in honor for all time because of the perils they successfully surmounted, the hardships they endured and the courage and ambition they displayed in crossing the tempestuous and uncharted sea, in the year sixteen twenty-two, to land upon a wild and mysterious coast where lurked the painted savage, the wolf and the bear. The names of those first forefathers of Mirthful Haven were as follows: Charles and Alfred Trainband, brothers; William Smith, Thomas Prentice, Alfred Embury and his wife, Frances; Joshua Butcher, his wife, Mary, and their child, Ruth; Richard Fisher and his sister, Dorcas; John Pelter and his wife, Prudence ——'"

Long Harry paused, then repeated these two names for emphasis: "'John Pelter and his wife, Prudence.'" He paused again, and added: "That's where Pelters begin—sixteen twenty-two—and there ain't a name of all that list left in Mirthful Haven today, 'cept Pelter and Embury."

"Yes, I know," Edna said, and, although her eyes had brightened with this reading, she smiled a little ruefully. "Nobody else acts 'sif they knew it much, I guess."

"Well, we got the proof of it here in this volume—yes, and in the Pelter family tree too!" her father returned, with some sharpness. "Pelters been here three hunderd year' and more, while other families come and gone. Look at them fine big houses up around Cap'n Francis Embury's, all empty now, come autumn. After the big ship-buildin' times, some o' them families died out, some went away, and one by one the houses got sold to summer people. So it's dark after nightfall now in that whole part o' the village, where it used to be lighted up and cheerful, wintertime, and sleighbells jinglin' up to bright doorways when I was a little boy myself. Them people thought they was pretty important; but all of 'em, 'cept Emburys, come and gone, with Pelters here a hunderd year' and more before they come and Pelters still here now long after they've gone!"

"Yes, I know," she said, and inclined her head in agreement, yet frowned and looked perplexed, as if disturbed by some thought in objection to what he said. "I know—but—but ——"

(Continued on Page 74)

Paul Whiteman King of Jazz

PAUL WHITEMAN—Don Juan of rhythm—steals you away to unforgetable adventure in Jazz-o-mania in his first Universal, all-Technicolor, youth, beauty, and musical-merrymaking production, KING OF JAZZ.

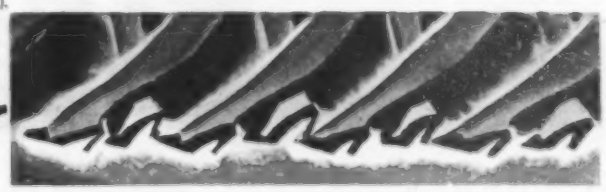
★

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures), Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon (Caddo Productions), Technicolor Sequences; **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.), Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** starring Harry Richman (United Artists), Technicolor Sequences; **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National), Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **THE CUCKOOS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio); **THE MELODY MAN,** all-star cast (Columbia); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

Paul Whiteman, premier American jazz celebrity, who has thrilled the millions, critics, "commoners"—*everyone*—with his stirring interpretations in modern rhythm, comes at last to the *living screen!* He stars with *Technicolor* in Universal's loveliest and liveliest musical extravaganza—KING OF JAZZ. The jolly, likable, infectious *Whiteman* gives a vivid dramatization of Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue," and other lyric hits, in this syncopated all-Technicolor production. Song becomes as alive to the eyes as it is to the ears. KING OF JAZZ pulsates with color—*natural color*—with melody, with flashing feet and settings of surpassing splendor. *Whiteman* wins you completely. Technicolor moves, enchants you, leaves you with a new appreciation for natural color which *is truly natural!*

★ Technicolor



Come, seniors, come and fill your pipes
Your richest incense raise;
Let's take a smoke, a parting smoke
For good old by-gone days!—H. P. Peck

The Q. E. D. to that everlasting pipe problem!

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

Once and for all (and that's a big claim, too) Granger Rough Cut can settle any man's "fussiness" about pipes.

Here's why: it's cut to smoke *cool*. The flakes—"rough cut," we call them—are big and shaggy. No "flash." They burn in a clean, slow, orderly way that delivers flavor, intact, and delivers it *cool*.

And about that flavor: by the "Wellman Method," the best features of good old Kentucky Burley are *brought out* and *kept*. Think that over. Or better still, *smoke* it over.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE IN A DRIER PIPE

(Continued from Page 72)

"But nothin'!" her father took up the word as she hesitated, and he frowned, too, though not with any perplexity. His look the rather bespoke an old and stubborn bitterness. "Don't let anybody ever make you think they can come it over Pelters on the score of blood, or any other score, fer that matter! I never let nobody come it over me on no score, and I ain't never a-goin' to, neither! Look here!" He took from the book a folded paper, soft and yellow with age; unfolded it and spread it open upon the table. "You spose there's anybody in Mirthful Haven, 'cept Emburys, got a family tree anywheres equal to thisn? You know better! As for the summer people, if there's one among 'em got any family tree 't all, it's certain'y yet to be learned of! They come here and king it over all o' Mirthful Haven and live on our land—because Munson sells it to 'em! Call everybody in Mirthful Haven 'natives,' order us around 'sif we was nobodys, tell us every which and what we ought to do, and all the time never do a mite o' work themselves, 'cept just live on their money. Got so much money they live on the fat o' the land and leave the lean of it fer us that belong here. Money's what they got, not family, though you'd think they had, the way they talk! Here! You look at this docament if you want to know what's old family!"

"I know," Edna said timidly. "I just thought ——"

"Never mind what you thought," he interrupted, bending over the paper and tapping upon it with a forefinger. "Here's where we begin, at the top: 'John Pelter and his wife, Prudence.' See how it spreads out from them? Pelters used to be all up and down the coast before them branches died out. Here's the Pelter—Cap'n Elisha Pelter, his name was—wrecked a brig he was owner and master of on a rock up Wenmouth way, and now they call that rock Butler's Snow and think it was named on account the way somebody named Butler thought the foam on it looked when the waves spilled down from it; but its real name is Pelter's Woe, from the wreck o' that brig. Here's my great-grandfather, born eighteen-hunderd and one, the only branch left by that time; but it's all down in black on white, traced straight back to sixteen-hunderd and twenty-two, and all the way through people that was born and lived and died in Mirthful Haven. Where does that put Pelters? Don't it put Pelters first and foremost? Pelters don't have to be always talkin' about it, but in their hearts don't it give 'em a right to feel pride and contempt, as you might say, when they hear other people talkin' about 'old family'?"

"Yes—but ——" Edna said, and her timidity seemed to increase. "But all there is left of us is just you and me and—and Nettie—and Nettie's gone, too, now, and it don't look 'sif she'd ever come back, likely."

Pelter's face darkened a little at the mention of his older daughter; but he was not disconcerted by what appeared to be a feebly argumentative doubt of Pelter greatness. "Well, what if there is only me and you? Of all the Emburys, there's only Cap'n Francis left—jest one old man. You don't see him lowerin' his head before nobody on that account, do you?"

"No, but everybody looks—looks up to Cap'n Embury, and nobody seems to—to ——"

"Nobody seems to what?"

"Well ——" Edna's thick lashes shadowed her eyes, and her voice trembled a little. "Nothin'," she murmured; then she added, more briskly, "That sweater he was talkin' about, I didn't know whose it was when I found it in the cloakroom after school; but there isn't any trouble goin' to come of it, like he said. I burned it up yesterday."

"What fer?"

"Well, there got to be so much talk about it around school—they're always talkin' about me, anyways."

"Well, let 'em!" Long Harry said, and he laughed a little uncomfortably. "I guess us Pelters know how to look after ourselves, let talk be what it pleases."

v

HE FOLDED the paper displaying the Pelters' family tree, replaced it, and pushed the book toward Edna. "There. That's a good volume fer you to be readin'; you'll find Pelters in it every now and then, p'ticu'ly in the earlier parts."

She took the book and seemed to read; at least, her downcast eyes were fixed upon a printed page of it, while her father, returning to his study of Punch, became engrossed with the task he had set himself. He frowned as he read; his lips moved slowly with his decipherings, and for five minutes the big littered room had been given to this studious silence when footsteps were heard from the wooden front yard, and there came a knock upon the outer door. The caller did not wait for a bidding to enter, but opened the door and came in almost simultaneously with his knock.

"Readin'!" he said in a cracked and husky voice. "Readin'! Readin'! Readin'! Always readin'! Dun't see how you stand it!"

His entry nowise disturbed the placidity of the scene before him. The father and daughter sat with their backs to the door and consequently to the visitor; this evening call was so customary and expected, indeed, that neither of them turned or so much as looked up, though Pelter murmured, hospitably enough, "Set down. How's Cap' Wye?"

"I'm fair, thanky; leastways, fixed to live till mornin'," the guest replied, seating himself near by.

He had been a tall man in his prime but was now stooped permanently by the burden of old age; the lower part of his face was whitely frosted over with a week's beard, and upon each side of an eagle's beak of a nose, beneath eyebrows that were like big white caterpillars, there twinkled sharp little gleamings from small green eyes still bright. He did not remove his old worn cap of imitation fur or his elbow-patched greenish overcoat; indeed, he was never seen out of them until the warm weather set in, and it was generally believed in Mirthful Haven that he slept in them and in his rubber boots—no unreasonable precaution against the draftiness of his habitation. He was not a Mirthful Haven man, but a salt-water wanderer with the lifelong habit of drifting up and down the coast in a dory and settling himself, at times, in some cove or harbor, or at the end of a beach, perhaps, for as long as pleased him. One day the incoming tide and an easterly push of wind upon the small, patched sails of his dory had brought him casually into Mirthful Haven; but the village was too far inland for him.

He had taken up his quarters in a tumbledown hut among the sand dunes at the harbor mouth, and, as no one disturbed him, or even seemed to know who owned the hut, he was still a squatter there now, six years later. Believed to be ninety, he could not have been much upon the better side of that age; yet he lived by fishing, and his dory was often at sea in weather that kept stouter boats and younger men inside the breakwater. "Seas runnin' wicked when ole Cap' Wye ain't outside," the fishermen said; and, in this abbreviation of the title they had given him as a proper courtesy to one who owned and worked his own boat, there was a slight but observable discrimination. Mirthful Haven called Captain Embury "Cap'n," for he had been one of that highest caste of captains, deep-sea men who rode the typhoon; the second syllable was denied to captains by courtesy, and the aged, coastal gypsy who had dropped in upon the Pelters this evening was never called anything except "Cap'" Wye.

"Readin'!" he croaked again in his salty old voice. "Readin'! Readin'! Readin'! Dun't never find the two of you that you ain't readin'! Dun't see how you stand so

(Continued on Page 77)

Watch an off-center ball spin · · · its wobble affects every drive and putt

Here is a simple test that quickly shows you whether a ball is true-center or off-center. You can try it at home or at the club in a few minutes.

Select a likely-looking new ball. Tie a fine silk thread around it by means of a simple slip-knot. Suspend it as shown in the diagram at the right. Let it hang down about 3 feet.

Now wind up the thread by twirling the ball between thumb and fingers, until you have raised the ball about 4 inches. Steady it so it won't swing. Then let it unwind.

Watch the thread. If the core of the ball is *off*-center, the ball will wobble, and the thread will vibrate as illustrated in figure A. If the core of the ball is *true*-centered, there will be neither wobble nor vibration. To make the test perfectly fair, repeat it after having tipped the vertical axis of each ball about 90 degrees.

Every "U. S." Ball is true-center

You will find that, in this test, no "U. S." ball will ever wobble—the thread will never vibrate—no matter what the angle of the axis.

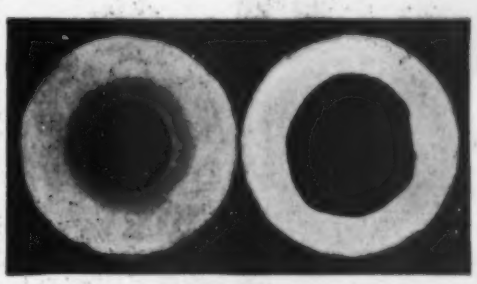
This is a layman's demonstration of the facts revealed by the scientist's X-ray. Among the thousands of X-ray photographs of all makes of balls, taken in our own laboratories and by X-ray specialists all over the country, those of "U. S." balls were the *only ones which showed centers that were consistently and unvaryingly true.*

What an off-center ball does to your game

If a ball wobbles on a thread, it will obviously wobble in the air. Wobble clamps down on the under-spin and it is the under-spin which is largely responsible for driving-distance. Wobble shrinks the carry and causes the ball to drop short.

On the green no off-center ball can *hold* the line. It wobbles and wanders, and you are bound to miss your putt no matter how carefully and accurately a stroke is calculated. Every "U. S." ball putts true, because it is a *true-center* ball, made so from the beginning by a method which is exclusive with the United States Rubber Company.

The "U. S." balls—Royals, Tigers, 444's—are perfect balls. True-centered, true-flying, true-putting balls—the finest golf balls, we believe, that are made in the world. Select the "U. S." *true-center* ball that suits your own particular style of game by reading below.



"U. S." *true-center* ball A popular 75¢ ball

The Distance Twins

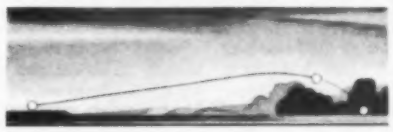
If you hit clean and want maximum distance, play either of these fine, true-center golf balls.

No ball is longer than the "U. S." Royal. As true in flight as on the green. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking. New 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. 75¢.

The "U. S." Tiger's Smooth, Circle-Marked Cover gives it tremendous run and perfect putting. A true-center ball, of course. 75¢.

What the spin-test shows about ball-behavior

Under-spin, given to a cleanly-driven ball by the angle of the club-head, compresses a cushion of air *under* the ball, and forms a vacuum-pocket *above* the ball. This, as you have often noticed,



causes the ball to lift itself—literally to climb like an airplane—to the peak of a long parabola.

Scientists have proved that a ball with under-spin stays in the air almost twice as long as a "still" ball. But the slightest unevenness of spin—wobble caused by an off-center core—clamps down on under-spin like motor-car brakes. It increases air-resistance, reduces carry, shortens the drive. Only an absolutely true-center ball—like any "U. S." ball—can travel the full distance warranted by the power of the stroke.

The new large-size ball—official January 1, 1931

True-center construction is of vital importance in the new larger ball. "U. S." 1.68's are as long as, or longer than, any 1.62. Compare a "U, S." 1.68 ball with a 1.62 in play. Prove to yourself that this "easier-to-hit" ball is as long as the old one.

Fig. A

YOU CAN MAKE **the spin test**

What makes a ball tough?

In any ball, resistance to cutting depends chiefly on the winding *under the cover*—not on the cover itself. Looser winding lets the cover "give" and makes it harder to cut.

The "U.S." True-center 444 is a "tough cover" ball. It is wound looser than the Royal. It offers the utmost resistance to cutting, with a negligible loss in distance. Slash a 444 with a niblick. You can't cut it. Mesh or recess, plain or colored dot marking, new 1.68 or present 1.62 sizes. 75¢.

"U.S." TRUE CENTER Golf Balls

© 1930, U. S. R. Co.

Product of the United States Rubber Company

WE ALSO MAKE THE FAIRWAY—THE BEST AND LARGEST-SELLING FIFTY-CENT BALL ON THE MARKET. PLAY A NEW FAIRWAY INSTEAD OF A "SECOND" OR DOUBTFUL "REPAINT."

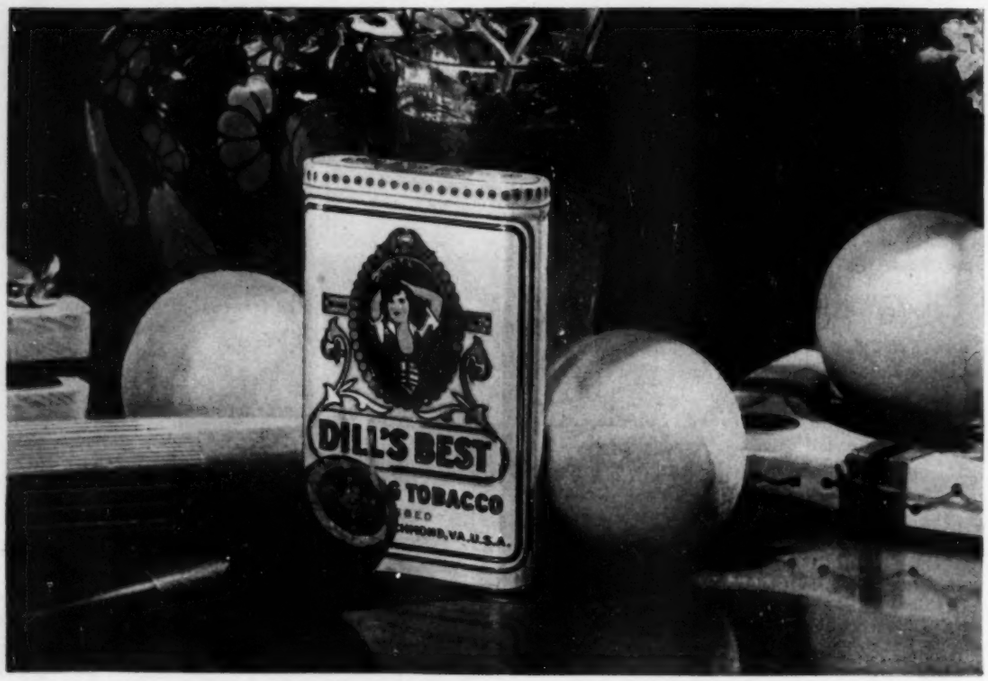
Many a son is glad his father said . . . . . .

Dill's Best is America's Best

HOW the confirmed pipe smoker loves to tell—and retell—the story of how he first learned about Dill's Best! *His father told him!*

No tobacco has been smoked as many years as Dill's Best . . . made, sold, and smoked *every day for eighty-two years.* Dill's Best is still here, still gaining popularity, in 1930—after all the wars, panics, changes in living standards, etc., that have occurred since 1848.

The fame and popularity of Dill's Best have been spread through the years by the best testimonials any tobacco ever had, or can have . . . the friendly tips that pass from one pipe smoker to another: "Dill's Best is America's Best."



Dill's Best (rubbed or sliced) is sold almost everywhere in 15-cent tins and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. And in vacuum pack tins, pounds or half-pounds, the smoker has a choice of rubbed or flaked slice.

You can always depend on Dill's Best

The delicate fragrance and coolness of Dill's Best come from choice, all-clear, mellow-ripe leaf—the best that grows for pipe smoking. Its delightful natural-tobacco flavor is never spoiled by dust or powdery particles that clog the pipe. And there are *no stems in Dill's.** Many who smoke Dill's Best claim that no other tobacco, regardless of price, can give such *continuous* satisfaction. Smoking pipeful after pipeful . . . clear to the bottom . . . leaves the bowl sweet and dry. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

Dill's Best TOBACCO

15¢ *and a pipeful lasts longer*

*There are no stems, disguised or otherwise, in Dill's Best Tobacco. Nature stores real tobacco taste and fragrance in the flavor-full blade of the leaf . . . not in the stem. Stems are woody, fast-burning. In making Dill's Best, the center-stem from each leaf is discarded. This sacrifices about a pound of stems from each three pounds of leaf. But it assures you the utmost in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance.

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND—ESTABLISHED 1848

(Continued from Page 74)

much of it! Sh'd think you'd be all wore out with it! By Orry, sh'd think it'd kill you!"

"Well, 'tain't so bad as that." Pelter tossed his copy of Punch upon the table, filled his pipe, lighted it, and turned his chair to face the old man. "What's the news, Cap'? You always know."

"Clearin'," said Wye. "Knowed it was goin' to this mornin'. Strip o' stars to the nor'west. Knowed they would be. Git a breeze off the land tomorrow."

"That all?"

"Well ——" Wye passed his tremulous and mottled hand over the stubbly rime upon his chin. "King-pin o' the dogfish's b'en here today."

"Who?"

"Who?" the old man repeated, and seemed a little irritated. "What you mean astin' me, 'Who?' You got any objection t' my callin' the summer people dogfish? Do it yourself, dun't you, sometimes?"

"Guess so," Pelter said, and laughed. "I only wondered who you meant was the king-pin of 'em. Looks to me like they all thought they was king-pins."

"So they do; they think so but they ain't. Corning's the king-pin, and you know it well as I do. Corning's king-pin o' the whole dogfish tribe, ain't he?"

"Guess so," Pelter said, and frowned. "Thinks he is, anyhow."

"No. He is," Wye insisted; and he added, as if dryly amused, "Corning hain't got no special great regard fer you, Long Harry."

"No," Pelter assented. "Nor me fer him, neither, nor fer none of his family. Come here 'bout fifteen year' ago, Cornings did, and started right in 'sif they was the biggest people in the world!"

"Well, they got 'bout the biggest house," the old man said, and chuckled. "Goin' to build it bigger too; goin' to put a big 'dition to it. That's what Corning was here 'count of today. Come this mornin' and had Woodbury Fogg up there with him all day, talkin' over the contracts fer the carpent'rin'. Sent his showfer down to me to tell me to bring up new-caught fish fer his lunch. Didn't have none, 'count the way the no'theaster kicked up some sea all week; but afterwhile I thought I might as well make a dolluh, so I took him up some haddock I'd smoked and offered to cook 'em fer him myself, 'count o' my knowin' the best way to make 'em tasty. Corning ain't so stuck up as you'd think, leastways not all the time. Had Woodbury Fogg to set right down in the dinin' room and eat with him, nice and common, showfer waitin' on the both of 'em. Come out t' the kitchen after, thanked me good, give me couple dolluhs, ast me how I was and all. I went out in the yard with him and Woodbury Fogg, where the 'dition's goin' to be, atop the highest ground on the whole o' Great Point. Did you ever know they's kind of a crack in the trees back o' that lot and you can look way down on the habbuh from up there?"

"Yes, you can see that high point from down here, too, at Pelter's."

"Be funny if you couldn't," Wye said; and went on, with the unblemished tactlessness of an out-of-doors man: "Because it's Pelter's sets right the middle o' the whole habbuh view from up there and spiles it. It's a right handsome view, 'cept fer Pelter's. You can look through that crack in the trees and see the whole stretch o' habbuh and the village and the river windin' away off towards Green Hills; but Pelter's loams right in the middle of all the handsomeness so't you can't hardly help lookin' at Pelter's instead o' the handsomeness. Corning said so himself, and Woodbury Fogg 'greed with him right off."

"Did he?"

"Corning said he had that crack in the trees cut t' make a good, nice view fer the 'dition to his house when he sh'd come to build it. Now he's goin' to build, he said, he'd have to git that view fixed up right, some ways or other."

"Did he? What'd Woodbury Fogg say to that?"

"Didn't say nothin', 'count o' you and him both bein' Mirthful Haven men, I guess; but he kind o' put on a look 's though he 'greed with Corning. Corning said Pelter's wun't hardly wuth much more'n a few hunderd dolluhs and he'd b'en hopin' every year, sence he cut the crack, that either a wind'd come along and blow it away or it'd jest fall down, like it looked like it was always goin' to. Said he'd made you a big offer fer the place—twelve hunderd dolluhs, which was anyways 'bout a thousand more'n Pelter's was wuth—and then raised to fifteen hunderd; but all you did was jest put on a more cussed stubborn look. Said you thought you could hold him up and gouge him because he was a summer res'dent, but he wun't that kind of a man. He wanted to be liberal with the natives, and he was liberal with 'em, too, he said, but he wun't goin' to be gouged—'speshually not by people that wun't the right kind o' characters to belong around Mirthful Haven anyways."

"So?" replied Pelter. "That's what he said, was it?"

"Yes, 'twas," the old man answered, nodding amiably. "Said Pelter's was out o' place in a nice, good, law-abidin' commun'ty and ruined the looks o' River Road, besides. Said he wouldn't have a word to say if Pelter's was a nice, neat place and belonged to a hard-workin', respected family, like the main part o' Mirthful Haven folks; but the way 'twas, why, the s'lectmen and the village ought to find some way to git rid of it. Said if they did, the summer people 'd likely put up a nice, good, handsome yacht club where Pelter's was, somethin' that'd attract more summer visitors 'stead o' discouragin' 'em fust time they drove out from the village to Great Point and had to pass Pelter's. Said that'd mean more prosperity fer the natives and it was up to them to look out a little fer their own well-bein'."

"So? What'd Woodbury Fogg say then?"

"Nothin', but kep' puttin' on that look like he 'greed with him. Corning said River Road ought to have asphalt put on it and have a nice, good concrete sea wall and cement sidewalks, and if the town did that, the summer folks' taxes'd pay fer it and the s'lectmen could easy enough condemn Pelter's fer bein' unsafe. Corning ast Woodbury Fogg if he didn't think so, as s'lectman himself, and if the other s'lectmen couldn't be brought around to the same way o' thinkin'."

"So?" Pelter said again. "What'd Woodbury Fogg ——"

"Nothin'. Jest looked serious; so Corning laughed and said he'd heard rumors a good many folks in Mirthful Haven wouldn't think the Pelter family no great loss t' the place, if so be the s'lectmen thought they ought to move away."

"So?" Long Harry's voice was harsh, and for a moment the whites of his eyes were conspicuous in the lamplight. Then he laughed, crossed his long legs and said carelessly, "'Tain't nothin' new. Corning's blowed himself up and let out wind like that often before now; ain't hardly big enough frog to puff Pelter's away, I guess. What else'd he say?"

"Nothin'. Him and Woodbury Fogg begun layin' out where the rock'd have to be blasted fer foundations, and I come away. King-pin o' the dogfish, though, Corning is, and dun't cal'late to have his view ruined fer him much longer, if he can help it, neither, I guess."

"No, guess not," Pelter agreed placidly. The dog had come to rest a fond head upon the arm of his master's chair, and, in response to this suggestion, Long Harry gently stroked him. "Funny people, ain't they, Prince?" he said, in apparent communion with the mongrel. "Some of 'em want to 'sassinate you, some of 'em want to 'sassinate the rest o' your family, and some of 'em want to 'sassinate the very house we all live in. Funny talk, ain't it, Prince? Yes, sir, funny talk from people that got a good deal o' proputty they trust to stand around empty the most part o' the year, 'sif nothin' could happen to it. Funny talk!"

"Yes, 'tis," Wye agreed, chuckling; then his chuckle became a cackling of dry laughter and he pointed at Edna. Until a moment earlier, she had sat gazing absently at the book in her lap; but now she moved suddenly; the book fell to the floor, and her blue eyes, lustrous and startled, turned upon her father a look of poignant inquiry in which there was a hint of dismay. "Look at her!" the old man cackled. "Handsome, ain't she, when she opens her eyes like that?" He got to his feet, moaning a little in the midst of his laughter. "By Orry! Dun't seem like I want to git up no more, once I set down. Time for bed, though; must be long after eight o'clock." He moved slowly to the door, alternately moaning and chuckling, but paused with his hand upon the latch to look back at Edna and cackle again. "Handsome!" he said admiringly. "High-steppin' cutter, they say she is, but awful handsome! Handsome framed too! I ain't so old but what I've often took notice she's got as handsome a frame as I ever see. They tell me I ain't the only one!"

Cackling louder in applause of this sally, he opened the door and departed. The sound of his boots clumping over the wooden platform and away upon the board sidewalk had become inaudible before Edna's expression altered; then her wide stare at her father flickered and narrowed as her eyelids drooped. With bent head, she seemed to be looking at her hands, which were limp upon her lap, palms upward, and Long Harry, still stroking the dog, became conscious of a dreariness in her attitude that presently made him a little uncomfortable.

He gave her a quick, sidelong glance, coughed and said, as if casually, "Close-mouthed old codger, Cap' Wye; he don't never say nothin' much to nobody 'cept us. No fear he'll ever mention I said what I did 'bout summer people's proputty bein' where somethin' might happen to it if a body had a mind to do things that come into his mind sometimes. What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," Edna said meekly; but a moisture was as audible in her voice as it was visible under her eyelashes. "Nothin'; I just ——"

Long Harry stirred uneasily in his chair. "Look here!" he said. "You got no call to go hunchin' up your shoulders 'sif somebody was goin' to hit you from behind. I ain't a mind to set nobody's house afire or nothin'; I ain't a mind to do nothin' 't all—anyhow not's long's they let me alone and jest blow themselves off in big talk like that. If I was a mind to do somethin', I wouldn't 'a' spoke like I did, even before old Cap' Wye." He rose, came around the table to her and put his hand upon her shoulder. "Come a nor'west wind the sea might be down enough fer me to run outside pretty early, maybe. If you're goin' to be up in time to git my breakfast, how 'bout it bein' bedtime now?"

At this touch of his upon her shoulder, one so rare that she could remember almost all the times that she had felt it before in her whole life, the tears beneath her lashes grew larger; she trembled with sudden happiness and sat almost not breathing, feeling that the more motionless she remained the longer might be that adored touch upon her shoulder.

"Well, how 'bout it?" Long Harry said, shook her a little, went back to his chair, and began to fondle the dog affectionately. "Good old Prince! Sleepy, ain't he? Got sense enough to know when it's bedtime. Good old Prince!"

He set his cheek tenderly against the dog's head, and, as the daughter's suffused eyes wistfully followed this gesture, an earthbound spirit, haunting the cluttered room, might have had its ethereal structure vibrated by two powerful streams of feeling—that of the daughter for her father, and that of the father for his dog.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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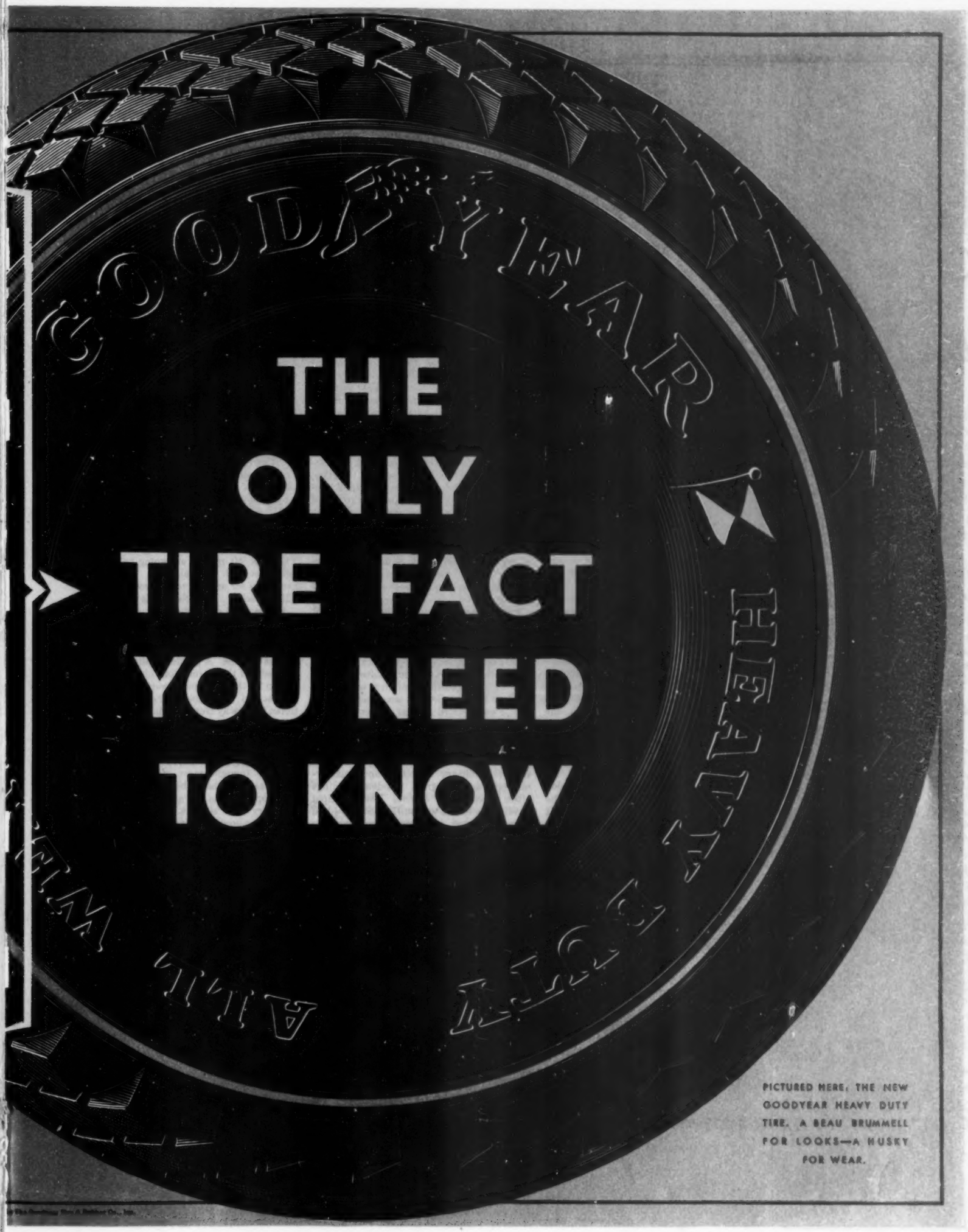
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THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 19)

save him. It was useless; the color guard killed him in a storm of lead. Elisha saw Cleburne, Hood's most distinguished general, near the earthworks. He fell, under a roar of oblique fire from the left.

Elisha Abel was again beside Rousseau. "General Cleburne was killed," he informed his superior. "I saw them lose another general inside the works."

"That was Adams," Colonel Rousseau replied. "John Adams. Young's division of Stewart's corps."

The fighting increased in severity around the gin house. There was a ceaseless drumming of bullets hitting it. The bullets that struck men made a different, a duller, sound.

General Reilly's guns were, at last, in action. The earthworks were heaped with men rigid in the agony of violent death, and their firearms. Confederate battle flags lay across the parapet. There wasn't a stir of air, and the thick smoke settled on the field of battle. It became impossible to see anyone, anything, at even a short distance. The obscurity was torn with firing and lurid with stabbing flames. Elisha could not decide what, generally, was happening. The passion, the evil of combat left him. He was cold and composed and weary. He shot the last charge in the Colt rifle into the vague body of a Confederate soldier that appeared out of the smoke and melted away. It grew darker, the short November afternoon was almost done, and, dropping the rifle, Elisha moved back in search of his orderly. Moses Gamblin, his negro servant, was with the horses. Moses clearly showed his relief. He had not been exactly apprehensible, he explained; everybody knew General Hood couldn't count on killing Major Abel, but a chance shot might take him when he, Moses, was not around. He spoke, more obscurely, of the protection afforded by a little snake dust and a buzzard's feather.

The musket and gun fire died away reluctant and sullen. The battle, Elisha realized, was over. Hood hadn't been successful. That, Polk Ewing had asserted, meant the end of the war. The pall of smoke clung to the earth. He heard the voice of John Travis, captain of B Company in the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry, calling together his men.

Travis appeared out of the gloom. "We have eight killed, fourteen wounded and five missing," he reported.

An officer of General Reilly's staff rode up. "We are to fall back on Nashville," he told Elisha Abel; "join Thomas there. It is his opinion General Hood will renew battle."

Stretchers appeared. An ambulance stopped near Elisha. It was filled immediately. Men spoke in their normal voices. Fires were lighted. The aroma of coffee was perceptible. A sharp disdain for all living, a hatred of reality, possessed Elisha Abel. He was conscious of a salt taste like blood. His eyes burned from the sulphurous fumes of burning gunpowder. A vague physical sickness swept over him.

Moses Gamblin, with a pot of black coffee, sugar and a tin cup, found him. Elisha sat on the bank of the Columbia turnpike. The free comments of men in the ranks rose about him. The Confederate troops were well spoken of. The rebels were razorback hogs for fighting. Their corps commanders won a large measure of praise. Six generals had been killed around the Franklin earthworks. Hell, it weren't nothing to slaughter a Southern general. They were thick as blackberries in Woodford County. Them officers led their men! They didn't stay on no hill across the rivers. Young too. One general, blowed clear up off his horse, scarcely had a beard to him. Jeb Stuart, it was related, had the finest beard in the rebel army. An individual who had seen General Forrest's beard contested this. It, he said, was so big and froze solid with the blood of men he had killed that it turned bullets. The voices faded from Elisha's hearing. He fell asleep and woke again almost instantly. He hoped that Polk Ewing had not been killed—he wanted to see Eva Gallatin.

General Reilly's brigades, the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry, reached Brentwood, outside Nashville, before morning. Elisha Abel had been continuously engaged for three days and nights. A temporary base was established in a house on the Franklin turnpike, and he slept there until late afternoon. When he woke, Moses Gamblin had a bath, fresh details of dress waiting for him. He had, Moses explained, rode very comfortable along with the army on a gun caisson. Elisha Abel shaved. That, and supper with the staff officers of his own regiment and of the Sixteenth Kentucky Infantry, completely restored his energy of being. There was a great deal of news and champagne. Hood was advancing toward Nashville. He would arrive not later than tomorrow. General Thomas had assembled all the troops available, and they were the reverse of impressive; a part of Sherman's army—perhaps five thousand men—had arrived from Chattanooga too late to join their proper commands. They were attached to Steedman, who was holding the extreme Union left at the Cumberland River. A. J. Smith had brought his veterans from Missouri. Cooper's brigade, hurrying to Nashville, barely escaped capture. Some colored troops had reported from a post near Johnsonville.

There was, the gathering agreed, no unity in General Thomas' army. It wasn't, actually, an army but a doubtful assembly of troops. They had no equipment—most of the cavalry was without mounts, there were no mules or pontoons. General Schofield appeared. He recognized Elisha and complimented him upon the behavior of his battalion. He had just left General Thomas. A message had arrived from Grant, at City Point, in Virginia, urging immediate action. It seemed to Schofield that yesterday was immediate enough. The Twelfth Kentucky Infantry was moved back to Fort Negley; it was made part of the Twenty-third Corps under General Couch; and, relieved of immediate duty, Elisha went into Nashville to find Polk Ewing. The city had a harassed and neglected appearance; it was filled with Federal soldiers, military hospitals and quartermasters' depots—great wooden buildings often a square in extent. The principal dwellings—Elisha was on High Street—had been converted into army headquarters; doors stood open for endless arriving and departing aides and messengers; the gardens were littered with refuse and trampled, occupied, by lounging details of soldiers. The sidewalks were broken and the avenues of trees, their bark eaten by the countless horses tied to them, were forlorn and dying.

The Capitol, an impressively situated, classical building of graystone with a portico and high columns, a central tower and cupola, was completely fortified by earthworks and ramparts of cotton bales. Polk Ewing explained that it was now called Fort Johnson. They were standing on the portico gazing out over Nashville and the course of the Cumberland River. The day was overcast and cold.

"You will, of course, stay with us," Ewing proceeded. "We are only a little way from here on Cedar Street. You can reach your men in no time. I'll see you get any orders for your corps before they reach Couch."

Elisha, returning to his command, secured official approval of Polk Ewing's invitation; then, with Moses and his scant baggage, he moved to Cedar Street.

The Ewings lived in a tall, narrow brick dwelling that had, on the left, an open gallery at each floor supported by ornate ironwork. A staircase so long that it resembled a study in perspective mounted from a dark lower hall, and Polk Ewing led Elisha up to his room. It was a big solemn bedchamber with solemn heavy furniture; a high-posted bed was hung with drapery printed with scenes from a pastoral land.

"Now," Elisha said cheerfully, "where is this Eva Gallatin?"

Ewing begged him not to be foolish. "You will see her. Linda will arrange that. But you can only look, Abel. You mustn't touch. In spite of her loveliness, Eva is made of metal. Iron and ice and fire. I give you my word she would like nothing better than to see you dead in one of the drawing-rooms you are so particular about. Nashville is dangerous. If you annoyed Eva Gallatin the Union might easily lose a promising major from Kentucky. There are twenty men here who would attend to that."

"I'll see first if I agree with you about the beauty of this excellent creature," Elisha repeated. "That will give me plenty of time to cut another button off my sleeve. You are too romantic about women. You can listen to me with profit. For example, if Eva Gallatin begins by hating me, she couldn't possibly throw herself away quicker. If she is already in love, or just indifferent, it might be awkward."

She was in love with the Confederacy, Polk Ewing insisted.

"There is nothing more to be said," Elisha assured him; "when she can't bear to think of me, or even hear my name, I'll let her know I am considering her favorably, and the South will lose its chiefest ornament."

"I have been sorry for you," Polk Ewing explained; "I had a feeling of remorse. That has left me. I am going to see that you meet with this calamity. It won't be necessary for anyone to kill you. You will kill yourself. . . . Supper is at eight."

Elisha Abel dressed slowly and thought about Eva Gallatin. Probably Polk had exaggerated her good looks. He liked difficult girls. Before the war, in Kentucky, he had liked none. A sudden realization came to Elisha of the tremendous change worked in him by the three past years. By the war. It was, on the whole, beneficial. It had taken him away from physical luxury, from the arbitrary and misleading power of money, and hardened his mind and body. He had, naturally, lost all terror of death. He thought, it was true, far less of life, but then he thought more of men. He was continually amazed by the courage and philosophy of the privates in his battalion. Ordinary foot soldiers. They were continually animated by incomprehensible and shining splendors. They charged and fought and died with an incorruptible spirit. In camp they fought among themselves, they lied and stole from one another and cheated at insignificant games, but in action they were bound inseparably together. None, at any cost, was ever deserted, left, on the field.

That, Elisha Abel still considered, was far more important, deeper, than any engagement or relationship with a woman; at the same time he had acquired a half-humorous and half-passionate interest in girls. The years of the war had brought him a new realistic experience of them; and, in consequence of that, Elisha felt that he knew women completely; he would never, he was certain, be overcome by one. His thoughts returned to Eva Gallatin; he had intended, anyhow, to get married immediately at the end of the war; the war was undoubtedly nearing its close; Polk Ewing seriously declared that Eva Gallatin was the loveliest girl alive. It sounded very promising.

Polk Ewing's father, he discovered, was absent in New Orleans, concerned about his cotton crop. Mrs. Ewing was faded in appearance, but her spirit was unimpaired. She was charmingly personal and arch with him. It was evident that she still, blind to

(Continued on Page 82)

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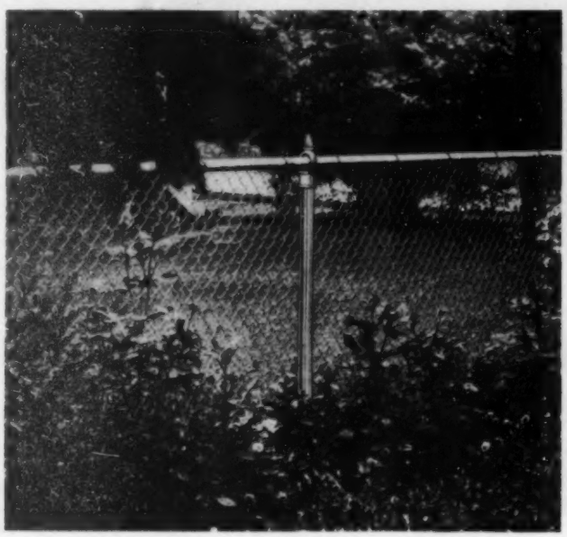

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(Continued from Page 80)

the passage of time, clung to the assurance and manner of earlier successes. Linda Ewing, Elisha told himself, was evidently a nice girl. Her skin, like her abundant hair, was brown; it was almost olive; she owned an engaging smile and her teeth were magnificent. They were standing, with Polk, in an immense drawing-room dominated by a massive glittering crystal chandelier, and, with the opening of high doors, Mrs. Ewing went out to supper formally on Elisha Abel's arm.

"Linda," Polk Ewing said almost at once, "I'd like Major Abel to meet Eva Gallatin. I know what your objection will be—Eva doesn't want to meet Federal majors. I can't help that. You must manage it."

Linda Ewing turned to Elisha. "She is very beautiful," she said. "You will be happy only looking at her."

Polk interrupted his sister. "Elisha Abel thinks he is going to marry her," he announced. "He is going to leave a brass button with her and come back after the war."

Mrs. Ewing said unexpectedly, "He will have to give Eva Gallatin more than a brass button to be successful with her."

Linda Ewing studied him. "You would find it very difficult," she said at last. "I'd tell anyone else in a blue coat it was impossible."

Polk Ewing was impatient with them all. "You are mad!" he declared. "Every one of you. I warned Elisha Abel; I explained it would end in his death, but he only laughed at me. My own family, who know Eva and ought to know better, are worse. Unless it's a plot against the Lincoln Government."

"If you don't mind," Linda Ewing told Elisha, "we will walk. The Bells are very near. On Vine Street."

They left the Ewing dwelling—Polk was detained at the Capitol—and proceeded through the early night to a party.

"Mr. Bell is in Georgia," Linda explained; "it was very prudent of him to leave Nashville. Andrew Johnson is a bitter man. He was nothing but a tailor, you see. I suppose we must make allowances for him. We heard from father. Our cotton is sold. Isn't that miraculous? The factor at New Orleans arranged it. Cotton, you know, was confiscated."

Soon he was seated quietly in the corner of a drawing-room that perfectly met his difficult requirements. There were fiddles, dancing; and, privately, rather breathless, he was watching Eva Gallatin. She had on a very wide white skirt, yards and yards of a material so diaphanous that it seemed to float about her as she floated over the polished floor to music. Her little tight white-satin bodice was less fair than her shoulders and arms. She was absolutely and unutterably beautiful. He had been totally unprepared for her appearance—she would be, he had thought, tall, a Minerva. Eva Gallatin, on the contrary, was smaller than any other woman in the drawing-room. Her hair was the palest possible gold; her face owned the colors and contours of camellia petals faintly touched with rose. She seemed to Elisha Abel to be immaterial; she had, he thought, a rare unearthly expression. Eva Gallatin was, more than like an actual woman, like a vision. She resembled a woman he might have seen, and desired all his life, in a dream. Her mouth was a pale and strange perfection. Her feet, momentarily visible in white satin, were incredibly exquisite.

She stopped dancing close beside him; the man with her went out to the hall for a glass of punch; the music continued. Elisha Abel, impelled by the necessity to overcome his ridiculous disturbed state, rose.

"I'd like you to dance with me," he said to her. Eva Gallatin stared at him; she deliberately surveyed his uniform. "I don't know you," she said finally.

"I am Elisha Abel," he told her; "from Kentucky. The blue grass. I came with Polk Ewing's sister. I am staying with them."

She was icily polite. "Everyone from Kentucky," she said, "thinks all the blue grass is there. We have blue grass in Tennessee. If you are a friend of Linda Ewing's I will dance with you. The second from this."

The man who had been with her returned with a cup of punch and she turned away. Elisha sat down again. His heart was pounding; his face was hot; he was certain it was red. He was furious at himself. "If she finds out how I feel about her, what she does to me, it's all over," he thought. "I'll never get her." He was entirely definite about the necessity of getting her.

He danced with Linda Ewing; she danced, he discovered, quite well; and they went out together to the punch bowl. Elisha scarcely heard what she was saying. It was something about Eva Gallatin.

"I spoke to her," he told Linda; "I asked her to dance. She said she would. The second from that one. Polk was right about her—I mean, about her beauty. I never saw a girl who looked like her. Something in a dream."

Linda Ewing smiled at him. "She always does that to men," she said. "Tell me, when you saw her did you think of a camellia? Did you think she was like one?"

He was unreasonably annoyed. "Yes," he replied shortly, "I thought of that. It is very natural."

"It must be," she asserted. "Every man who has ever seen a camellia does. I have heard a hundred of them say it. Do you know, I wonder if that is a compliment. I really do. A flower, after all, is cold. It is only lovely to look at. What do you think?"

"I am certain of it," he told Linda Ewing severely. She was, after all, rather dull. "A camellia is the most beautiful flower in existence. A gardenia is nothing compared to it."

She knew exactly what was in his mind, she declared. "You are thinking no one ever said I was like one. Well, you are right," Linda added cheerfully; "no one ever has."

His face was hot a second time. What an uncomfortable female Linda Ewing was.

"Come," she said, taking his arm; "you will want to go back and watch her."

That was so utterly true he made no effort to deny it. Eva Gallatin was seated on a couch of pale yellow brocade. There were seven men standing in a group before her. Seven, he had no doubt, of the twenty that Polk Ewing had said would be glad to kill him. It was possible they'd have a chance to try.

The dance she had promised to him began, and he went up to her. She rose with a still face. Eva Gallatin was absolutely cold, distant, in his arms. Her face was turned away from him. He wanted to pick her up and crush her against his body. Bend her head back and kiss her. "I will," he said to himself; "before God, I will."

Instead, he told her a wholly unpremeditated, an apparently inexcusable, thing. "It is very pleasant," he said, "to have a great deal of money. Money with almost no end to it. I have and I'm glad of it."

She gazed at him, clearly surprised. "I know so little about that," she replied. "We have almost none, of course. Soon we will lose that. Everyone, I think, who has been faithful to the South is poor now. I suppose it is natural for you to be rich. The Ewings are. Very. They are for Lincoln, too, you see; paid with a great many pieces of silver."

The dance ended; she made a movement to leave him, but, very firmly, he took her out into the hall.

"Thank you," she said; "I don't want punch."

He did, Elisha Abel told her. "You seem to think it is a disgrace to have money," he proceeded.

"No," she answered him in a loud crystal-like voice; "I think it is a disgrace for a Kentuckian to fight against the South."

He argued with her earnestly: "Kentucky belongs to both the North and South, but more to the North than to the Confederacy. The elections must have shown you

(Continued on Page 85)

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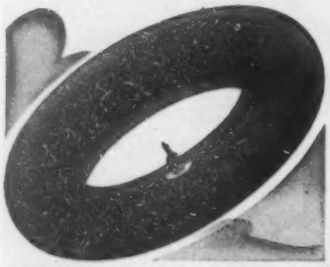

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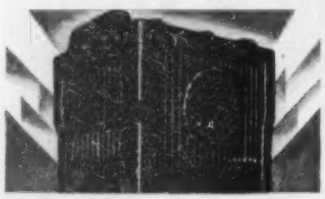

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that. In Kentucky there is a sort of passion for the Constitution. I can't tell you why, but it's true. My family, in reality, is divided—it fought in the Union Army and equally with the South. I am almost the only one left alive. We have been killing one another for three years."

"I don't know anything about politics," Eva Gallatin told him; "the time for that has been over for a long while. We gave politics up for patriotism. We let money go, in Tennessee, to keep our honor."

Tennessee, he agreed, was very honorable. "I suppose we are more practical," Elisha commented. "We are farther north. We're west of south. That explains Kentucky."

She knew nothing about the West, Eva Gallatin added.

What, Elisha wondered, would he have done, which cause would he have supported, if he had met her before the war. He said something about that. "Polk Ewing told me Nashville was dangerous. You are dangerous, and not Nashville. You are so beautiful it's hard for me to think when I'm near you. I do manage to, but that is because my character is so splendid."

Eva Gallatin stared at him again. "There is something I must explain," she said; "you are so charmed with yourself, it may not be clear. I danced with you because you came to Mr. Bell's with Linda Ewing. Nothing but that could have made me even speak to you. I hate the North and everyone in it. Specially I hate the soldiers who are killing the men I adore and destroying my land. If you came from New York, I might, for a dance, be polite. Not from Kentucky. You represent everything that is hateful to me. You are hateful. I don't want you to go back to the drawing-room with me. Not even that little distance."

Eva Gallatin left him abruptly, the perfume of her presence died away. He drank five cups of punch in rapid succession. Polk Ewing arrived and Elisha drank more punch with him.

"Polk," he said solemnly, "I have danced with her. You are right, Polk. I was right too. She is going to marry me."

Polk Ewing showed that he was amazed. "Did Eva Gallatin say she would marry you?" he demanded.

"Oh, no," Elisha replied. "No! It amounts to the same thing. She admitted I was hateful to her. She told me I was." He filled his cup, he filled Polk's cup, with punch. "If I came from New York I wouldn't have a chance with her. But I don't; I'm a Kentuckian and it's all right."

Elisha, Polk Ewing said, was drunk. "You are drunk and, in spite of what I said, I am going to save your life. I'm fond of you. We are going to the City Hotel and get drunker. Where it is safe. One of Linda's beaus can take her home."

"General Hood will attack on Sunday," Elisha Abel told himself; a great number of battles lately had occurred on Sunday; and, consequently, he went to Fort Negley early in the morning. It was the fourth of December. Nothing happened. On Monday the guns opened fire; some troops on a recognizance all but captured two Confederate generals. There was a recognizance in force Wednesday; at the beginning of evening, the weather—it had been threatening—grew worse. A cold rain fell.

"Another dispatch arrived from Grant today," Polk Ewing told Elisha. They were in the drawing-room at the Ewings', waiting for Mrs. Ewing and Linda and supper. "The sharpest yet. Grant doesn't understand why we haven't beaten Hood. What we're waiting for. The next thing we will get is another general. It's a damned outrage. Thomas has the confidence and support of everyone here. We aren't ready to fight."

The Southern troops made sallies upon the Union position; they set houses on fire; the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry had a sharp skirmish. Then—it was Friday—a heavy snowstorm occurred. When it stopped, ice covered the ground, the trees, everything. No army could move.

A feeling of apprehension took possession of Elisha Abel; it was shared, he discovered, by all the officers in General Thomas' command. The rumor spread that Thomas, because of his inaction, was to be removed. The weather became the only topic of wide interest in Nashville. The sun appeared and a warm wind came from the south. It was the twelfth, Monday again; the next evening General Couch summoned the officers of his division.

"I have General Thomas' order of battle," he informed them. "Hood's line is established between the Nolensville and Hardin pikes. Steedman will advance toward the Confederate right. Smith's corps will make a left wheel with our entire right wing and envelop Hood's left. He is posting the Twenty-third Corps at Lawrens Hill. General Thomas telegraphed City Point that he will attack tomorrow."

The morning following, at the head of his battalion in the Union line, Elisha wondered when he would see Eva Gallatin again. He was, he realized, faced with a great battle. The possibility of death, however, gave him little concern. Elisha was convinced that the war would not kill him. His situation with Eva Gallatin was more precarious than his position before Hood's determined army. The weather was perverse still—a dense fog hid everything. It was, he found, past seven o'clock. Soon faint rays of the sun were visible. At nine the fog had gone; the armies stood revealed to each other. On the far right Elisha could see the Federal cavalry advancing through the marshes of a creek. The Confederate works were not more than six hundred yards distant.

At noon a brigade of Wood's veteran division, just beyond Elisha, charged the enemy's salient on Montgomery Hill. It moved steadily up a steep slope against heavy musket and artillery fire; it reached the parapet broken and irregular; the Union colors were waved triumphantly. The Federal troops swept forward. Two divisions of the Twenty-third Corps were ordered to support A. J. Smith, but Elisha Abel's regiment was held inactive. At dusk the armies rested on the field. Elisha rode into Nashville with Colonel Rousseau and Thomas Speed. He left them at the Cunningham house, on High Street—General Thomas' headquarters—and proceeded to the Ewings'. Only Linda was home.

Elisha, one booted leg hung over the other, sat with her, wondering how he could best explain that he must see Eva Gallatin. In the meanwhile he told her about the battle.

"Hood is beaten," he asserted, "but he'll continue to fight tomorrow. Perhaps, then, I'll go into action. There won't be many more chances."

She studied him. "You like it, don't you?" she said. "That is different from bravery. I know very brave men who hate to fight."

How, Elisha desperately thought, could he see Eva.

"It's wrong of me, of course," Linda admitted, "but I like the way you are better."

Elisha answered abruptly, "I suppose it is in my blood. The Sashes and Abels are always fighting. They fought the Indians and the French and the British, and now they are at one another. . . . Look here, Linda," he said suddenly; "I want to see Eva Gallatin, and if you can't arrange it, no one can. I must see her at once." He stopped and gazed at her anxiously. It had been entirely natural to call her Linda. "I am not afraid of being killed," he explained; "it isn't that. I have to tell her something."

He was, she complained, always in a hurry. "I can't do it, though." She hesitated and disappointment cut at him. "You can," she added unexpectedly. "If she is home. Eva lives in a little house with a white fence beyond Mr. Bell's, toward the Capitol, on Cedar Street."

"What am I expected to do," he demanded—"call on her? She wouldn't let me in the house without you."

Linda Ewing pointed out that she didn't really expect anything. "I might hope you would stay here, but I don't expect it."

He rose. "Then you won't go with me?"

She replied decidedly, "Certainly not. After we got there, you would both hate me. After all, I couldn't wait outside for you, could I? No, you must go alone. But I'll tell you this much—Eva will let you in the house. Elisha, you must forget I said that. It wasn't very nice of me. It's only true." She stood up and gently pushed him away from her.

That, obscurely, annoyed Elisha Abel. He put an arm around Linda and kissed her. "I didn't mean to do that," he cried.

"I know," she said unevenly; "it was an accident. I'll forgive you. Don't be sorry, Elisha."

He left the Ewings' with the feeling of Linda's soft lips against his mouth. She was the nicest girl he had ever known. Linda made him, she made everyone, absolutely comfortable. Mrs. Ewing was a fool.

The pleasant air, the downright charm, the delightful food at the Ewings' were all the result of Linda's tact and good sense. He had, he saw, reached a small house with a white fence beyond the Bells'. Elisha stopped at the gate to overcome a sudden panic of emotion. It would be necessary, he knew, to be entirely calm before Eva Gallatin. Elisha went forward; he firmly raised an iron knocker; Eva Gallatin herself opened the door.

"I came in from the field to see you," he said clearly. "I wanted to do it before the battle went on tomorrow. There is something I must explain."

There was a dark shawl wrapped about her shoulders; her face, if possible, was lovelier than before. "I can't imagine what it is," she replied. "I thought I ended this. I tried to."

He repeated stubbornly that there was something he must explain. Elisha Abel walked past her, into the hall. She closed the door.

"It's too cold to keep it open," she told him.

He followed Eva Gallatin into a small sitting room. There was a fire of coals on a hearth; the room, lighted by a single glass lamp, was dim; a chair bore a heap of amber-colored muslin.

"I am doing over a dress," Eva told him. "Don't think that is an apology. I am proud of it." He didn't answer. Elisha stood regarding her with his hands caught in his broad military belt. Eva Gallatin sat down. "Well?" she inquired.

"When Polk Ewing first told me about you," he proceeded, "I didn't believe him. I said then, only to be funny, that I intended to marry you. After that I saw you, and it stopped being funny. It got to be serious. I wanted to marry you. In war, I reckon, things are different. I'm different from what I was. There isn't much time between battles. Men fall in love and are killed in one day. It won't be like that with me, though—I'm not going to be killed. We'll beat Hood—he's beaten now—and I'll come back. Remember, the Confederacy will be over then. You did everything possible, but it was no good. I admit you had to do it. I know what that means. I have to love you. That isn't romantic—I am not romantic—it is sensible. A fact. I have the things you like, the things you ought to have, the things, in the end, that will make you happy." She started to speak; Elisha Abel stopped her. He twisted a button from his sleeve. "Keep this," he said; "I want you to have it. Don't answer me now. Think about what I've said. I'll be back, perhaps tomorrow, for you."

Eva Gallatin mechanically took the brass button he gave her, she looked at it curiously and then, opening her fingers, she let it fall. Elisha picked the button up and laid it on a table beside her. He gazed thoughtfully at the evidences of poverty, an air of indefinable disorder, in the room.

(Continued on Page 87)

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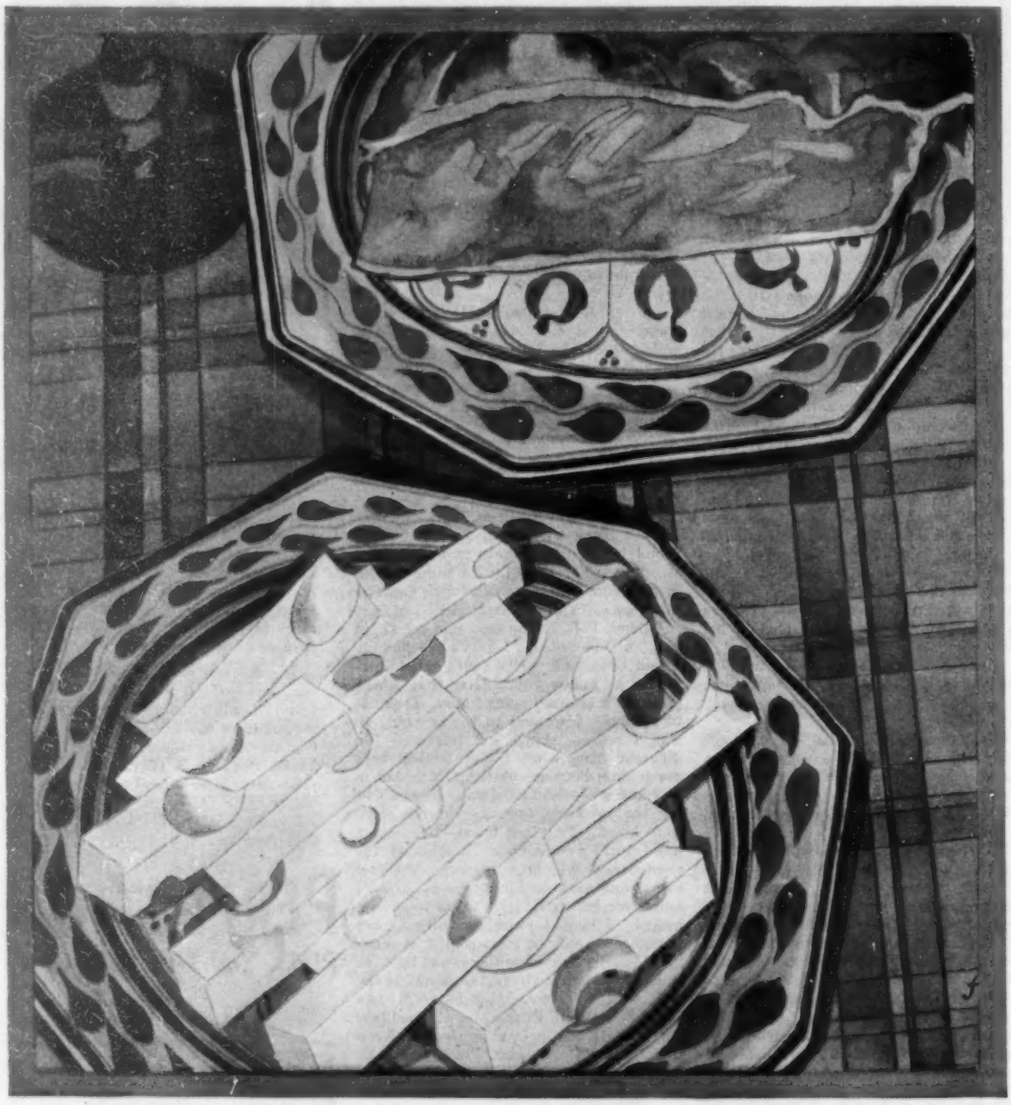

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(Continued from Page 85)

A pair of high black shoes had been hurriedly thrust under a sofa. Suddenly he felt overwhelmingly sorry for Eva; her radiance had fallen within the shadow of tragic events. She sat with her head bent, gazing fixedly at the floor. The dark shawl had slipped from her matchless shoulders.

"There is nothing left for me to say," he told her. "I must go back to my men."

She was, Elisha saw, very nervous. Eva Gallatin, he thought, started to speak, but she didn't make a sound. Her face had lost its beautifully faint stain of color. It was now, he thought, more like a mask of pallid marble than a flower. He went noiselessly out of the house. "She will marry me," Elisha told himself, riding at a hard gallop through the unfamiliar dark. "Eva will marry me." His mind was filled by tableaux of that supreme event. "We will go to Europe," he decided, "to Rome and Paris and Russia and Athens, and all the kings and emperors of the world will beg her for a dance." He saw Eva at courts and assemblies, gatherings of the most brilliant people alive, and she was always more brilliant than any other woman present. Elisha Abel told himself he would shoot anyone who batted an eye at her. His mother would be very happy about his wedding; she was a Cutts, and that was a stiff family; more formal and critical than the Abels, his father's people. Not better, however. The Abels, the Sashes, were the best families in Kentucky, and Kentucky was the best state in the Union. The Kentucky troops fought harder than any other body of men in the history of war.

The drums, the bugles, sounded before dawn. A division of the Fourth Corps advanced and drove in the rebel skirmish line. General Hood had fallen back and occupied a strong position on the Brentwood hills. His entire front was protected by redoubts. The new Confederate salient crowned a long steep ascent without protection; its flanks were guarded by masses of felled trees. Nothing was accomplished through the morning beyond the redisposition of the Union forces. Elisha's regiment was moved forward. Then Colonel Post, with a brigade, assaulted Hood's right. The charge was sounded and his men moved forward in a preliminary dead silence. Post was shot down. The assault was a failure. The brigade—it lost three hundred men in a few minutes—returned broken to the Federal line. Colored troops, making a demonstration east of the Franklin turnpike, disregarded all commands and excitedly rushed at the Confederate earthworks. They were raked by a tremendous flanking fire, and Thompson, the colonel, barely rescued them. In the midst of so much, Elisha Abel was inactive. He waited impatiently with Colonel Rousseau for the order to advance. It failed to arrive.

Instead, General McArthur, who commanded a division on Elisha's right, marched a brigade by the flank directly in front of General Couch's line—the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry—and commanded his troops to fix bayonets. A bitter complaint rose from Elisha Abel's battalion. McArthur was going to carry the Confederate works above them. Couch had offered to do that a long way back. McArthur's men would all be made generals and Colonel Rousseau attached to the quartermaster's department. They watched their advancing companions, however, with an intense community of spirit. McArthur's brigade moved down the slope to a narrow valley and resolutely made their way up the abrupt face of the farther rise toward the rebel defenses. They were held, Elisha had been informed, by General Bate, defended by a battery of Whitworth guns. The musket fire, the cannon, opened with a roar; the top of the hill was enveloped in smoke. When it drifted away a great shout rose from the Union Army; the national flag was again securely planted against the sky.

That spectacle, Elisha Abel had a strong premonition, would end his active service. General Hood was in full retreat; the Twenty-third Corps was ordered to pursue him; and, with almost no time at all, Elisha returned to the Ewings'. Polk was at the Capitol; Mrs. Ewing and Linda had gone to Edgewood to escape the cannonading. Moses Gamblin once more packed his belongings and, directing his servant to follow on the regimental wagon train, Elisha Abel left Nashville. He was in camp at Columbia on Christmas Day; the Twenty-third Corps marched to Clifton on the Tennessee River; there he learned it was to be taken by transports up the Ohio River to Cincinnati and sent east to Washington. He immediately obtained leave to proceed north by the Louisville and Nashville Railway and rejoin his command at Cincinnati.

He must, Elisha told himself, see Eva and insist upon the arrangement of their marriage before he left Tennessee. He rode into Nashville at dusk and found the Ewings at home. Mr. Ewing, returned from New Orleans, was a gaunt man with a saffron-colored face, small black eyes, steady and shining, and a mustache drooping like a black cord. His politeness was the perfection of that reassuring quality, but Mrs. Ewing's cordiality was oppressive; her attitude encouraged the belief that Elisha had returned to Nashville solely on her account. He was, he discovered, extraordinarily glad to see Linda again. Linda was the nicest girl it was possible to conceive of. It appeared to Elisha Abel, however, that she had changed. She was calmer, more indifferent, than he thought she would be. A faint disappointment pervaded him. But Polk Ewing, it was clear, was pleased and excited to have him back. He again accompanied Elisha up to the room he had occupied before.

"Does Eva know you are in Nashville?" Polk demanded at once. "Does she expect you? I saw her yesterday and she said nothing about it. I spoke of you, purposely, and if she didn't swoon with joy, she didn't, apparently, swim with hate."

Elisha asked gravely, "How is she?"

Polk Ewing studied him with care. He replied in a changed, a serious, manner. "I haven't seen much of her. No one has. Linda says she hasn't been well. Elisha, now I think of it, Eva doesn't look like herself. It's plain that her spirits are low. She is broken-hearted, of course, about the Confederacy; they all realize hope is useless now. Eva Gallatin will go into mourning."

"What is the matter with Linda?" Elisha asked.

"Nothing," Polk Ewing replied, in a surprised voice. "There never is. I thought you realized that. Why?" Elisha didn't answer him. "I wouldn't be surprised if Linda married William Catron. He is always with her," Polk added.

Who, Elisha inquired, was William Catron.

Pretty near everything, Polk replied. His grandfather was Chief Justice of the Tennessee Supreme Court. When Tennessee had a Chief Justice.

He hadn't, Elisha Abel pointed out, asked about William Catron's grandfather.

"He is the best lawyer in Nashville," Polk further explained, "and organized the Beauregard Dragoons at the beginning of the war. He was hurt—thrown from a horse—before they left the city, and had to stay behind. Even Andy Johnson thinks he is so useful he lets him stay in Nashville without taking the test oath. Someone is always trying to marry Linda," he complained. "If that happens, I won't live in Nashville; I'll move to our plantation in Mississippi, above Baton Rouge, on the coast."

Polk left and a vague ill temper settled upon Elisha. He had been a fool to send Moses Gamblin north by river steamer. He needed him. He was, Elisha realized, tired of uniforms, of brass buttons. He was sick of the discomfort of campaigns and the loud confusion of battle. He wished to return to the order, the beauty, of the Kentucky bluegrass. Elisha Abel decided that, with the agreement of his mother, he would sell their house in Frankfort and move to the country. He thought about Calydon on the Paris turnpike. It belonged partly to the Hazels and part to Gabriel Sash, who had married Liddy Hazel and was his cousin. All three of Gabriel's sons, and most of the Hazels, had been killed in the war. Yes, it was more than probable he could buy Calydon from Thomas Hazel's heirs. Eva would be lovelier than ever on the wide Calydon lawn, under the immense trees there. Together they would give his family a greater security and importance in the vastly wider national affairs that must follow upon the ending of the war.

He was, Elisha Abel once more discovered, extraordinarily comfortable at the Ewings'; supper was served by two adroit and personable negro maids; the Madeira wine and later brandy were disarming in their fragrant delicacy. When Mrs. Ewing and Linda rose, he continued to sit a long time at the table with Polk and his father. He must, Elisha reminded himself, make his excuses and find Eva Gallatin. However, he failed to stir.

The operation of his cotton plantation, Mr. Ewing asserted, had proceeded without interruption by the emancipation of his slaves.

"There are no signs of change," he continued; "the first horn blows an hour before daybreak and the overseer unlocks the stables for the hands; the second horn sounds and the hoe gang leaves for the fields. They lay off at noon, perhaps, when it is hot, for two or three hours. There is no labor after dark. The negroes are paid on Saturday. They are free and we are not. The old responsibilities keep up—a midwife for the lying-in women, the children's nursery, land for the men to cultivate, allowances of tobacco and part of the peanut crop. When the cotton is picked every field hand expects his dram in the morning. If a negro needs whipping, I am still capable of that. . . . Take some brandy."

It was late; he must go immediately, Elisha realized; he drank more brandy.

"I fought for the Union," Elisha Abel declared; "and not for the niggers. We don't know anything about niggers in Kentucky. We don't make cotton. But we are hell when it comes to the Constitution. We have a hundred men in Kentucky right now who know more about the Constitution of the United States than Thomas Jefferson ever did. My father, Manoah Abel, was a Whig, and Bruton Abel, my grandfather, was a Whig. All the Sashes were Whigs. It's a tradition in our family. Thomas Jefferson never was a damn thing to us. We belong, gun and document, to Henry Clay. Henry Clay was the greatest American who ever lived. Anybody who thinks to the contrary doesn't know the history of this country." He reached for the brandy decanter. "I don't want to hear Polk say he wasn't," Elisha added. "There is another thing, now I am mentioning things, I want to mention. It's this—the bluegrass in Kentucky is not only the finest and bluest bluegrass in the world but the only bluegrass there is. Polk, did you say there was bluegrass in Tennessee?"

Polk Ewing rose. He was sorry, he explained, he must go; it was his understanding that Elisha had an engagement in Nashville.

"You are wrong," Elisha replied. "What do you think of that? You haven't answered my question."

If it was about Kentucky, Polk asserted, Elisha had exhausted that subject. The three men moved into the drawing-room; Polk and Mr. Ewing disappeared; Mrs. Ewing was not present. Elisha sat on a small sofa beside Linda. He was sweet to stay with her, she said; to keep her from being entirely alone.

Elisha replied, "I hear you are never alone. I don't like what I heard. It sounds frivolous. That doesn't become you. You are a domestic sort of woman."

"You mean I am not like Eva Gallatin," Linda told him.

"No one is like Eva Gallatin," he declared. "She is a camellia. A marble camellia. The most beautiful woman in the courts and assemblies of Europe."

Linda contradicted that. "Eva Gallatin has never been abroad."

He said, very severely, "Don't interrupt me. It isn't becoming. You must always be polite. All the kings and emperors in the world wanted to dance with her. They will never recover from her beauty."

Linda Ewing spoke coldly, "Why don't you tell Eva that? It's wasted on me. You will have a chance tomorrow night. At Mrs. Acklin's."

Elisha grew dignified. "I will be judge of that," he observed; "make my own addresses to Miss Gallatin. You might need to advise the men of Tennessee, but not a Kentuckian." Elisha remembered, suddenly, that he had kissed Linda; it was very pleasant; he concluded to do it again. He had made, he saw, a mistake. However, she wasn't annoyed. Linda Ewing was a very nice girl. "You are a very nice girl," he told her. "Never let men kiss you. Especially William Catron." That, Elisha Abel reflected, will surprise her.

It did. She left the drawing-room.

Elisha returned to the dining room and the decanters; there was bourbon whisky on a sideboard. "Linda Ewing is mad at me," he thought. "I made her mad and she is the nicest girl in the world. Eva Gallatin is the most beautiful creature alive, I am going to marry her, and Linda is in love with William Catron." She would, he told himself, marry him. That was clearly absurd. Linda was too nice for William Catron. A splendid arrangement occurred to him—William ought to marry Eva Gallatin and he, Elisha Cutts Abel, would wed Linda. He would wed Linda because she was so nice and because he had made her mad. He could never, then, marry Eva and kill anyone who batted an eye at her. That realization made him so sad that tears rolled over his cheeks. A sob shook him, and he searched for his handkerchief. There was a stir in the drawing-room; it was, Elisha immediately concluded, Linda; she had come back because she was sorry for him. He saw, instead of Linda, Mrs. Ewing.

Elisha went quickly and silently through the doorway into the hall. He continued to his room. When, at last, he was undressed, in bed, it seemed to him that he was on a transport with his corps, going up the river to Cincinnati. The Ohio was surprisingly rough. Polk Ewing woke him. The room was bright with sunlight.

"I am not well," Elisha said. "I must stop drinking Madeira. Have you seen Linda this morning?"

Polk replied, "Naturally. She told you we were going to Mrs. Acklin's and that Eva would be there. You ought to remember her house—you fought a battle all around it."

Elisha rose. The room rocked. Something unfortunate, connected with Linda Ewing, had happened last evening. It came back to him slowly. He found her in the lower hall.

"I am sorry," Elisha said at once. "It was the Madeira." She laughed at him. "I have a plan," he continued; "part of it concerns you. Us. I want to marry you. I wanted to the first time I saw you, but I only found it out last night. When my mind was quite clear. Will you marry me?"

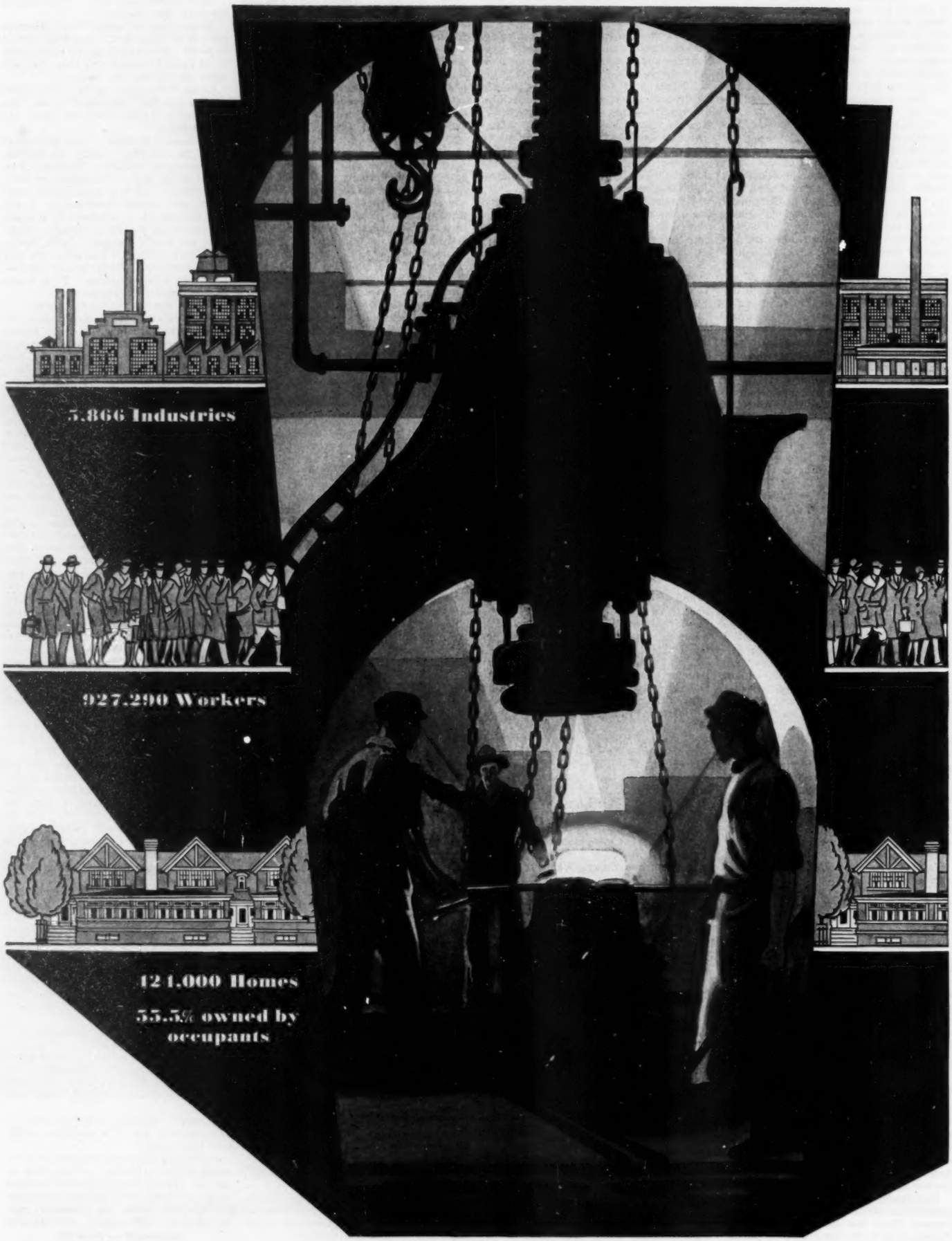
"Of course not," Linda Ewing said firmly. "I wouldn't think of it. Anyhow, you must see Eva first. That is what you came back to Nashville for."

He repeated his simple declaration, "I love you and want to marry you." A panic seized Elisha. Perhaps Linda would not marry him. It might well be too late. He had been inconceivably stupid. She held him, physically and spiritually, away from her.

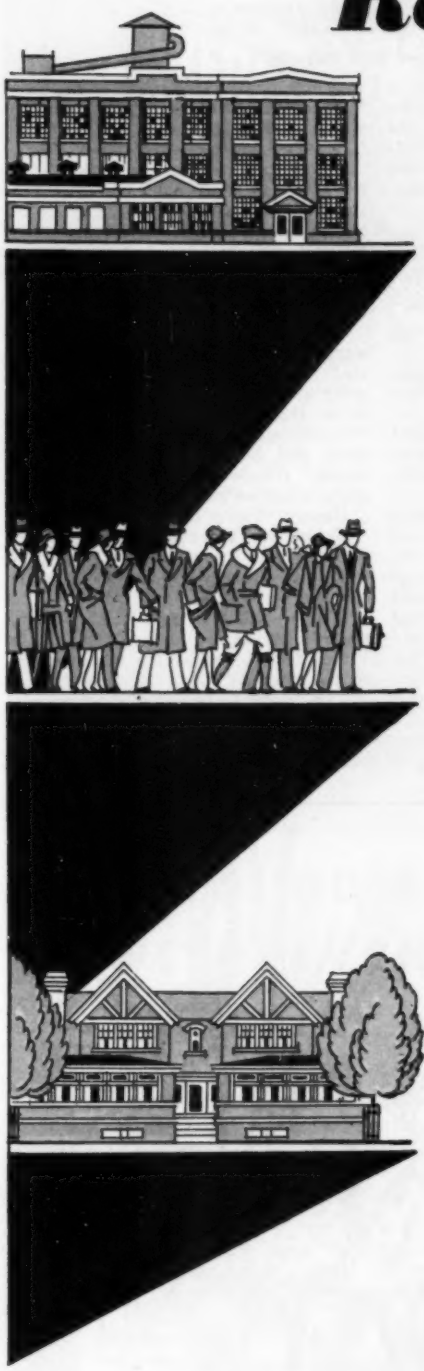
"Tonight," she said, "when you are with Eva Gallatin, you will probably change your mind again."

She turned away and vanished in a domestic region unfamiliar to him back of the hall. Elisha Abel stood with his head sunk. At lunch, he considered, everyone, and especially Linda, was offensively gay. He declined, with dignity, the Madeira

(Continued on Page 90)


5,866 Industries
927,290 Workers
124,000 Homes
55.5% owned by occupants

PHILADELPHIA WORKERS . . . . *Take Real Pride in Their Work*



INDUSTRIAL LEADERS wishing to put production into high gear *and keep it there* should come to Philadelphia where they can do so economically . . . Generation after generation of Philadelphia workmen have been noted for the intelligent skill and craftsmanship which they have brought to their work.

EDWARD G. BUDD
A Great National Manufacturer

Says: **"The Philadelphia worker gives more service per dollar and better work than those of other cities with which I am familiar and I am more sold on the value of labor in this city than ever before."**

Send for booklet on Philadelphia Labor, using your own business letterhead. Address Dept. P.

PHILADELPHIA
BUSINESS PROGRESS ASSOCIATION
1442 WIDENER BUILDING · · · PHILADELPHIA

NEW... FINER PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$590

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

The most automobile you can possibly buy in the lowest-price range. Better-looking, bigger, more thrilling to drive, more economical to own, internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes, Chrysler Motors quality and prestige. See it.

PRICES

Now one of the lowest-priced cars in the world. 4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD BY CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

FULL SIZE

(Continued from Page 87)

wine. Afterward Elisha wanted to be alone. He walked through the city to the steep brick levee. It was lined with shallow river steamboats. The levee was heaped with supplies for the Federal Army. Fodder for horses. Linda, he was certain, wouldn't marry him.

Eva Gallatin, in the amber-colored dress, once more danced with Elisha. She was, he realized, the most beautiful woman he would ever know. Her eyes were closed. A small hard object, round like a brass button, was concealed in the palm of her hand by a glove. It pressed into his back and made him horribly uncomfortable. He watched, over Eva Gallatin's incomparable shoulder, Linda dancing with a man who was noticeably lame. Probably it was William Catron. She seemed to be very happy. The dancing stopped; he walked with Eva to the punch bowl. The color in her cheeks was like the faint stain of rose on the petals of a camellia. She smiled uncertainly at him. Elisha went hastily, when the music took Eva away, in search of Linda Ewing. She, too, was dancing. He stood by the door, waiting for her. She saw Elisha and, ever so slightly, Linda waved her hand. An instant deep security, a total joy, took possession of him.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

"And now, gentlemen, as the time is growing short, I must get on and read the messages I have just received. The first one is from one of our speakers—General Bellows Boyd, president and manager of the Niagara Falls Hook and Eye Company, who sends this message:

"Owing to sudden reorganization of our company and establishment of three branch offices in Patagonia, am unfortunately unable to be with you. Heartiest congratulations.

"Signed, BELLOWS BOYD.

"And from our governor comes this message:

"Up to last minute I hoped to be with you, but my wife didn't get the executive car back in time."

At this point you pause with a bright smile and gaze discreetly and swiftly over at your chief business rival and best friend, who is sitting near, and say:

"Gentlemen: We have with us today a man whom we all love and respect, a man who has done more to promote the real interests of our trade than any other single personality in its entire history who could be named." Then suddenly fixing your friend with both eyes, exclaim: "I take great pleasure in calling upon our fellow member and friend, Mr. Frank Bullseye. Frank, get up and tell the boys what you know."

Frank, thus attacked without warning, clutches a knife and starts to snarl at you with rage, but the applause is too much and he is compelled to rise, overlaying his fury with a grim smile.

"I—I—haven't ——"

By this time every man in the immediate neighborhood of the chair realizes that if Frank sits down on him, he may be the next victim called on in this slaughter of the lambs.

Cries of "Go on! Frank, old boy, you're the cat's whiskers! Go to it!" ring through the room.

"Well, boys," begins Frank all over, "I want to say that things never looked better." (Great applause. Frank must be kept going at all costs.) "Things are certainly better than they ever were." (Cries of "Wonderful! Keep it up!") "They are a great deal better than they were last spring." (Deafening applause.) "They are going to keep on getting better and better." ("Hooray! You're the boy!")

Not knowing that every member has converted himself into a human oxygen tank to keep the speaker inspired, Frank makes the speech of his life.

After the affair is over and while you are all filing out to mingle with the traffic, Frank, taking you by the arm, complacently says:

"This seems to be one of the most successful meetings we have ever had."

"All due to you, old boy," you exclaim heartily. —THOMAS L. MASSON.

"No, Wait! Let Me Show You—You Ain't Got the Spirit of the Thing"

ASTOUNDING! THE IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR RADIO WITH EVEREADY RAYTHEON TUBES ❮❮ RADICALLY NEW IN CONSTRUCTION AND PERFORMANCE

WITH a set of new Eveready Raytheon 4-Pillar Tubes in your radio, a full-fledged orchestra no longer filters through the loud-speaker like a tea-room trio. If there's a French horn there, you can hear it, and that "banjo" you've been listening to now sounds like the piano it really is. Eveready Raytheon reception surpasses all previous standards. To *keep* your radio at its best, put a new Eveready Raytheon Tube in each socket, *when the tone begins to sound fuzzy*.

A SOUND *improvement*

Examine the illustration. It shows the patented Eveready Raytheon *4-Pillar construction*. Follow the arrows to the solid, four-cornered glass stem — and to the four rigid pillars imbedded in it, bracing the elements hard and fast.

Look at it this way. Imagine a tall iron smoke-stack, with wires bracing it north and south — in *two* directions. It can still tip over and fall to east or west. But that same smoke-stack, braced north, south, east and west — in *four* directions — will stand through an earthquake. This is the primary difference between Eveready Raytheon *4-Pillar construction* and the construction of all other radio tubes. While the elements of other tubes can be knocked out-of-line by even ordinary bumps and jolts, Eveready Raytheon elements always stay *anchored* — at the spot where they give you rich, clear, *real* reception.

No other tubes are like Eveready Raytheons. No others can be — the *4-Pillar construction* (a SOUND improvement) is patented!

Eveready Raytheon Tubes come in all types. They fit the sockets in every standard A. C. and battery-operated receiver now in use. To make your radio a better set, ask your dealer to renew all your tubes with Eveready Raytheons.

★ ★ ★

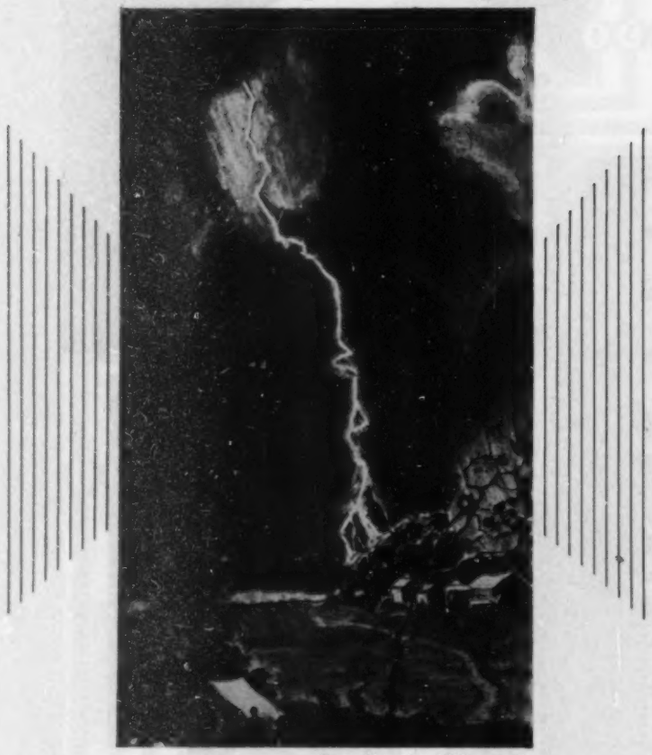
The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (New York time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 30 stations.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC. *General Offices:* New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

YOU CAN HEAR THE DIFFERENCE AND SEE THE REASON

Why Risk Typhoid?

20 times more dangerous than lightning!



© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

WHEN lightning flashes and thunder roars, timid folk are often frankly scared and even the most stout-hearted are awed. They can see the threatening danger against which they are helpless. Yet most of these very people ignore an unseen danger against which they can protect themselves. It is typhoid fever, and it costs twenty times more lives than lightning.

Typhoid kills one out of every ten attacked. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for two or three years following an attack, the deathrate among them is twice the normal rate. Sometimes typhoid leaves after-effects from which the patient never recovers.

Most cases of typhoid are contracted by people away from home—touring, hiking, camping, traveling. The disease is caused by eating or drinking something contaminated by typhoid germs. Water that tastes delicious and looks crystal clear, or raw milk and uncooked foods may carry the disease. If you swallow enough typhoid germs and are not immunized, typhoid fever is almost certain to develop.

But you need never have typhoid fever. It is one of the few preventable diseases.

By means of three simple, painless inoculations—entirely safe and leaving no scar—your doctor can make you immune from typhoid fever for two or more years. The United States Government tests and approves all typhoid vaccine before it reaches physicians.

Before you start on your summer outings in the country, consult your physician as to the advisability of being inoculated. Make sure that typhoid will not claim any member of your family. Metropolitan will mail free its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever." Ask for Booklet 630-E.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

ULTRA-VIOLENT

(Continued from Page 15)

course, there are above infra-red and from ultra-violet below, like the X waves and the waves discovered by Hertz which today we call the radio waves. Still it is plain?"

Mr. Brodie nodded again.

Mr. Bullfinch, however, coughed. "You mean we should be putting radio into our candy?" he demanded.

"The radio in the candy?" With his shoulders raised in helpless fashion, the doctor turned to Mr. Brodie. "I do not understand. The radio, he ——"

"What he means," interpreted Mr. Brodie quickly, "is that we get our radio waves from the sun, just the way we get our ultra-violet waves. Isn't that so, doctor?"

"Oh, that." The doctor beamed. "To be sure. Now we forget all but what we are talking about—the ultra-violet waves." With a stubby forefinger the doctor indicated a point on his chart. "See, here they are. To be plain, we divide these ultra-violet waves into three classes: the near ultra-violet, the middle ultra-violet, the far ultra-violet. The first class, he is so weak in nature that he never reaches us. The middle, he is the one we get in the summertime—the one that does us so much good, that gives us the tan and the fresh vegetables so good with health—the one that makes the energy, the joy of life. The far ultra-violet—he is the dangerous one—the one that only a doctor he should prescribe—that Nature, he screens out with the atmosphere before it reaches us from the sun. Th——"

Mr. Bullfinch's thudding fist halted the doctor. "Positively, no!" he shouted. "Ain't business bad enough already but that we should make everybody that wants a five-cent bar of candy have to get a doctor's prescription?"

"He doesn't mean that, Mr. Bullfinch." Mr. Brodie leaned forward, his hand outstretched. "What he means is this: This sort of ultra-violet is dangerous to humans in untrained hands. Don't you see? Our plan is merely to irradiate every Wet Smack bar so that it will contain the Vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin."

The doctor clapped his moist palms together. "Sure," he agreed. "It is like I said. The Vitamin D. He builds up the human resistance ——"

"If you look at our sales reports," cut in Mr. Bullfinch acidly, "you would see we got enough resistance already."

"Not sales resistance!" cried Mr. Brodie almost tearfully. "Human resistance!"

"What is sales resistance if it ain't human resistance?" retorted his client hotly. "Do we sell Wet Smack bars to bird cages?"

"But, Mr. Pullfinch ——"

"Listen, professor. It ——"

"Just a minute, gentlemen!" Mr. Brodie begged them. "Calm yourselves. Don't you see, Mr. Bullfinch, that this Vitamin D—this sunshine vitamin—is not that sort of thing at all? It builds up resistance to disease. When the sun or any ultra-violet source strikes the skin, it sets up an action—stirs us up—just as, when it is used on foods, it creates these valuable vitamins."

Frowning, Mr. Bullfinch jabbed the remainder of his cigar into the huge bronze ash tray before him. "Why should we go to such bother as making these ultra-violent vitamins?" he demanded. "Why don't we just buy a lot of vitamins an' put them right in?"

The doctor, sweating gently at the edge of his mouse-colored pompadour, explained that. "But the vitamin—how can he be bought when we don't know what he is?"

"But ain't you just been telling me ——" Mr. Bullfinch broke off suddenly and took another tack, "What does a—one of these vitamins look like?"

Sweating more profusely, the doctor went into that: "The vitamin, he is invisible. You see, it is like this—he has never been isolated. He ——"

Mr. Bullfinch stared, his brown eyes as bright as if they had been rolled in butter. "You mean you can't see them?"

"Exactly. The vitamin, he ——"

"An' you can't taste them?"

"What he tastes like we do not know."

"An' you can't feel them?"

"No—the ——"

"You see, Mr. Bullfinch ——"

"Listen, Brodie." The president of Wet Smacks, Inc., swung around slowly in his big yellow leather chair better to face his advertising counsel. "It amounts, in a nutshell, y'understand, to this: Here is this ultra-violent that nobody can see, that helps make something nobody can see, or feel, or taste. It don't make sense, Brodie."

"But the leading scientists," his advertising counsel protested, "the leading clinics, great doctors, colleges, even companies using oils in connection with paint, and manufacturers of patent leather, are proving every day the uses, the necessities of ultra-violet. The ——"

His client interrupted with a weary wave of his hand. "That may all be true, Brodie. Positively and probably. But the point is this: A man that buys a five-cent bar of candy ain't necessarily in the oil business, y'understand. Or the patent-leather business. Maybe he is just hungry. Maybe with him what a college does or a clin—whatever it is—is better reading than it is eating, y'understand."

III

"SO ONE thing led to another," Mr. Brodie reported wearily to his chief, T. Tattersal Byrd. "I honestly tried to keep the discussion on an even keel, but it seemed as if the harder I tried, the worse the situation became. I worked like a dog, but I simply could not make Bullfinch ultra-violet-minded."

T. Tattersal Byrd pulled steadily at his pipe. "Did the doctor register?" he asked after a moment.

"Register?" Mr. Brodie laughed hollowly. "I'll say he registered. Every time he opened his mouth the fire broke out in a fresh spot. First it was sunburn and then it was pigmentation—Bullfinch thought the doctor was trying to insult him—then it was resistance and rickets, and it all ended up in a grand misunderstanding all around, when the doctor got to talking about millimicrons being one-millionth of a millimeter and Ångström units being one ten-millionth of a millimeter, and how Sir Isaac Newton laid the foundation for our present knowledge of ultra-violet when he discovered that light was not white but was, in reality, made up of all the colors of the spectrum."

"What happened?"

Mr. Brodie laughed again, but, as before, without mirth. "Bullfinch got up on his hind legs," he reported, "and said that he didn't know anything about meters except that they charged you for more gas than you used, but that when anybody had the gall to tell him that light was a rainbow from a ghost ——" Mr. Brodie's voice trailed off bitterly.

"Specter, eh?"

Mr. Brodie nodded. "Then the doctor got mad and began to shout about ignoramuses and Bullfinch began to shout about fatheads." Mr. Brodie wiped his brow at the memory of it. "What'll we do now, chief?"

Inwardly disturbed at the the turn of events, the president of the Atlas Advertising Agency did not show his perturbation to his younger associate.

"See anyone else out there?" he asked calmly.

"McDonald. I called up the advertising department, but Boynton was out. Then I took the doctor over to the sales department and let him tell his story to Mac."

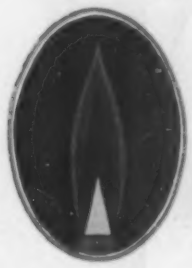
"What did he think of it?"

William Alexander Brodie shook his head regretfully. "Not so much. He thinks

(Continued on Page 94)

INEXPENSIVE as a few smokes

An always-cold refrigerator, plenty of ice cubes, for as little as 50 cents a month



A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Cigarette money! Too small an amount to think about twice! That describes the cost of operating an Electrolux.

Fifty cents a month for gas and water is all it costs to run Electrolux in some localities. And no matter where you live, the cost is usually far less than that of any other automatic refrigerator—about half what you pay for ice.

And for this trivial sum you get perfect automatic refrigeration. You get constant, steady cold; a safe food temperature; all the ice cubes you can use.

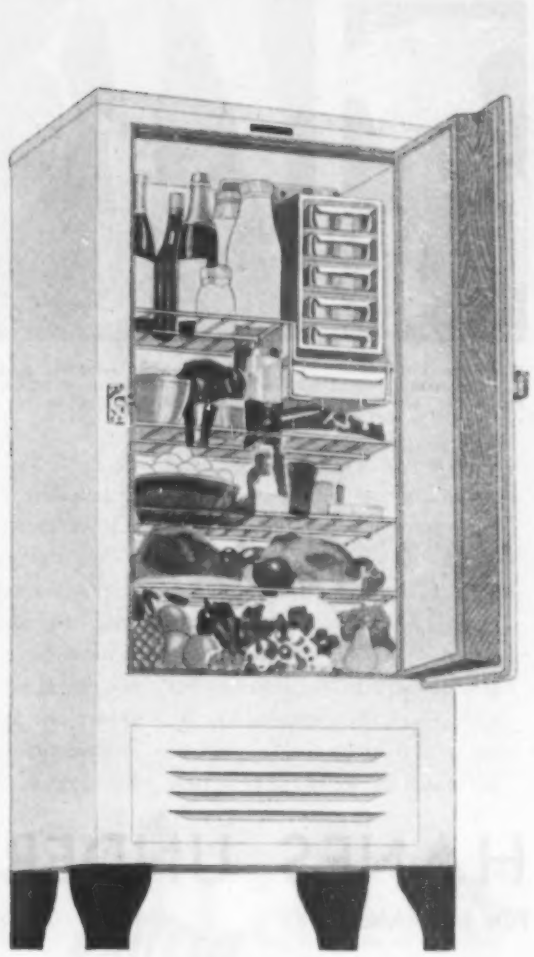
But no noise—never a sound to disturb you, to get on your nerves. Electrolux can make no sound, either when it's new or when it's old. For it has no machinery. Not a single moving part to wear, to vibrate, to work loose as time goes on.

In place of machinery Electrolux uses only a tiny gas flame and a mere trickle of water to circulate the refrigerant, freeze the ice, maintain the cold. There's nothing to worry about; nothing to need attention. Where there are no city mains, Electrolux can be operated with Pyrofax Gas.

The refrigerant is sealed for life inside a rigid one-piece steel unit. It never needs renewal. Even the tiny gas flame is guarded by an automatic shut-off that turns the gas off should the flame ever go out.

These advantages have put Electrolux in tens of thousands of fine modern homes and apartments the country over.

Yet its purchase price is only about the same as other makes—$195 to $430 at the factory. Liberal purchase terms. A complete line of models at the showroom of your gas company or other distributor. Write for complete illustrated information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

KEEP AS

COOL AS A CUCUMBER

IN HANES SHIRTS AND SHORTS

...AND SAVE MONEY TOO

Rayon Athletic Union Suit —cool and good-looking. Sleek but practical and durable. Just $2.

Shirts of combed cotton, mercerized cotton (Durene) and rayon in white or colors. Shorts in smart new effects. 50c, 75c, $1.

Hanes Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth with patented belt. $1. Others 75c to $2.*

Elastic-knit Lightweights with long or short sleeves and in three-quarter or ankle length. $1 to $1.50.

Knit Athletic Union Suit —shoulder-button style— made of fine combed yarn. $1.

Some men may say amusing things about color in shirts and shorts—but no one questions the unusual comfort in this two-piece underwear as made by Hanes. We've taken track-athlete freedom and enlarged on it a bit for men who've even dropped their calisthenics, but who love comfort none the less. We are a little tickled, too, that we can match the weird colors in your ties, your shirts and your socks—though there is *pure* white, of course.

If you prefer union suits, be sure to see the patented Samsonbak. Your dealer will let you prove with your own hands that this is the most durable garment you ever bought. If he hasn't the complete Hanes line for your boys as well as yourself, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — FOR EVERY SEASON

TRADE MARK HANES

(Continued from Page 92)

ultra-violet is a fine thing, but not from the candy angle."

"Did you tell him the doctor's experiences with Bullfinch?"

"You have to be frank with Mac."

Mr. Byrd nodded.

"I'm worried," his associate confessed frankly. "We left everything up in the air and Bullfinch is going away for a six weeks' trip to Bermuda and the West Indies."

The telephone on the little table at the Byrd elbow tinkled. The head of the Atlas Advertising Agency removed the receiver from its cradle.

"Byrd speaking," he announced and then suddenly lowered the instrument. "Bullfinch is calling," he whispered throatily.

William Alexander Brodie dabbed ineffectually at his forehead as the conversation progressed.

"Well?" he inquired anxiously as his chief replaced the receiver.

T. Tattersal Byrd smiled. "Mr. Bullfinch says that he is taking our ultra-violet idea under consideration and will give us his decision as soon as he returns from his trip."

"Then, if he decides that he wants it, he'll expect us to produce a complete advertising plan, plus copy, plus art, overnight," observed his junior shortly.

Mr. Byrd smiled indulgently. "Of course he will, William, and we'll have it ready for him."

"But ——"

Still smiling, Mr. Byrd went on: "Don't you see, my dear William, that this trip of Bullfinch's is the very best thing that could happen under the circumstances? He'll have a real opportunity to find out, at first hand, about the benefits of solar radiation. When he comes back, full of vim and vigor, tanned, fit and filled with radiant health, we can prove to him that there is something to this invisible thing after all—prove it by himself. So don't wait. Go ahead. Every day Bullfinch spends in the tropics makes our sale that much easier."

Mr. Brodie nodded eagerly. "I'll call him up and have him write a series of letters about his trip," he suggested, "to be published in the Wet Smack Employes Monthly."

"Good idea, William," his senior applauded.

William leaned forward. "How's this for a caption: With Our Genial President on Pirate Seas?" he inquired.

"Fine."

"I'll call him up right away, chief." Mr. Brodie stood up. Halfway to the door he hesitated. "I wonder what made him call us up?"

IV

MR. BULLFINCH stared balefully at the door which had closed upon Dr. K. Hassenplugh and William Alexander Brodie for fully five minutes after the last echo of its closing had died away. He stared at it in the same manner an hour later, when it again swung open to permit the entrance of his sales manager.

"Well, Mac?"

The curtness of the tone, the stare, to say nothing of the red visage which surrounded it, were all ominous warnings of executive storm in the offing. Putting two and two together, Mr. McDonald decided that ultra-violet was not sitting easily on the Old Man's stomach. Luckily, he thought, he knew how the Old Boy felt about it.

"Brodie and some German doctor were just in to see me," he offered tentatively.

"Oh, they were, huh?" said Mr. Bullfinch grimly.

Encouraged by his reading of the signs and omens, Mr. McDonald grunted.

"Sounded like a lot of hooey to me."

Mr. Bullfinch lit a fresh cigar.

"This ultra-violet thing may be all right," his sales manager went on, "for a lot of saps who want to look like the brainless chumps that think it is smart to lay on the sand at Atlantic City and pretend they are mighty swimmers, but ——"

The sight of his employer, halfway out of his deep chair, his red face rapidly purpling, halted Mr. McDonald and left him gaping.

"So! A man is a chump to think of his health, eh, McDonald? Is that it?"

The violence of the words, hurled without warning into his astonished face, sent the sales manager rocking on his heels. "I—I ——" he began uncertainly.

"Don't you argue with me," ordered Mr. Bullfinch peremptorily. In his rage the black of those Atlantic City days became the white of ultra-violet. The two things welded in the white heat of his anger.

"What do you know about ultra-violent?" he bellowed.

"I—I ——" began his sales manager again.

"You call the greatest discovery of the—the promoter of growth in rickets a lot of hooey! You think because light is something that you can see by, y'understand, that Newton in Switzerland an' professors in the great hospital sciences don't know what they are talkin' about when they say that the rainbows are full of ultra-violent that puts calcium in the phos—the stuff they make matches out of? Is that it, McDonald?"

"I—I ——"

"Why is it," Mr. Bullfinch rushed on, heedless of the weak pronouns of protestation, "if it is a lot of hooey, that the oil people are putting it into all their paint, y'understand, an' even people like the patent-leather people are putting it into their shoes? Is sunshine hooey? Is a vitamin a chump, y'understand, because you can't pick it up like a dill pickle an' wave it around on your fork? Maybe you would be interested to know, Mac, that a vitamin which you can't even see with a microscope can't even be as invisible as that unless it gets ultra-violent. What do you think of that, Mac?"

"I—I understood that you were opposed ——"

But Mr. Bullfinch had not quite finished.

"One more word," he said, "an' then maybe you could go back an' spend some time turning red figures into black. Maybe you think the radio is also a lot of hooey, and yet what are radio waves, y'understand, but wavy lines farther along on the piano than ultra-violent octaves?"

For the first time since his opening remarks, the sales manager of Wet Smacks, Inc., managed to complete a sentence. It was a hesitating question:

"You—you mean that we are going to irradiate our product?"

But Mr. Bullfinch was not prepared to go that far, even to assuage the raw wounds which his sales manager had flicked, business being one thing and feeling another.

"I am thinking about it," he said guardedly. "I am calling up the Atlas people an' telling them I will let them know when I get back."

"I am calling up the Atlas people too," Mr. McDonald muttered to himself as he walked back to his office, "and telling them what I think of them for letting me in for a dose of growth in rickets."

Then he laughed.

V

TWO weeks later William Alexander Brodie walked into the office of his chief and laid a two-page letter before him.

"From Bullfinch," he said briefly.

Mr. Byrd arranged his glasses, with their dangling black ribbon, and read:

BERMUDA.

Dear Brodie: I am writing to you only because I am a man of my word. Otherwise I couldn't do it. Frankly, Brodie, if it is any pleasure to lay in a little bed and wish you were dead, somebody else should have all my fun. A man that likes his meals and pays for them in advance is a sucker, Brodie, if he thinks it does him any good to take a vacation. Also you would think that a doctor who was treating all the time the same kind of sickness could do better than tell you that in a couple of days, anyhow, you wouldn't know you were sick. After all, what is a doctor for, if it ain't to help you enjoy what you are paying for? In the book they sent to me before I paid my money, they said that every hour of the day and night luxurious comfort would be my privilege. That would be like us talking about the delightful goodness of raisins and first-class milk chocolate, and then filling our Wet Smack bars with sawdust.

(Continued on Page 96)

WITH THE PRECIOUS TEETH OF CHILDREN

trust only the finest dentifrice

SO WIDELY known are the benefits which Forhan's brings to mouths marked by the effects of age, that another important function of this dentifrice is sometimes overlooked.

It is so pure, it is so mild and cleansing, that this "dentists' dentifrice" is ideal for children.

Young teeth need exceptional care. Fully 85% of all molars coming through the gums contain tiny surface cracks or fissures—the breeding place of future trouble unless they are watchfully cleaned with a safe dentifrice, and checked also by your dentist. During those critical years, avoid particularly harsh toothpastes and those with unnatural bleaching power.

Health authorities also recommend that you clean and massage the gums, even of infants, and urge that children's gums receive regular care.

And care of the gums is the other function of Forhan's. This dentifrice was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Out of his experience and his scientific training, he compounded it with the same professional care which he would use in treating his patients. He prepared a dentifrice which gives the teeth a wonderfully gentle and thorough cleansing—and claims to do nothing more for the teeth. But he added another benefit which his practice had shown him was important—the benefit of a preparation used everywhere by dentists in the care of the gums. In fact, this treatment for the gums, also originated by Dr. Forhan, was the starting point of his excellent dentifrice.

> Any mouth may have pyorrhea, and at forty the odds are
>
> 4 *out of* 5

Use Forhan's in the mouth of youth—and to keep the mouth of youth into middle age. When teeth are sound and gums are healthy is the time to adopt this excellent dentifrice. Let it cleanse the teeth and add its help to the care of the gums. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it livens circulation, and aids the gums to stay young and firm.

You can buy Forhan's with the comfortable assurance that no finer dentifrice is made.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—just a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

(Continued from Page 94)

We are now in Bermuda, Brodie. In the first place, there are no taxicabs. In the second place, not even one of the hotels here sell Wet Smacks. Maybe that is why the people ride bicycles, Brodie.

I will write to you again, telling about my trip, from Havana, Brodie.

Sincerely yours,
S. BULLFINCH.

"Not very ultra-violet conscious yet, eh, chief?"

T. Tattersal Byrd smiled.

"Give him time," he suggested.

"I cabled him for more information about the places he was visiting. This letter doesn't ——"

The next letter arrived some ten days later.

Mr. Brodie carried it to his chief, who read it aloud:

"HAVANA.

"*Dear Brodie:* I got your telegram when I got here. Havana is the capital of Cuba, and has been called the Paris of the Western Hemisphere and the key of the New World. Occupying a lengthy peninsula, and backed by an amphitheater of hills, its promenades, drives, public parks, clubs and cafés are filled at all times with gay and pleasure-loving crowds, living a gay, carefree life.

"The finest street in Havana is the Prado, a central avenue which connects a system of parks with the seashore. About Central Park, the Prado and the Malécon the traveler can best study the life and ways of the Cuban people. Havana is well supplied with churches; the oldest being the Cathedral, the foundations of which were laid in 1656.

"I hope this gives you what you want for the magazine, Brodie. I copied it out of the same booklet I told you about in my last letter. Do you ever bet on the races, Brodie? Well, don't do it. Throw your money in the water first. At least you see the splash. Do your feet swell when they get hot, Brodie? Well, if they do, don't go where it is hot.

Mrs. Bullfinch says that I am getting old. Well, maybe I am, Brodie, but you would feel old, too, Brodie, if your shoes pinched like they was caught in a trap.

"Yours truly,
"S. BULLFINCH."

"Not very encouraging," admitted the head of Atlas frankly.

Mr. Brodie nodded wanly.

And another week later:

KINGSTON.

Dear Brodie: Good roads connect Kingston with the interior villages, offering many opportunities for excursions. At the entrance to Kingston is Port Royal, closely associated with the early history of Jamaica. Here came the Spanish, who took possession in 1509, followed by the English in 1655. The soil of Jamaica is very rich and fertile. Many kinds of trees are grown, including mahogany and ebony, and there is a flourishing trade in oranges, bananas, pineapples and other fruits. Very fine coffee, tobacco and ginger are also cultivated.

I hope that satisfies you, Brodie. I am too tired to copy any more.

Yours,
S. BULLFINCH.

And then a week later there arrived at the offices of the Atlas Advertising Agency a torn cruise booklet.

Across its vivid red, green and yellow surface a heavy pencil had traced the following words:

Use your own judgment. BULLFINCH.

Mr. Brodie groaned.

"Bullfinch called it right," he growled, "when he called it ultra-violent."

VI

THREE weeks later, William Alexander Brodie again crossed the fateful threshold leading into the private office of the president of Wet Smacks, Inc. It was a cold, wet day in late spring. The air held no promise of suckling growth or warmth to come. Instead, the large, hard-flung drops of rain laid on warm flesh the chill and clamminess of death. Under his dripping arm he clutched a large black portfolio containing the new campaign on irradiated Wet Smacks; the fruit of much creative effort and several thousand dollars in sparkling art work.

Behind a great pile of papers, cigar uptilted, sat Mr. S. Bullfinch, smiling. He stood up as he recognized his visitor.

"Come in, Brodie!" he shouted jovially. "Make yourself to home. Sit down an' rest your feet an' ears. Great day, ain't?"

"Y-yes ——"

"Most people don't appreciate the kind of weather we get here, Brodie," Mr. Bullfinch went on. "Good on the feet. Full of vim. Talk about your tropics! Y'understand, Brodie, I wouldn't trade one nice little case of pneumonia for all the sweat in the world."

For a salesman about to embark upon a sales talk which did not consider the joys of cold water beating upon warm flesh, the remark presented certain fundamental difficulties. Mr. Bullfinch's warm friendliness, William Alexander Brodie also found vaguely disturbing. Was it the kindliness of the warden to the condemned? The gentleness of the doctor to the dying? The geniality of the client about to change his advertising agency? Mr. Brodie shivered as he placed his portfolio gingerly on Mr. Bullfinch's desk.

"Thank you for your letters," he offered as a feeler.

Mr. Bullfinch grinned again. Mr. Brodie wished he wouldn't.

"They looked good in print, the way you fixed them up, Brodie. I saw them just the other day, when I got back. I showed them to Birdie—Mrs. Bullfinch—an' she thought they was grand. Better even than the booklet they were, an' the title was a knock-out. Congratulations, Brodie."

William drummed nervously on the desk. Mr. Bullfinch was humming softly. It was now or never! Better to die at one stroke than be hummed happily out of the picture.

"I—I have brought—I—I mean about the new campaign—I ——"

Mr. Bullfinch, still humming, scrawled his initials on a closely typed sheet and tossed it into a walnut tray already filled with such sheets.

"Campaign? What campaign, Brodie?"

"Why, the—I mean after your talk with Mr. Byrd ——"

"Oh, that," murmured Mr. Bullfinch, and went happily on tossing papers into the walnut tray.

William Alexander Brodie struggled for words. They came reluctantly. "We felt—I mean the time was so short, in view of your first letter ——"

Mr. Bullfinch selected a fresh cigar and lit it. "Time does fly, don't it, Brodie?" he observed lightly.

Grimly, young Mr. Brodie took the bull by the horns: "I have the new ultra-violet campaign here in my portfolio. Would you care to see it?"

"What for, Brodie?"

"What for?" His advertising counsel echoed the words in amazement. Mouth slack, he repeated them again: "What for?"

"Sure! What for?" Mr. Bullfinch smiled indulgently. "Brodie," he went on, "you are just like all the people in the advertising business—always looking for something new—for something to change, y'understand."

"But ——"

"Why in the world," concluded the president of Wet Smacks, Inc., "should we want to change our advertising campaign when I see when I get back that the sales for the first two months of the quarter are already 16 per cent ahead of last year?"

A NICE QUIET PLACE

(Continued from Page 9)

lift of the feet, through an impatience of the moving hips, through an abstracted smile, lastly through a glance that fell twenty feet ahead, that this girl was about to cross some material threshold where she was eagerly awaited; that, in fact, she had already crossed it in her imagination and left her surroundings behind. It was just at that moment she heard a strong clear whistle in front of her and the sound as of a stick swishing through leaves:

"Hel-lo,
Fris-co,
Hel-lo!
How do you do, my dear?
I only wish that you were here."

Her heart beat a familiar tattoo; she realized that they would pass each other just where a last rift of sunset came down through the pines.

"Hel-lo,
Fris-co,
Hel-lo!"

There he was, a fine shape against the foreground. His gallant face, drawn in a single dashing line, his chamois vest, so blue—she was near enough that she could have touched it. Then she realized with a shock that he had passed without noticing her proximity by a single flicker of his unhappy eyes.

"The conceited pill!" she thought indignantly. "Of all the conceited ——"

She was silent during dinner; at the end she said to her aunt, with small preliminary:

"I passed the most conceited-looking young man today. I wonder who he could have been."

"Maybe it was the nephew of old Dorrance," offered Dick, "or the fellow staying at old Dorrance's. Somebody said it was his nephew or some sort of relation."

His mother said pointedly to Josephine: "We don't see the Dorrances. Mr. Charles Dorrance considered that my husband was unjust to him about our boundary some years ago. Old Mr. Dorrance was a very conceited man indeed."

Josephine wondered if that was why he had failed to respond this afternoon. It was a silly reason.

But next day, at the same place, at the same hour, he literally jumped at her soft "Good evening"; he stared at her with unmistakable signs of dismay. Then his hand went up as if to remove a hat, found none, and he bowed instead and went on by.

But Josephine turned swiftly and walked at his side.

"You might be more sociable," she said. "You really shouldn't be so exclusive, since we're the only two people in this place. I do think it's silly to let older people influence young people."

He was walking so fast that she could scarcely keep up with him.

"Honestly, I'm a nice girl," she persisted. "Quite a few people rush me at dances and I once had a blind man in love with me."

They were almost at her aunt's gate, still walking furiously.

"Here's where I live," she said.

"Then I'll say good-by." He broke suddenly into a dog trot. For a discouraged moment Josephine faltered by the gate, then she ran after him.

Even as she ran, the absurdity of it occurred to her, and she would have laughed had she not lacked the breath.

"What is the matter?" she cried as she came almost abreast of him. "How can you be so rude?"

His lips formed the words, "I'm sorry."

"I suppose you've got to hurry home so you can stare at yourself at the mirror."

She knew this was untrue. He wore his good looks in almost an apologetic way. But it reached him, for he came to a precipitate halt, immediately moving off a little.

"Excuse my rudeness," he exploded. "But I'm not used to girls. I'm crazy."

She was too winded to answer.

"You don't believe me," he said.

"I will if you go on refusing to speak to me."

As her shaken composure gradually returned she became aware of an odd weariness in his face.

"At least you might talk to me for a minute, if I don't come any nearer."

After a moment's hesitation he hoisted himself tentatively onto a fence rail.

"If you're so frightened of females, isn't it time something was done about it?"

"It's too late."

"Never," she said positively. "Why, you're missing half of life. Don't you want to marry and have children and make some woman a fine wife—I mean, a fine husband?"

In answer he only shivered.

"I used to be terribly timid myself," she lied kindly. "But I saw that I was missing half of life."

"It isn't a question of will power. It's just that I'm a little crazy. A minute ago I had an instinct to throw a stone at you. I know it's terrible, so if you'll excuse me ——"

He jumped down off the fence, but she cried quickly: "Wait! Let's talk it all over."

He lingered reluctantly.

"Why, in Chicago," she said, "any man as good-looking as you could have any girl he wanted. Everyone would simply pursue him."

The idea seemed to distress him still further; his face grew so sad that impulsively she moved nearer, but he swung one leg over the fence.

"All right. We'll talk about something else. Isn't this the most dismal place you ever saw? I was supposed to be a speed in Lake Forest, so the family sentenced me to this, and I've had the most killing month, just sitting and twirling my thumbs. Then yesterday I looked out the window and saw you."

"What do you mean you were a speed?" he inquired.

"Just sort of speedy—you know, sort of pash."

He got up—this time with an air of finality.

"You really must excuse me. I know I'm an idiot, but there's nothing to do about it."

"Will you meet me here tomorrow?"

"Heavens, no!"

Josephine was suddenly angry; she had humbled herself enough for one afternoon. With a cold nod, she started homeward down the lane.

"Wait!"

Turning, she had a momentary impression that he was laughing, silently and uncontrollably. But his face grew instantly grave again.

"It's no fun being crazy," he said.

Now that there was thirty feet between them, his timidity had left him. She was tempted to go back, resisted the impulse with difficulty.

"I'll be here tomorrow," she said coolly.

Walking slowly home, she saw, by instinct rather than logic, that there was something here she failed to understand. In general, a lack of self-confidence was enough to disqualify any boy from her approval; it was the unforgivable sin, the white flag, the refusal of battle. Yet now that this young man was out of sight, she saw him as he had appeared the previous afternoon—unselfconscious, probably arrogant and utterly debonair. Again she wondered if the unpleasantness between the families could be responsible for his attitude.

In spite of their unsatisfactory conversation, she was happy. In the soft glow of the sunset it seemed certain that it would all come right tomorrow. Those who are faithful to romance itself, for its own sake, have the secret of raising crops on apparently barren ground, and already the oppressive sense of being wasted had deserted her. The boy who had passed her window

(Continued on Page 101)

AT THE THRESHOLD where the wear comes, "61" Quick Drying Varnish PROVES its wear resistance long after ordinary floor finishes have gone their way. Dry in 4 hours .... ready to walk on! Heelproof, marproof and waterproof, it makes a trouble-free floor. No polishing or frequent renewal. Just simple cleaning when necessary .... soap and water, if you like. "61" Q D V brightens linoleum, makes it wear longer and on furniture or woodwork, gives lasting satisfaction. Sold by paint and hardware dealers, in Clear Gloss, Dull Finish and several delightful woodstain colors. Color Card sent free.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

Save the surface and you save all

"61"

QUICK DRYING VARNISH

dries in 4 hours

PRATT & LAMBERT

VARNISH PRODUCTS

Drawn by R. L. Lamard. Copyright 1930, P & L

The AIR-FLIGHT PRINCIPLE

On motor busses whose routes total millions of miles—on motor trucks whose loads total millions of tons—Fisk Transportation Tires, built on the Air-Flight Principle, are *famous for uninterrupted service at the lowest possible cost per mile.*

Let your Fisk Dealer explain these seven points of superiority

1. Larger air-chamber—your car rides less on the rubber, more on the air.
2. All-Cord material reduces internal friction and adds strength without rigidity or weight.
3. Multiple cable bead gives more strength at the rim while increasing side-wall flexibility.
4. Increasing length of flex area at the side-wall provides greater use of the air-cushion.
5. Rim-width, streamline tread eliminates useless overhanging tread rubber and allows greater air cushioning.
6. Greater road contact results in better and longer-lasting non-skid qualities.
7. The newly perfected *AIR-FLIGHT* balance between air and materials achieves the *maximum air-cushioning and mileage.*

mileage

approved by a tire-wise nation

Motor Car Manufacturers and Engineers, acknowledged leaders of our most progressive industry, specify Fisk Air-Flight Principle Tires as *standard equipment* on hundreds of thousands of new motor cars.

Motor Car Dealers who sell some of America's most popular cars—on which Fisks are standard equipment—tell us that the appearance and performance of the cars they sell have been *greatly enhanced* by the new Fisk Air-Flight Principle Tires.

Independent Tire Dealers, responsible and substantial merchants, sell Fisk Tires exclusively. They say that they can give their customers the *maximum of tire satisfaction and fair dealing* with the Fisk policies back of Fisk Air-Flight Principle Tires.

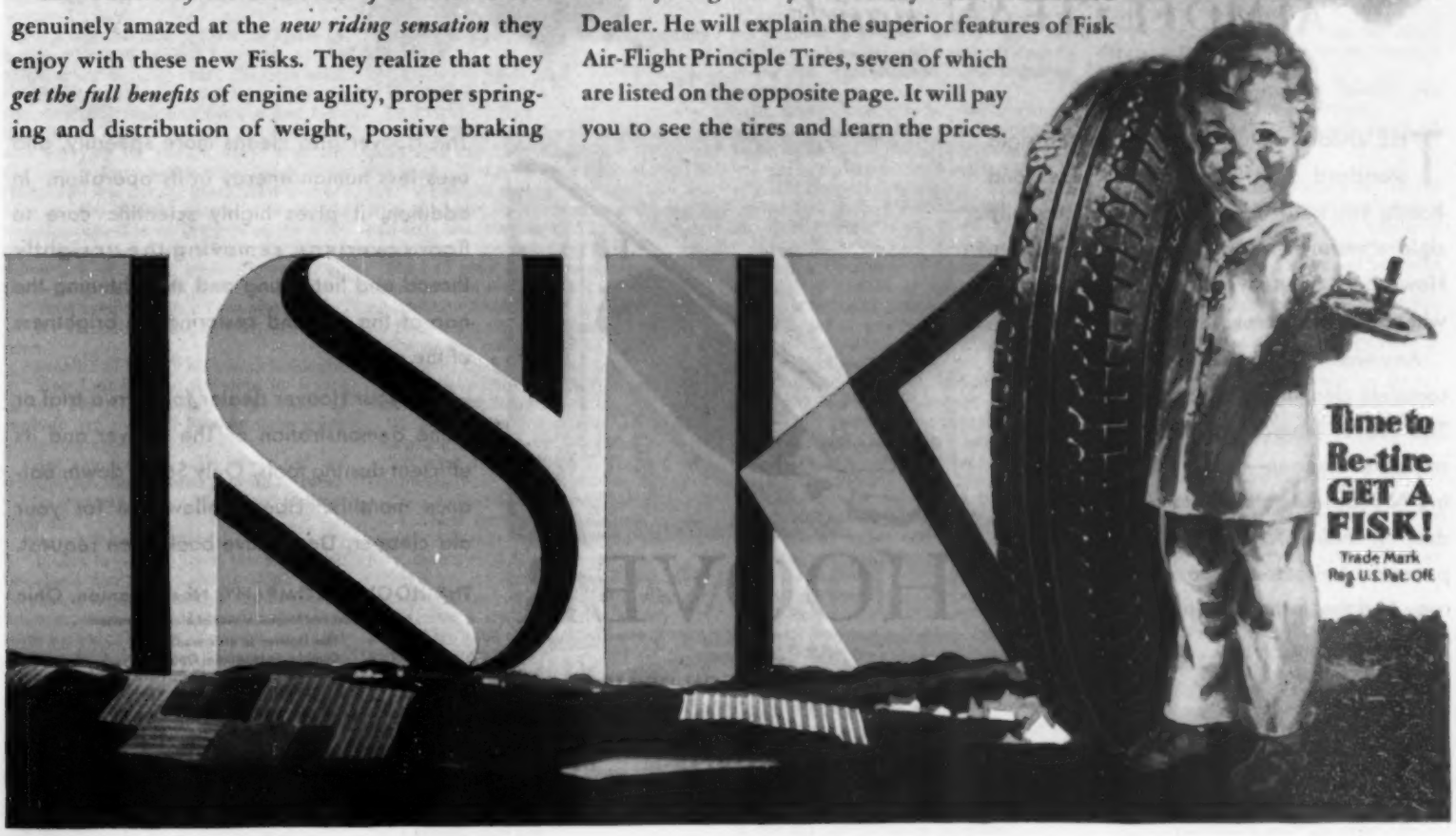
Car Owners by the Hundreds of Thousands are genuinely amazed at the *new riding sensation* they enjoy with these new Fisks. They realize that they *get the full benefits* of engine agility, proper springing and distribution of weight, positive braking action and exact, easy steering—with Fisk Air-Flight Principle Tires.

Riding on Air

Air is the most satisfactory riding cushion known to man. Through advanced and exclusive new Fisk features of design and construction you can now ride on more air, *naturally under less* pressure, than in any tire heretofore known—size for size. Yet the Air-Flight Principle also preserves the qualities of long tire life and makes possible *mileage records that hit new highs.*

What Price . . . ?

You know tire *quality* and you know tire *prices.* You will be agreeably surprised on *both* counts when you go to your nearby Fisk Authorized Dealer. He will explain the superior features of Fisk Air-Flight Principle Tires, seven of which are listed on the opposite page. It will pay you to see the tires and learn the prices.



Two New Hoovers!

Greatly increased efficiency
No increase in price

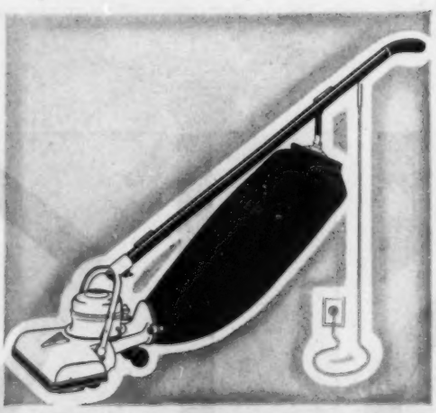
Model 725 is the finest electric cleaner ever built, 25% more efficient than any previous Hoover. Model 575, though selling at a popular price, is second in efficiency only to Model 725

You don't let the children off with ALMOST CLEAN *hands*

THE children know that you have a rigid standard of cleanliness for faces and hands; you know that you have an equally rigid standard for food and dishes and linen. How about floor coverings—are you content when they are merely "surface-clean"?

Any woman who uses a Hoover may have *complete* cleanliness of her rugs and carpets. The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner—thus giving deeper cleaning—because it gets out more than the surface dust. It shakes loose—by the beating of its patented Agitator—the caked grit deep in the rug. And that is the dirt which, *left in*, destroys your rug.

© 1930, The Hoover Co.



HOOVER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT BEATS..AS IT SWEEPS..AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

The Hoover also cleans more speedily, and uses less human energy in its operation. In addition, it gives highly scientific care to floor coverings, removing the unsightly thread and lint, lifting and straightening the nap of the rug and restoring the brightness of the colors.

Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner. Descriptive booklet on request.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners

The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

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yesterday afternoon was capable of anything—love, drama, or even that desperate recklessness that she loved best of all.

Her mother was waiting on the veranda.

"I wanted to see you alone," she said, "because I thought Aunt Gladys would be offended if you looked too delighted. We're going back to Lake Forest tomorrow."

"Mother!"

"Constance is announcing her engagement tomorrow and getting married in ten days. Malcolm Libby is in the State Department and he's ordered abroad. Isn't it wonderful? Your sister's opening up the Lake Forest house today."

"It'll be marvelous." After a moment Josephine repeated, with more conviction: "Perfectly marvelous."

Lake Forest—she could feel the fast-beating excitement of it already. Yet there was something missing, as if the note of an essential trumpet had become separated from the band. For five weeks she had passionately hated Island Farms, but glancing around her in the gathering dusk, she felt rather sorry for it, a little ashamed of her desertion.

Throughout dinner the odd feeling persisted. She would be deep in exciting thoughts that began, "Won't it be fun to ——" then the imminent brilliance would fade and there would be a stillness inside her like the stillness of these Michigan nights. That was what was lacking in Lake Forest—a stillness for things to happen in, for people to walk into.

"We'll be terribly busy," her mother said. "Next week there'll be bridesmaids in the house, and parties, and the wedding itself. We should have left tonight."

Josephine went up to her room immediately and sat looking out into the darkness. Too bad; a wasted summer after all. If yesterday had happened sooner she might have gone away with some sense of having lived after all. Too late. "But there'll be lots of people," she told herself—Ridgeway Saunders.

She could hear their confident lines, and somehow they rang silly on her ears. Suddenly she realized that what she was regretting was not the lost past but the lost future, not what had not been but what would never be. She stood up, breathing quickly.

A few minutes later she left the house by a side door and crossed the lawn to the gardener's gate. She heard Dick call after her uncertainly, but she did not answer. It was dark and cool, and for the first time there was a hint in the air that the earth was hurrying on toward other weather; the lush midsummer moment when time stands still was already over. As if to overtake it, she walked faster, and in ten minutes turned in at the gate of the Dorrance house, set back behind the jagged silhouettes of many trees. Someone on the veranda hailed her as she came near:

"Good evening. I can't see who it is."

"It's the girl who was so fresh this afternoon."

She heard him catch his breath suddenly.

"May I sit here on the steps for a moment? See? Quite safe and far away. I came to say good-by, because we're going home tomorrow."

"Are you really?" She could not tell whether his tone showed concern or relief.

"So you can have a nice quiet summer after all."

"Yes, it'll be very quiet."

"I want to explain about this afternoon, because I don't want you to think I was just being fresh. Usually I like boys with more experience, but I just thought that since we were the only ones here, we might manage to have a good time, and there weren't any days to waste."

"I see." After a moment he asked, "What will you do in Lake Forest? Be a—a speed?"

"I don't much care what I do. I've wasted the whole summer."

She heard him laugh. "I gather from your tone that someone is going to have to pay for it."

"I hope so," she said grimly. She felt tears rise in her eyes. Everything was wrong. Everything seemed to be fixed against her.

"Please let me come up there on the settee," she asked suddenly.

There was a creak as it stopped swinging.

"Please don't. I hate to ask you, but really I'll have to go if you do. Let's talk about —— Do you like horses?"

She got up swiftly, mounted the steps and walked toward the corner where he sat.

"No," she said, "I think the only thing I'd like would be to be liked by you."

In the light of the moon just lifting over the woods his face was positively haggard. He jumped to his feet; then his hands were on her arms and he was drawing her slowly toward him.

"You simply want to be kissed," he was saying through scarcely opened lips. "I knew it the first time I saw that mouth of yours—that perfectly selfish, self-sufficient look that ——"

Suddenly he dropped his arms and stepped away from her with a gesture of horror.

"Don't stop!" she cried. "Tell me anything, even if it isn't complimentary. I don't care."

But he had vaulted swiftly over the railing and, with his hands clasping the back of his head, was walking across the lawn. In a minute she overtook him and stood beseechingly in his path, her small bosom rising and falling.

"I told you I was crazy," he muttered, "and it's the truth. Why do you suppose I'm here in this terrible place? My horror of girls is just one side of it."

"But don't you see that trying to like me would cure you of that at least?"

He fixed his eyes on her; they were wide and glittering in the moonlight.

"I'm crazy," he whispered. "Don't you understand that? I'm crazy."

In spite of her skepticism, an uncanny feeling stole over her at the repeated word, and she shivered.

"What dealings could I have with a girl like you? I'm not responsible, I tell you. If I'm pressed too far there's no telling what I might do to myself, or to you."

She began to weep softly.

"Oh, I'm sorry. If I could only help you. Honestly, I'm not afraid."

"You can't help me." He turned gruffly away.

"You want me to go."

He nodded.

"All right. I'll go."

Still sobbing, she half walked, half backed away from him, intimidated now in spite of her words, yet still hoping he would call to her. When she saw him for the last time from the gate, he was standing where she had left him, his fine thin face clear and handsome in the streaming light.

She had gone a quarter of a mile down the road when she became conscious of running footsteps behind her. Before she could do more than start and turn anxiously, a figure sprang out of the darkness. It was her cousin, Dick.

"Oh!" she cried. "You frightened me! What are you doing?"

"I followed you here. You had no business going out at night like this."

"What a sneaky thing!" she said contemptuously.

They walked along side by side.

"I heard that fellow tell you he was crazy. And you had a crush on him anyhow, didn't you?"

"Will you be quiet! What does a horrible little pill like you know about anything?"

"I know a lot," said Dick glumly. "I know there's too much of that sort of thing at Lake Forest."

She scorned to answer; they reached her aunt's gate in silence.

"I tell you one thing," he said uncertainly. "I'll bet you wouldn't want your mother to know about this."

"You mean you're going to my mother?"

"Just hold your horses. I was going to say I wouldn't say anything about it ——"

"I should hope not."

"—— on one condition."

"Well?"

"The condition is ——" He fidgeted uncomfortably. "You told me once that a lot of girls at Lake Forest had kissed boys and never thought anything about it."

"Yes." Suddenly she guessed what was coming, and an astonished laugh rose to her lips.

"Well, will you, then—kiss me?"

A vision of her mother arose—of a return to Lake Forest in chains. Deciding quickly, she bent toward him. Less than a minute later she was in her room, almost hysterical with tears and laughter. That, then, was the kiss with which destiny had seen fit to crown the summer.

▼

JOSEPHINE'S sensational return to Lake Forest that summer marked a revision of opinion about her; it can be compared to the moment when the robber bandit evolved by sheer power into the feudal seignior.

To the three months of nervous energy conserved since Easter beneath the uniform of Miss Bramley's school were added six weeks of resentment—added, that is, as the match might be said to be added to the powder. For Josephine exploded with an audible, visible bang; for weeks thereafter pieces of her were gathered up from Lake Forest's immaculate lawns.

It began quietly; it began with the long-awaited house party on the first evening, when she was placed next to the unfaithful Ridgeway Saunders at dinner.

"I certainly felt pretty badly when you threw me over," Josephine said indifferently—to rid him of any lingering idea that he had thrown her over. Once she had chilled him into wondering if, after all, he had come off best in the affair, she turned to the man on the other side. Toward the salad, Ridgeway was explaining himself to her, and his girl from the East, Miss Ticknor, was becoming increasingly aware of what an obnoxious person Josephine Perry was. She made the mistake of saying so to Ridgeway. Josephine made no such mistake; toward the end of dinner she merely asked him the innocent question as to who was his friend with the high button shoes.

By ten o'clock Josephine and Ridgeway were out in somebody's car—far out where the colony becomes a prairie. As minute by minute she grew wearier of his softness, his anguish increased. She let him kiss her, just to be sure; and it was a desperate young man who returned to the Bements' that night.

All next day his eyes followed her about miserably; Miss Ticknor was unexpectedly called East the following afternoon. This was pathetic, but certainly someone had to pay for Josephine's summer. That score settled, she turned her attention to her sister's wedding.

Immediately on her return she had demanded a trousseau in keeping with the splendor of a maid of honor, and under cover of the family rush had so managed to equip herself as to add a charming year to her age. Doubtless this contributed to the change of attitude toward her, for though her emotional maturity, cropping out of a schoolgirl dress, had seemed not quite proper, in more sophisticated clothes she was an incontestable little beauty; and as such she was accepted by the male half of the wedding party.

Constance was openly hostile. On the morning of the wedding itself, she unburdened herself to her mother.

"I do hope you'll take her in hand after I'm gone, mother. It's really unendurable the way she's behaving. None of the bridesmaids have had a good time."

"Let's not worry," Mrs. Perry urged. "After all, she's had a very quiet summer."

"I'm not worrying about her," said Constance indignantly.

The wedding party were lunching at the country club, and Josephine found herself next to a jovial usher who had arrived inebriated and remained in that condition ever since. However, it was early enough in the day for him to be coherent.

"The belle of Chicago, the golden girl of the golden West. Oh, why didn't I come out here this summer?"

"I wasn't here. I was up in a place called Island Farms."

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Ah-ha! That accounts for a lot of things—that accounts for the sudden pilgrimage of Sonny Dorrance."

"Of who?"

"The famous Sonny Dorrance, the pride of Harvard, the maiden's prayer. Now don't tell me you didn't exchange a few warm glances with Sonny Dorrance."

"But isn't he," she demanded faintly—"isn't he supposed to be a little crazy?"

He roared with laughter.

"Crazy! Girl crazy, perhaps. He often tells people he's crazy when he's reacting from some violent affair—that's to protect himself while he recovers. You see, his whole life has been cursed by that fatal beauty."

In a few minutes she had the story. Apart from everything else, Sonny Dorrance was fabulously rich—women had pursued him since he was fifteen—married women, debutantes, chorus girls. It was legendary.

There had been actually plots to entangle him into marriage, to entangle him into anything. There was the girl who tried to kill herself, there was the one who tried to kill him. Then, this spring, there was the annulled marriage business that had cost him an election to Porcellian at Harvard, and that was rumored to have cost his father fifty thousand dollars.

"And now," Josephine asked tensely, "you say he doesn't like women?"

"Sonny? I tell you he's the most susceptible man in America. I told you this thing shook him, and so he keeps off admirers by telling them he's crazy. But by this time next month he'll be involved again."

As he talked the dining room faded out like a scene in a movie, and Josephine was back at Island Farms, staring out the window, as a young man came through the pines.

"He was afraid of me," she thought to herself, her heart tapping like a machine gun. "He thought I was like the others. And he probably didn't want me to go."

Half an hour later she interrupted her mother in the midst of the wedding's last and most violent confusion.

"Mother, I want to go back to Island Farms for the rest of the summer," she said at once.

Mrs. Perry looked at her dazedly, and Josephine repeated her statement.

"Why, in less than a month you'll be starting back to school."

"I want to go anyhow."

"I simply can't understand you. In the first place, you haven't been invited, and in the second place, I think a little gayety is good for you before you go back to school, and in the third place, I want you here with me."

"Mother," Josephine wailed, "don't you understand? I want to go! You take me up there all summer when I don't want to go, and just when I do want to, you make me stay in this ghastly place. Let me tell you this isn't any place for a sixteen-year-old girl, if you knew everything."

"What nonsense to be bothering me with just at this time!"

Josephine threw up her hands in despair; the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"It's ruining me here!" she cried. "Nobody thinks of anything but boys and dances from morning till night. They go out in their cars and kiss them from morning till night."

"Well, I know my little girl doesn't do anything like that."

Josephine hesitated, taken a little aback.

"Well, I will," she announced. "I'm weak. You told me I was. I always do what anybody tells me to do, and all these boys are just simply immoral, that's all. The first thing you know I'll be entirely ruined, and then you'll be sorry you didn't let me go to Island Farms. You'll be sorry ——"

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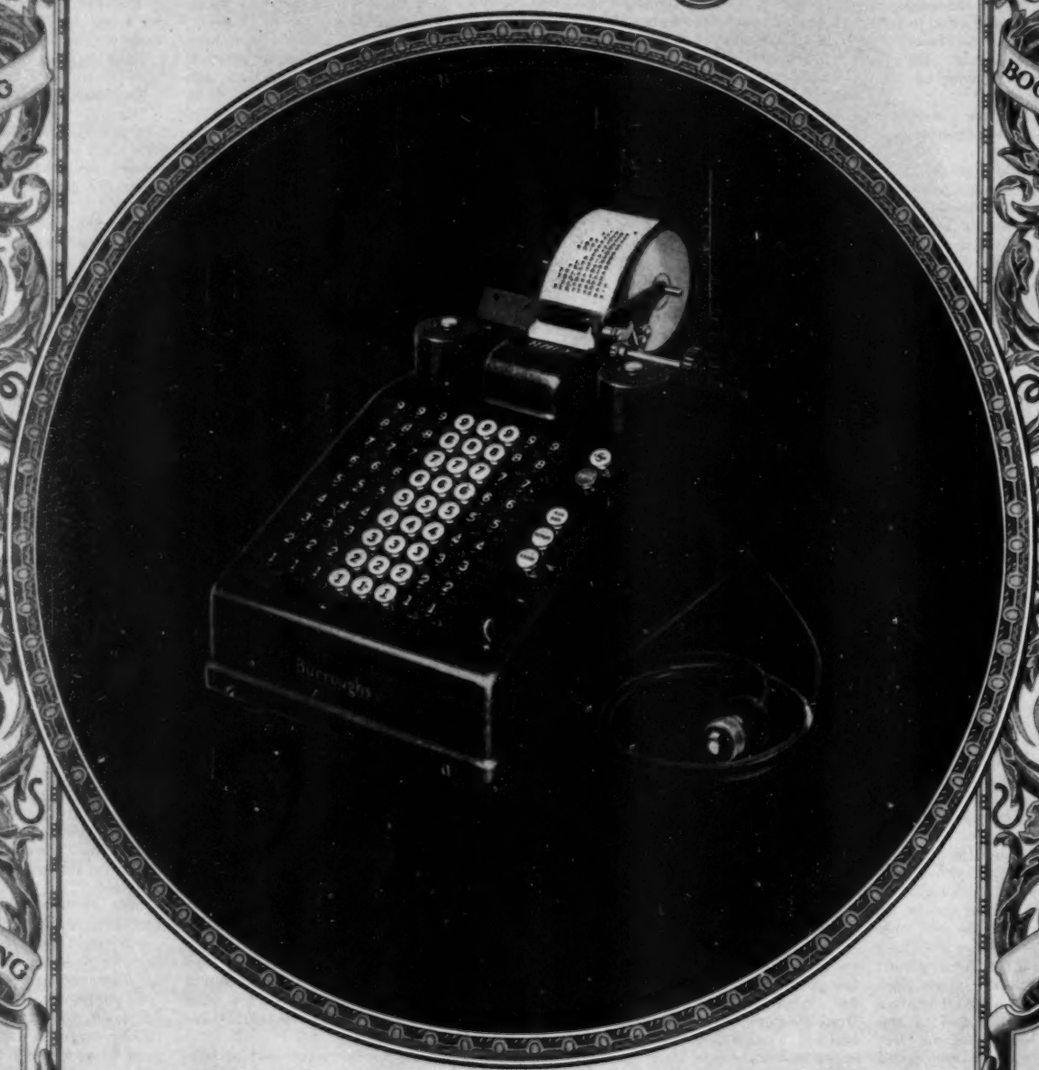

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(Continued from Page 101)

She was working herself into hysteria. Her distracted mother took her by the shoulders and forced her down into a chair.

"I've never heard such silly talk. If you weren't so old I'd spank you. If you keep this up you'll be punished."

Suddenly dry-eyed, Josephine got up and stalked out of the room. Punished! They had been punishing her all summer, and now they refused to punish her, refused to send her away. Oh, she was tired of trying. If she could think of something really awful to do, so that they would send her away forever ——

Mr. Malcolm Libby, the prospective groom, happened upon her fifteen minutes later, in an obscure corner of the garden. He was pacing restlessly about, steadying himself for the rehearsal at four o'clock and for the ceremony two hours later.

"Why, hello!" he cried. "Why, what's the matter? You've been crying."

He sat down on the bench, full of sympathy for Constance's little sister.

"I'm not crying," she sobbed. "I'm just mad."

"About Constance going away? Don't you think I'll take good care of her?"

Leaning over, he patted her hand. If he had seen the look that flashed suddenly across her face it would have alarmed him, for it was curiously like the expression associated with a prominent character in Faust.

When she spoke, her voice was calm, almost cool, and yet tenderly sad:

"No, that wasn't it. It was something else."

"Tell me about it. Maybe I can help."

"I was crying"—she hesitated delicately—"I was crying because Constance has all the luck."

Half an hour later when, with the rehearsal twenty minutes late, the frantic bride-to-be came searching through the garden and happened upon them suddenly, Malcolm Libby's arm was around Josephine, who seemed dissolved in uncontrollable grief, and on his face was a wildly harassed expression she had never seen there before. Constance gave a little gasping cry and sank down upon the pebbled path.

The next hour passed in an uproar. There was a doctor; there were shut doors; there was Mr. Malcolm Libby in an agonized condition, the sweat pouring off his brow, explaining to Mrs. Perry over and over that he could explain if he could only see Constance. There was Josephine, tight-lipped, in a room, being talked to coldly by various members of the family. There was the clamor of arriving guests; then frantic last minutes' patching up of things, with Constance and Malcolm in each other's arms and Josephine, unforgiven, being bundled into her dress.

Then a solemn silence fell and, moving to music, the maid of honor, her head demurely bowed, followed her sister up the two aisles of people that crowded the drawing-room. It was a lovely, sad wedding; the two sisters, light and dark, were a lovely contrast; there was as much interest in one as in the other. Josephine had become a great beauty and the prophets were busy; she stood for the radiant future, there at her sister's side.

The crush was so great at the reception that not until it was over was Josephine missed. And long before nine o'clock, before Mrs. Perry had time to be uneasy, a note from the station had been handed in at the door:

My Dearest Mother: Ed Bement brought me here in his car, and I am catching the train to Island Farms at seven. I have wired the housekeeper to meet me, so don't worry. I feel I have behaved terribly and am ashamed to face anyone, and I am punishing myself as I deserve by going back to the simple life. It is, after all, better for a girl of sixteen, I feel, and when you think it over you will agree. All my love.

JOSEPHINE.

After all, thought Mrs. Perry, perhaps it was just as well. Her husband was really angry, and she herself was exhausted and didn't feel up to another problem at the moment. Perhaps a nice quiet place was best.

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ONE STEP OUT

(Continued from Page 21)

"But with proper references?" suggested the stranger.

Randy, whose humor was somewhat romantic, drew on his imagination boldly. "There is the rub," he said. "I have no references."

"Unfortunate," said the stranger, but Randy noted a sudden glint in his eye. "But even without references I may be able to be of assistance. I gather you were dismissed."

"I was," said Randy hotly, "thrown out on my ear."

"Not because of your employer's daughter?" asked the stranger.

"The trouble," said Randy, "was purely financial," and left it at that. If the inquisitive gentleman chose to believe he had been dismissed for some shortcoming in common or garden honesty it would be interesting to see how he would react.

He reacted surprisingly. "I think," he said, squinting his eyes and studying Randy, "that you will do. Given a decent suit of clothes and the correct haberdashery."

"Do for what?" Randy asked.

"For what I have in mind," said the stranger. "My name is Peel. In my business I fancy I can make use of a young man of your sort—who has been dismissed from a job for financial reasons."

"I hope so," Randy said. "I trust you will find me qualified."

"You seem," said Mr. Peel, "to have the major qualification."

"I am delighted," Randy said, "if, that is, you are serious."

"Decidedly serious."

Randy made no reply and Mr. Peel sat thinking deeply for a few minutes. "You are free to commence at once?" he asked.

"On the minute," said Randy.

"Very well. Your last salary was what?"

"One hundred dollars a week," Randy said, thinking of his own secretary.

"I will pay a hundred and twenty-five—with a possible bonus if all goes well. A generous bonus. By the way, have you many friends?"

"Almost none, sir, and few acquaintances in New York."

"Splendid. Then you can disappear from your present surroundings without causing comment."

"Certainly."

"Very good. First we must outfit you correctly." Mr. Peel smiled agreeably. "Your job will be to conduct yourself as a young gentleman of independent means. You look the part, or what you lack a tailor can supply. After you are dressed we will find you a suitable apartment."

"But," asked Randy, "what work do I do?"

"That will appear all in good time."

Randy seemed to hesitate. "I don't want to get into trouble," he said.

Mr. Peel smiled again. "I think we can avert disagreeable consequences," he said reassuringly. "Suppose we move along, then. And what is your name?"

"Wagg," said Randy. "Smithfield Wagg."

Mr. Peel shrugged his shoulders. "One name is as good as another," he said.

The afternoon's labor was not unpleasant, consisting as it did in the securing of several suits of correct cut and of complete outfits to accompany. Then, in a taxi, they drove to one of the better apartment houses on the East Side, above the Sixties, and ascended in the elevator to the seventh floor, where Mr. Peel opened a door with a key which he presented to Randy and motioned him to enter.

"This," he said, "is your home. Pleasant, is it not?"

"Impressive," said Randy with a concealed twinkle in his eye. "And, may I ask, what do I do here?"

"Live here," said Mr. Peel, "and—er—entertain. And," he added, "keep your mouth shut."

"I see," said Randy, who did not see at all, but desired to see very greatly. This, he thought, was a view of life; it promised to entertain him, and he anticipated pleasurably what was to come.

"You may move in when you like," said Mr. Peel. "Until your clothes are finished you will be of no use to me. Here is your key. The two servants, Japanese, will be instructed to look to you as their employer. And here is your first week's salary, which you will possibly need."

"Thank you," Randy said gratefully.

"I will get in touch with you here tomorrow at two o'clock," said Mr. Peel. "In the meantime, make yourself comfortable." He moved toward the door.

"No other instructions?"

"All in good time," Mr. Peel said. "See you tomorrow."

Randy sat down and reasoned with himself.

Here, indeed, was adventure! Here was life as he had read of life in fiction and in the more improbable newspapers. It was incredible. Out of all the multitudes of the city he, Randy Hyde, had been singled out by good fortune to enjoy either the eccentricity or the deviousness of this mysterious Mr. Peel!

Mr. Peel had not the look of a kindly eccentric; in what he had done there was purpose, and a purpose which did not look to benefit some person or persons unknown. Nor, Randy reasoned, was it some matter of a few dollars. Whatever was involved of money or of hatred or of love was considerable. And, undoubtedly, unlawful.

He watched one of the Japanese walk sleekly through the room and then wondered that he had been left alone so trustfully. But had he been left alone? These servants were not his servants and, doubtless, he was under their surveillance. But he was free to go or come. Upon this point he hesitated. Was he free to go or come? If some considerable matter were involved, in which he, Randy Hyde, had become an important factor, he would not be permitted to go and come as he liked. His movements would be subjected to scrutiny, and it would be the part of discretion for him to bear that well in mind.

He spoke to the Japanese who retraced his steps through the room.

"I shall not be in to dinner," he said, "nor, possibly, for the night."

The Japanese bowed silently, and Randy stepped out into the hall and descended the elevator. At the door he entered a taxicab and had himself driven to a large department store on Fifth Avenue which he entered, and, going to the haberdashery department, bought a couple of cravats. Then he took the elevator to the top floor, walked down to the fourth floor, took the elevator again to the basement—and as if he had business there walked through a door which led into the bowels of the building where engineers and janitors and machinery had their habitat.

From there it was not difficult to find his way through a service exit to an alleyway and thence to the street. Here, again, he took to a taxicab, alighted at an elevated station, crossed rapidly to the other side and descended to the sidewalk. And there, to his astonishment and delight, he all but collided with a young woman whom he knew only as Miss Smith—a young woman who had occupied his thoughts very frequently and insistently since he first encountered her a few weeks ago. She had a way of appearing at odd times and in odd places; she was the very spirit of elusiveness—and she attracted him singularly.

That her name was not Smith he was quite certain, but there his information ceased. He had requested her better acquaintance and address. To this her reply had been that if he really wished to know her better he must exercise his ingenuity to find her. And, tacitly, she had put him upon honor not to follow her.

Consequently this meeting delighted him, and in his most amiable manner he blocked her way. She looked up at him out of lovely, shrewd eyes, and smiled.

"Mr. Hyde or Mr. Wagg?" she asked.

"Mr. Wagg—invariably," he answered. "Are we about to have tea?"

"Why not? Then you can tell me why you run up the elevated stairs on one side of the street and run down them on the other."

"You saw me?"

"That," she said, "is the impression I wished to give. Some day, Mr. Hyde, before you're through with this nonsense, you're going to come a cropper. Who were you dodging?"

"It's a long and interesting story."

"Do you know," she asked impertinently, "how I am always able to tell you apart from this double of yours?"

"Admitting, for the sake of argument, that I have a double, how, mademoiselle, do you detect the real from the spurious?"

"Some day," she said, "I'll tell you. But it is infallible." Her eyes twinkled. "Mr. Hyde, do you even guess what would happen to you if one of thirty men I can name—or one of a hundred I can't name—knew you ran around loose and unprotected as you do?"

"Nonsense," he said. "Shall we have tea here?"

They entered the door and were shown to a pleasant table for two at which they seated themselves.

"Now for the interesting adventure," directed Miss Smith. "And where is Mr. Wagg impersonating you this afternoon?"

Randy chuckled. "He is being scrutinized as a possible husband," he said.

"Ah," said Miss Smith in an interested tone. "Is an alliance in process of negotiation?"

"Do I," asked Randy, "appear to you the sort of person to let my wife be selected by a board of directors?"

"One never knows. And may one ask her name?"

"I don't think you ask that seriously," he said gravely.

"I have known men who would have mentioned the name—and smirked," she said.

"I seldom smirk. I grin. I grimace, I guffaw. But almost never do I resort to the lowest of all human facial expressions. I am above it. My nobler nature rebels."

"You write yourself a swell advertisement," she said. "But why the nimble steps up and down the stairways? Why the tallyho and the view halloo?"

"As a slightly soiled member of the jobless proletariat I have been adopted by an eccentric philanthropist."

"Who chases you about the city streets?"

"I couldn't be certain. So I took precautions. By the way, are you going to tell me who you are and where I can find you—frequently?"

"I am not. Go on about the philanthropist."

"Why should I disgorge my most intimate secrets to you when you won't so much as tell me your telephone number?"

"Because I'm a wise woman with a kind heart," she said, "and because you recognize my true worth without letters of recommendation."

"Go to the head of the class." He nodded his head emphatically. "And here is the

(Continued on Page 106)

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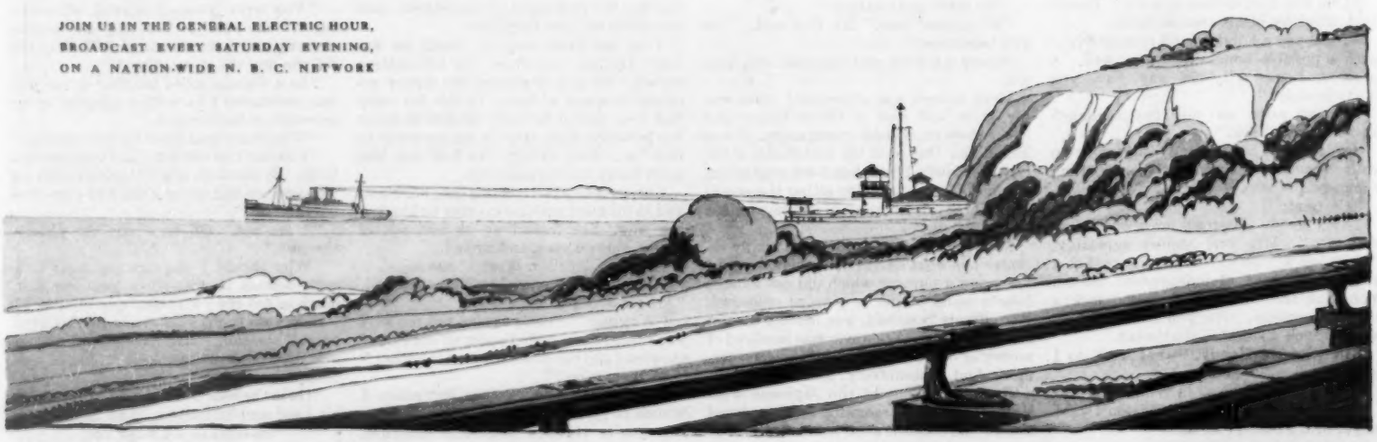

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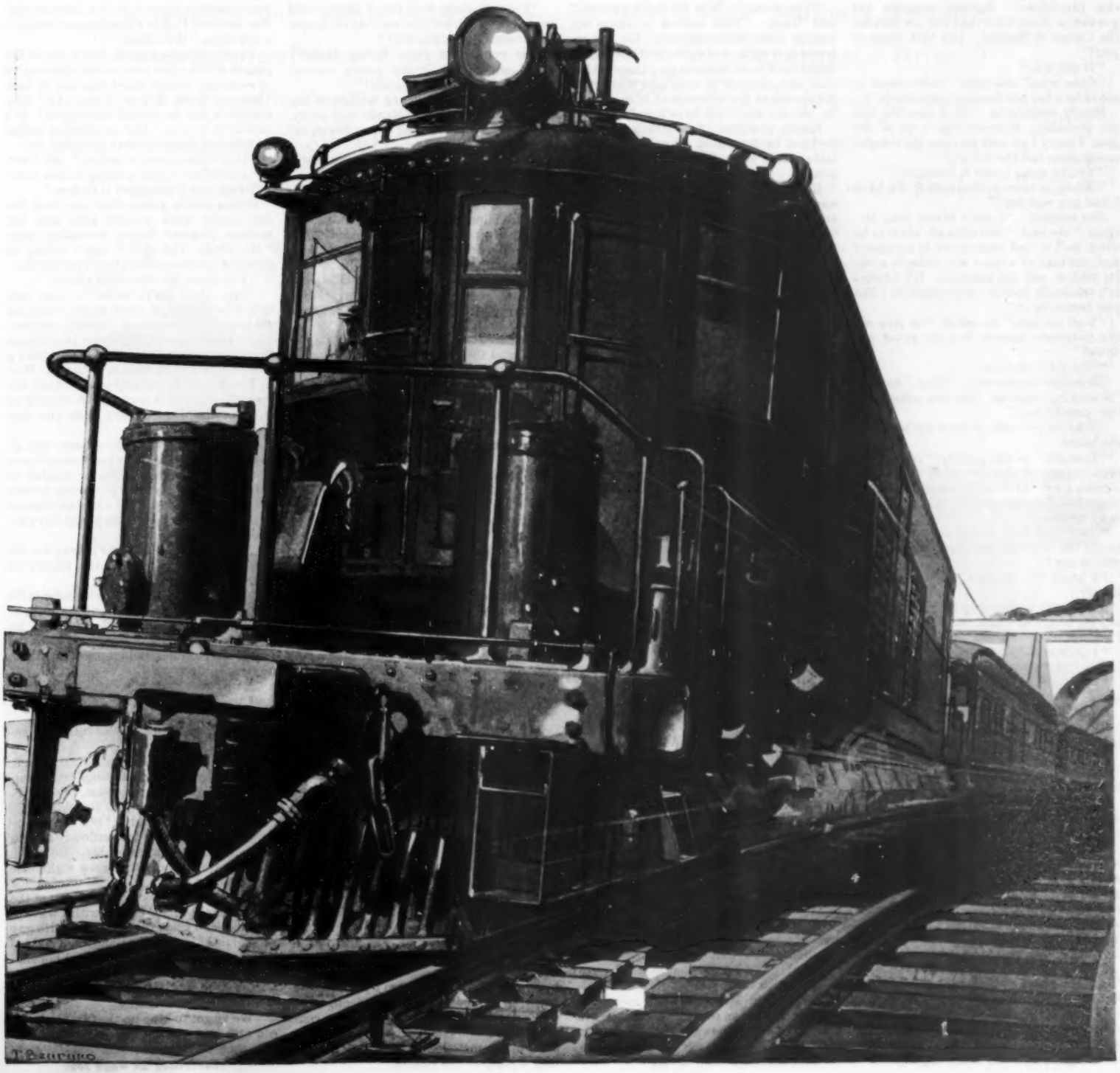

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narrative: I am sitting disconsolate and jobless in the park when I am accosted by a sprightly gentleman in spats who is delighted to discover that I left my last employment under a cloud. He is not pleased with my get-up, so he buys me costly garments and sets me up in an expensive apartment with two Japanese servants. Then he goes away and leaves me to my devices."

"Are you serious?"

"I tell the thing as it occurred."

"And you fancy a watch was kept on you—which accounts for the ducking and dodging?"

"Exactly."

"This apartment is where?"

Randy gave the address. "But you would do well to be absent from that neighborhood," he said seriously. "You have a way of appearing. Don't appear there. It looks bad medicine to me, especially for charming young women in whom I am deeply interested."

"It looks a slippery spot for one of the richest young men in the world," said she. "Suppose you yourself are the object of all this playfulness. Suppose someone has guessed or discovered that you are playing the Caliph of Badgad. Did that occur to you?"

"It did not."

"Otherwise," she said, "there seems to me to be a too muchness of coincidence."

Randy considered. "It is possible, but not probable. Someone else is to be the goat. I fancy I am cast for what the slangier newspapers call the fall guy."

"You're going to see it through?"

"When, in twenty-two years of life, have I had any real fun?"

She nodded. "I can't blame you, Mr. Hyde," she said, "and after all, life is to be lived, isn't it, and chances are to be taken? And the man or woman who hides in a cellar seldom sees the sunshine. It's idiotic. It's criminally foolish. But somehow I like you better for it."

"Well enough," he asked, "to give me the telephone number and the street address?"

"Not yet," she said.

He smiled contentedly. "That," he said, "is making progress. She now admits future possibilities."

"Why do you wish to know me better?" she asked.

"Because," he said gravely, "you are the most attractive and the most interesting woman I ever have encountered. And because I want to discover if you also are the most lovable."

"Very well put, young sir. But what would the Trustees and the Boards of Directors say?"

"I shall be charmed to know," said Randy.

Miss Smith gathered up her purse. "You will sit here," she said, "for five minutes. I am not to be followed."

"I understand," said Randy, "but I protest."

"Have I been so difficult to find?" she asked.

"Yes, when I have searched for you."

"That," she said, "is simply because you have searched in the wrong places."

"But every time you leave me," he said, "I fear you have gone out of my life forever."

She smiled wryly. "Does a mercenary young woman give up her contact with a very rich young man so easily?"

"Miss Smith," he said, and he looked very young and serious and somehow admirable as he spoke, "you have no idea how wonderful it would be to have one friend who could honestly ignore the fact that I am Randy Hyde. After all, I'm a human being. I'm not merely a character out of the daily news, nor a walking symbol for wealth. I have two eyes and two arms and two legs. That," he added, "is the chief reason for Mr. Smithfield Wagg."

"Perhaps," she said with a gentler, more friendly expression than he ever had seen in her eyes, "your luck will turn. Au revoir."

"Not good-by?" he asked eagerly.

She shook her head. "And I'm not the least bit mercenary, after all," she said, and then he watched her as she walked to the door and disappeared into the street. He waited the agreed five minutes and then walked slowly to his home, which he entered by a sort of private postern, and went directly to the library. Here he found Mr. Wagg sitting busily at a writing desk. It did not surprise him that Smithfield covered with some show of haste the results of his penmanship, for Smithfield was given to peculiarities. It might have given Randy food for reflection, however, could he have known that what his double was writing was nothing other than a signature, repeating it again and again and again—and that the signature was Randy Hyde.

"And how," Randy asked, "was the merrymaking?"

"Insipid," said Mr. Wagg severely. "The conversation was unintelligent and the tea was weak."

"But the ladies were lovely?"

"I did not notice," said Mr. Wagg.

"Did you exchange repartee with Miss de Senlis?"

"There was no Miss de Senlis present," said Wagg. "This seemed to cause my hostess some embarrassment, for she referred to it again and again, as if the matter might be of importance to me. I assured her that was contrary to fact, and that I was indifferent to the existence of Miss de Senlis, but she would not have it so."

Randy chuckled. So Patricia de Senlis declined to be placed on exhibition. He rather liked that. She rose in his estimation.

He passed the evening reading a book of romantic adventure, for such was his literary bent, and retired early. In the morning he informed Mr. Wagg that he might have the day to himself. "You might," he said, "prosecute your amours with Miss Anna Spack."

"I object to the word amours," said Mr. Wagg severely.

"Suggest a better," Randy said gayly.

"We meet purely upon an intellectual plane," said Mr. Wagg.

"That," said Randy, as he walked away, "is tough on posterity."

He lunched at home and then, with precautions, made his way to the apartment which Mr. Peel had provided, arriving there half an hour before the appointed two o'clock. He found that his new clothing—a portion of it demanded in extraordinary haste—had arrived. On the hour Mr. Peel let himself in.

"You did not stay here last night," said that gentleman without preamble.

"A few odds and ends to attend to," said Randy.

"Hereafter your time is mine," said Mr. Peel. "And now you will wish to know why I selected you for this affair." He drew from his pocket a folded piece of newspaper and handed it to Randy. "Do you note a resemblance?" he asked.

Randy blinked, for it was a portrait of himself—not a first-class likeness, but recognizable.

"Resemblance to whom?" he asked.

"Yourself," said Peel.

"Um." Randy studied it. "Now you mention it, there is a slight similarity. Who is it?"

"Randy Hyde."

"The billionaire! You don't mean to say I look like him?"

"Sufficiently for the purpose," said Peel. "I saw you on the Avenue and noted it. Then I followed you into the park and became convinced that you would serve. Hence my proposals."

"What then?" Randy asked.

Mr. Peel smiled sleekly. "I have in mind persons who will be more than pleased to be introduced to Randy Hyde—especially in the privacy of his *petite maison*."

"And what do I do?"

"You," said Mr. Peel, "will merely be amiable. And when the time comes you will play up. I think the situation will explain itself."

"Undoubtedly," said Randy.

So Randy Hyde, hired by persons of dishonest tendencies to impersonate himself, awaited developments which were not long in making themselves material. Two evenings later he was notified to be prepared to receive visitors, and shortly after the theaters were out Peel put in an appearance with three very delectable young women whose fathers owned extensive blocks of real estate in Milwaukee, but who, to gain experience, were members of the chorus of the musical comedy of the hour. And also with two young gentlemen whom he introduced to Randy as Jack Dart and Tim West of Chicago.

"Your father," said Peel to Randy, "was well acquainted with the fathers of these young men. I have heard him speak of them often."

"To be sure," said Randy, who had been raised from babyhood to know the families of America. "It is nice to see you in person. How is polo coming in the Middle West?"

"Progressing," said young Dart, "but not yet up to International standards. Are you playing this autumn?"

"I'm a business man now," Randy said genially. "Peel, will you see that the guests are properly provided for?"

"So you're the great Randy Hyde?" asked one of the lovely young women. "Where do you hide yourself?"

"Where beautiful young women of the theater can't bite me," Randy said gayly. "I'm shy. I'm too young to be allowed out after curfew."

"Is it so that you always have a bodyguard trailing you?" she asked.

"True. Too true," he said.

"My, it must cramp your style—unless they are blind and deaf and dumb."

"My life is an open book," he said. "I'm pure as the driven snow and lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

"Gosh, it isn't so grand to be a billionaire, after all," she said disgustedly. "But you're just giving me a run-around, aren't you? You do step out?"

"One step out and one step back," Randy said, "and then only with a young woman who has been inspected and investigated by a staff of private detectives, a board of directors, and a specialist on first families."

"All the same, I notice you have an apartment here. What for?"

"I make believe I am wicked. What I really do is come here and play checkers with my bodyguard. Watch your step, my dear, because there are six men watching you, with automatics ready, behind concealed panels in the walls."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the young lady. "What a life."

"By the way, Randy," said Peel, "have you considered that matter we discussed the other day?"

"So many matters are discussed," Randy said wearily.

"I mean," Peel said with a display of obvious patience, "the Bandfield Stoker. I went over it with you, don't you recall? This man Bandfield has invented a stoker for home furnaces, and my investigators have put their okay on it. With your coal interests I think you should get control of the thing. It doesn't sound important, but with all these oil burners coming in, something must be done eventually."

"I remember now," Randy said, "but it didn't seem big enough to meddle with. What's the use?"

"Not so small to the ordinary man," Peel said. "It'll take a million to get into production. Bandfield wants a lump sum. His ideas were high, but I've nibbled him down until he'll take three hundred and fifty thousand for his patents. I understand why you may not want your name to appear, but we can arrange that satisfactorily."

"How?" asked Randy.

"You have friends, haven't you? Name one who wouldn't be tickled to death to go into a deal with you. Why, here are a couple of young millionaires from Chicago who have never met you before, and I'll bet they'd jump at the chance."

"Why," asked Randy Hyde, "should they?"

"Because," replied Peel, "they know, with your staff of investigators, you wouldn't go into it unless it was certain. And secondly, because the mere fact of being associated with you in business would be worth millions to them in prestige back home."

"I'm not so important," said Randy, "as all that implies."

"But, really, you are, Mr. Hyde," said Tim West. "Far be it from me to crash the gate, but if I can be of any use I'll turn flip-flops. Neither I nor Jack is exactly flat broke."

"Didn't I tell you?" Peel said impatiently. "You only have to keep under cover until the patents are bought and the company organized. Then you can take over—either the whole thing or control of it. And it fits into the larger picture."

"Oh," said Randy, "let's dance or eat or brag. I'm sick of business. Bring on your mirth and gayety. I long to gambol on the sward and taste the wine of youth."

Peel shrugged his shoulders with well-simulated disappointment, and one of the young women turned on the phonograph. Peel touched Randy's shoulder and said, in a low tone, "Well done."

Then it became a party, but in one of the pauses which come even in the most active of evenings, Randy heard Peel say to Jack Dart, "I think he's in favor. And why shouldn't you do yourself some good? It's rather up to you. And an entering wedge with Randy Hyde is worth pounding in."

"Don't like to seem a pusher," said Dart.

"I think he's taken a liking to you boys. If I were you I'd suggest it to him."

Consequently young Dart sat down beside Randy some minutes later and, not without pleasant boyish hesitation, said, "Mr. Hyde, Tim and I aren't trying to crowd in, but we couldn't help overhearing."

"You mean the Bandfield thing?"

"Yes. And we've talked it over and would be tickled to death to be of any assistance. It's been swell to meet you anyhow. I saw you driving down the Avenue this afternoon and hadn't the least idea I'd be spending a slick evening with you. But, as I said, we'll be mighty glad to hold this basket for you, and then get out entirely or come in afterward on any basis you suggest."

Randy considered. The scheme was almost clear before his eyes now—simple and efficient and infallible. But he wanted to see the end of it; and he did resent having his name used, even by the highest class of confidence men. And there would be newspaper notoriety to follow.

"Very good," he said, "we'll fix up the details with Peel. He has the matter in charge."

Randy motioned to Peel, who came to his side. "Mr. Dart and his friend are going to undertake the Bandfield affair for me," he said. "I appreciate it. Will you have the papers here tomorrow night so that it can be cleaned up at once?"

"Of course. At ten o'clock," said Peel. And then to the Chicago young men, "I congratulate you. You'll not be sorry."

"Indeed we shan't," West said with enthusiasm.

"Now," interrupted one of the young women, "if you men are through telling fortunes, let's go some place else. Come on, Mr. Hyde. We'll show you the village."

"Sorry," said Randy, "but my chaperon says no. You're too perilously beautiful and I'm so impressionable. But drop around with the boys tomorrow night. Be glad to see you."

Peel lingered behind. "Catch you at the foot of the elevator," he said with a wave of his hand, and when they had gone with gay good nights he turned to Randy and nodded his head. "You are smarter than I hoped," he said. "Couldn't have done better myself. You're declared in for a share."

"Thanks," said Randy.

"We've got to keep up the front until we can cash their checks. Three hundred and fifty thousand. Not so bad. They'll go to

(Continued on Page 109)

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To baffle this sour feel, the Spalding experts worked out an ingenious way of crimping the end of the hosel around the rubber so that *no rivet is necessary!*

And when that hosel is crimped, the rubber says "good-bye forever" to the outside air. The air is sealed out—so the rubber stays lively throughout the long life of the club.

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Prices of Kro-Flite Cushion-neck Irons

Custom-Built Registered	*Set of nine*	$90
	Set of six	60
Standard Registered	*Set of nine*	$75
	Set of six	50
Related	*Set of nine*	$54
	Set of six	36
	Each	6

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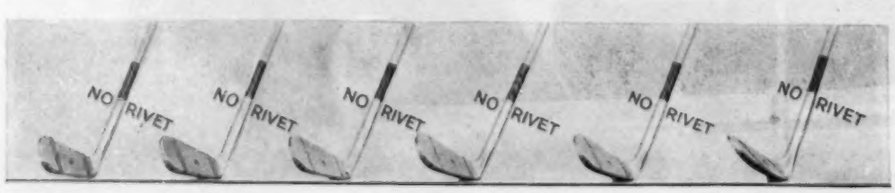

Spalding

KRO-FLITE

CUSHION-NECK GOLF CLUBS

(Continued from Page 106)

the bank with me day after tomorrow. I've rooms on the Pedantic sailing Saturday. By the time they come to we'll be in Algiers, where we can lie low for a while and enjoy ourselves. It'll be a month before they begin to wonder, and nobody needs more getaway time than that."

"I've always wanted to see Algiers," said Randy. "Good night."

Before noon the next day he was in his own home enjoying the pastime of pestering Smithfield Wagg, who was very severe with him indeed. Mr. Wagg was realizing the responsibilities of great wealth, and long ago had arrived at the opinion that he was much more fitted by nature and character to be Randy Hyde than Randy was himself. In his hands the Hyde fortune would be a boon to mankind. He, Smithfield Wagg, could be a great benefactor. Indeed, there were times when he fancied himself actually to be Randy Hyde—and then he made great plans. If he were Randy Hyde! And then came often the thought: Why not be Randy Hyde? Was the thing not possible? And if it were possible, was it not his duty to the world? He was quite sure the thing could be done—and gradually he was moving toward the conclusion that it must be done. One of the steps he took was a constant and painstaking imitation of Randy's handwriting.

"Is your watch accurate?" Randy asked.

"Whatever I possess is accurate," Wagg said severely. "I am no dilettante. I am a seeker after truth. I am efficient. An inaccurate watch would be an abomination to me."

"Suppose, then," said Randy, "we compare timepieces. If we are identical in all other respects, our watches should point to the same second. And also for other reasons unknown to your wisdom but important to me."

"We are not," said Mr. Wagg, "identical in all respects. It would be better if we were."

"I think," said Randy, "you're not sufficiently grateful to me for resembling you."

"I resent it," said Smithfield.

"Good," said Randy. "Nevertheless, tonight you are to follow my instructions to the split second. Am I understood?"

This was a phase of Randy Hyde which Smithfield Wagg seldom encountered, and it both puzzled and impressed him. He did not understand it and he objected to it, but at such moments he felt himself to be dominated by a will and a personality stronger than his own.

"I understand," he said feebly.

That night, at the appointed hour, the party arrived again at the apartment occupied by Randy, and after some moments of amenities, the men stepped into the dining room to complete the transaction.

"I have here the transfer of the patents and Bandfield's receipt for three hundred and fifty thousand," said Peel. "He's a peculiar individual, as some inventors are. Overtrusting at one point and too suspicious in another. He gives us a receipt in full before he has the money, and then declines to accept checks." He laughed heartily. "So you young men will have to meet me at the bank tomorrow for identification purposes while I cash your paper. A nuisance, but we have to humor him."

"To whom do we make the checks payable?" asked West.

"Oh, to me," said Peel. "That will be handier."

But when the checks were drawn Randy picked them up idly and thrust them into his pocket. Peel frowned, but let the action pass. "Tomorrow at the bank at ten," he said.

"We'll be there," said Dart.

Randy consulted his watch. "Let's go play a while," he said. "But not too long. I don't want to seem inhospitable, but tomorrow is a hard day for me. Say we break up at twelve-thirty?"

"Suits me," said Dart. "I can do with a spot of sleep."

Therefore, at half an hour after midnight, they were saying good-by at the door—the young ladies protesting at an evening being ended before it began. Again Peel lingered.

"I'll take those checks," he said casually."

Randy consulted his watch. "Nice boys," he said. "But I guess they can afford to lose it."

"Valuable lesson to them," said Peel. "But as I said before, I'll take those checks. They're safer with me."

"Partners, aren't we? Why not leave them with me?"

"I'm running this show," Peel said, and his eyes narrowed. "What's the idea? Some notion of running a whizzer on me?" He shook his head. "Not at this time of day, young man."

"Nonsense," said Randy. Again he looked at his watch. "But I'd like to sleep with three hundred and fifty thousand under my pillow just once. It would bring pleasant dreams."

"Hand over those checks," Peel said grimly.

"Now, now," Randy said placatingly.

Then, with startling suddenness, something hard and unpleasant pressed against the front of his immaculate shirt, and he looked down to find Peel's fist grasping a mysteriously materialized automatic. "Come across," said the man.

"If you feel that way about it," Randy grinned. He reached in his pocket for the checks—and the door opened behind Peel's back. The man turned suddenly and all but went back on his heels, for there, just stepping over the threshold, was an exact counterpart of the young man into whose abdomen he was pressing his weapon. He opened his mouth and closed it again. Randy glanced down at his watch.

"On the second," he said to Mr. Wagg. "Hurray for accuracy and efficiency."

Peel backed away, his weapon leveled. "I don't know what the game is," he said, "but both of you back against the wall." His eyes traveled from Randy to his double unbelievingly.

"Who in thunder is he?" he demanded.

"A friend," said Randy, "with the countersign."

"Well, you and your friend are on a hot spot," Peel said grimly. "You're due to spend an uncomfortable night." He smiled with close lips. "And you won't be sailing on the Pedantic. I think not." He wagged his head. "So you'd try to double-cross me, would you? Well, just for that, you stay behind and hold the bag."

"Your friends must be getting impatient," said Randy.

"The checks," said Peel. "I'm not wasting time tonight. And for that much money I'd let daylight into the King of Rumania. Come across."

There was a sudden clatter of talk in the corridor and again the door opened to admit the young ladies of the chorus, accompanied by Dart and West.

"What's the big idea of chasing us back up here?" demanded one of the girls, and then she gave a little cry as she saw Peel's revolver. And a second as she saw Smithfield Wagg. "Hey, what's going on here?" she cried.

"The last act," said Randy, "of the Comedy of Errors. By the way, Waggy, introduce me to these nice people."

"I don't know them," said Mr. Wagg precisely.

"But you do know me, eh? Introduce me."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said Mr. Wagg formally, "may I present Mr. Randy Hyde?"

Mr. Peel spoke a short, bitter, improper word.

"Never," said Randy, "hire a man to impersonate himself. He's apt to be too convincing. Now be nice, Mr. Peel, and lay down the shooting iron. You've given me a lot of innocent pleasure which I am going to repay by letting you walk through the door yonder and by giving you an hour's start. After all, you've committed no crime, have you? On the contrary, you've been most amusing—and have given me the privilege of meeting new friends."

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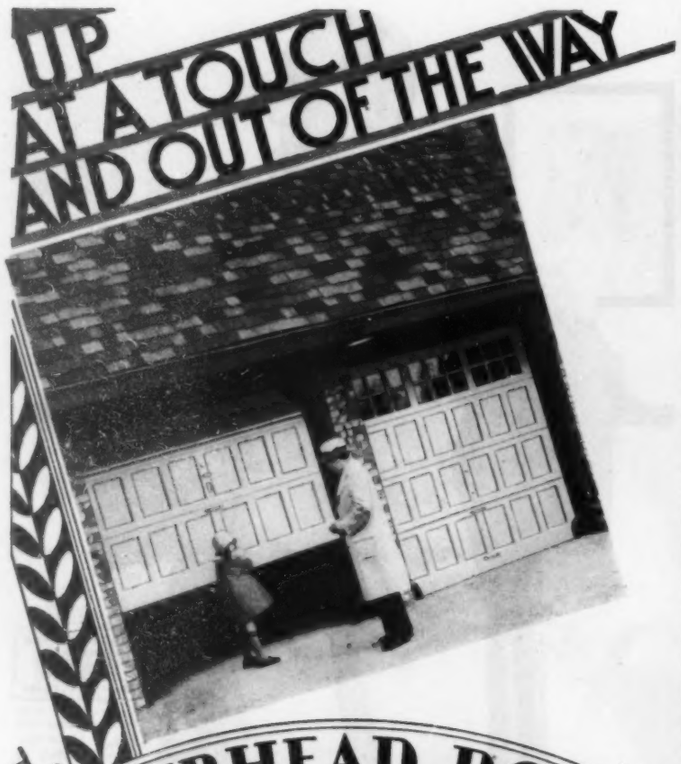

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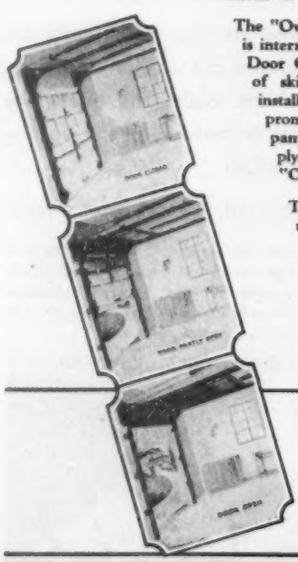

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"For a nickel," said Mr. Peel, dropping his veneer of gentility, "I'd plug me one billionaire."

"No, no, no," said Randy chidingly. "Not go sit in the hot chair! Mustn't be petulant." Suddenly his voice changed. "Drop that gun," he said, and before any human hand could have stayed his temerity, he seized Peel's wrist in a hand whose strength made him a most powerful stroke in polo, and wrenched the weapon from his fingers.

"And so," he said, "good night—and thanks for the entertainment."

Peel walked toward the door, and the young people, strained and wondering, made way for him. There he paused and turned.

"Swell business for a billionaire to be in," he said accusingly. "Running around deceiving honest crooks."

COASTING ON THE AIR

(Continued from Page 12)

less time than any other living mortal, freely confesses that he gets more fun out of soaring than he does out of speed flying. We have had the recent spectacle of Captain Hawks at the controls of a towed glider traveling over the same territory he once covered in his Lockheed Vega at three times his towing speed. The pleasure in it, of course, comes when he cuts loose from his tow and soars silently to earth. There must be something in it to win such converts.

At any rate it is evident that we are after the Germans' records. Hawley Bowlus was known to airmen as the man who helped groom Lindbergh's We, but Bowlus never came into general prominence until he applied himself to soaring and established the American soaring record, approaching within a few hours of the best sustained sailplane flight of the Germans. Lieutenant Barnaby, of the Navy, won his national prominence by cutting loose in a glider from the Los Angeles. The will to make gliding records is vibrantly alive in the American consciousness, and whenever there is a chance to win national acclaim in a sport, it always follows that there will be aspirants by the tens of thousands.

America has one great reservoir of gliding enthusiasm merely waiting to be tapped—the youngsters who spend their spare time building and flying airplane models. In one organization there are 400,000 boys and girls registered—the Airplane Model League of America. Pleasure in the models as toys is undoubtedly a reason for their enthusiasm, but over and beyond that is their hope that some day they will be pilots sitting at the controls of a real airplane. How many of them can realize the ambition? Only a few, under present conditions. There are not enough airplanes to go around, nor are there likely to be for years to come. It is inevitable that they will seize upon the glider as the safe and cheap middle step between the rubber-band model and the powered plane.

Young America Takes to the Air

They will have the blessing of the aviation industry if they do so. Many an aviation executive, scanning the possible markets which will absorb the products of already established airplane plants, has been disappointed with America's temporary reluctance to take to the airplane as it took to the automobile, and in the dilemma has welcomed the hope that the glider brings. If young Americans will only take to gliding, become expert in the air and come to crave the next logical step to powered planes, then a really air-minded generation of airplane users will be developed. The argument, at least, holds with a surprisingly large percentage of those credited with foresight in aviation.

The personnel of the officers and directors of the National Glider Association is evidence enough of what stress leading pilots and aviation executives place on the value of the sport. The president of the Detroit Aircraft Corporation, Edward S. Evans, is also honorary president of the National Glider Association. The active head is William B. Mayo, chief engineer for Ford. Eddie Rickenbacker is secretary. The directorate includes Amelia Earhart, Anthony H. G. Fokker, Col. Paul Henderson, Casey Jones, Charles L. Lawrance, president of Wright Aeronautical Corporation, and Rear Admiral William A. Moffett.

These persons have announced a program to train 2,000,000 glider pilots during the next five years. Not so long ago it would have been foolhardy to suggest placing one American in every sixty at the controls of a plane in free flight. Even the desirability of it would have been questioned. Yet today the N. G. A. has applications for gliding-club charters by the score; it is planning sectional and national glider meets; it has to issue bulletins advising enthusiasts not to harm the sport by taking to the air in homemade contraptions. This warning will not long be necessary. There are already a dozen reputable firms building gliders, with new ones coming into the field every week. A primary glider can be sold for about $500, a sailplane for something like twice that amount. Excellent plans are available, usually following German design, and this summer will doubtless see gliders produced by the thousands.

Limitations of the Glider

Shall many of us, then, be soaring in lonely grandeur, frightening flocks of crows, surprising the family by swooping low over the garden tea table? The quick national imagination is already painting some such picture, and there have been few to raise doubts, since most of those who know about the glider sing its praises.

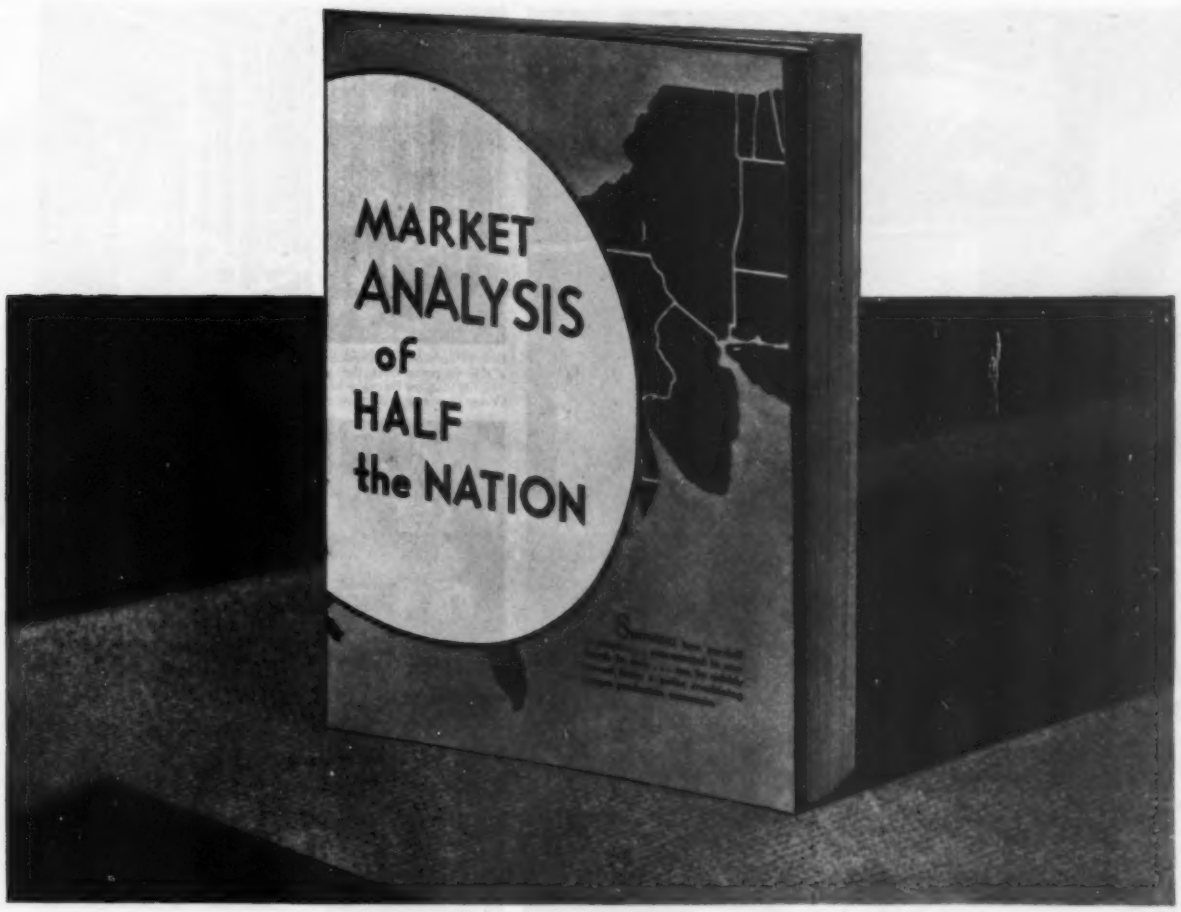
Consider for a moment a young Southern boy who has read of the joys of skating, but has never seen a frozen lake. He is brought North, a pair of skates are fastened on his feet and he is pushed onto the ice to enjoy himself. In half an hour the boy will be miserable, with his ankles aching and his enthusiasm gone. It will take many days before he has caught the knack of it and goes skimming over the ice with his heart pounding with pleasure at his skill on the new medium. America is in exactly that state with regard to gliding. The only way to stave off disappointment is to have foreknowledge of just what can and cannot be done with a motorless plane.

There already exists one basic misconception about motorless flight. This is the failure to make a proper distinction between the glider and the sailplane, supposing them each capable of soaring, when, in reality, they are about as far apart in performance as a bobsled and a kite. The novice who visualizes himself cruising for hours in a primary glider is doomed to the disappointment of a speedy landing. Gliders live up to their name. They glide. Sailplanes are a higher type and they alone can loaf along in flight as soundless and lazy as a turkey buzzard's, using the rising wind currents to sustain them.

The primary glider is the one on which everyone must learn. The best type is a monoplane equipped with standard airplane controls. It has an open fuselage, with the pilot's seat in front, directly over the single skid which acts as landing gear. This plane will coast forward ten feet during the time when it is falling one foot. It is so stable that it will land itself if the controls are held in neutral. It flies at about fifteen miles an hour and comes to a dead stop within a few feet of the place where the skid first grounded. It is as foolproof as any machine in which man ever left the ground.

This type of training glider is that used to teach the sport to German school children, boys and girls alike. No child with

(Continued on Page 113)



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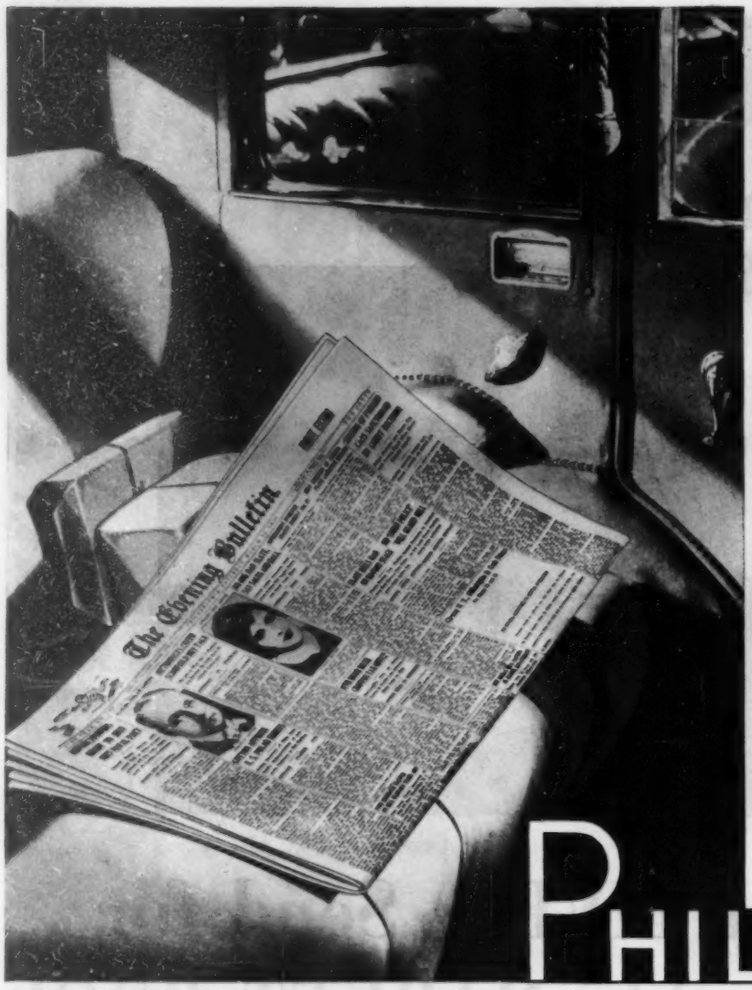
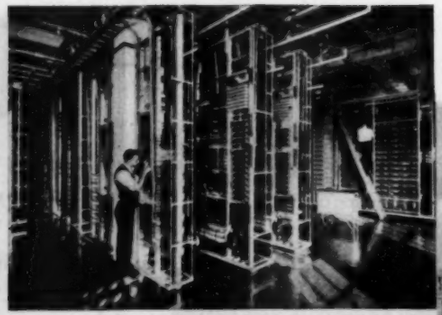
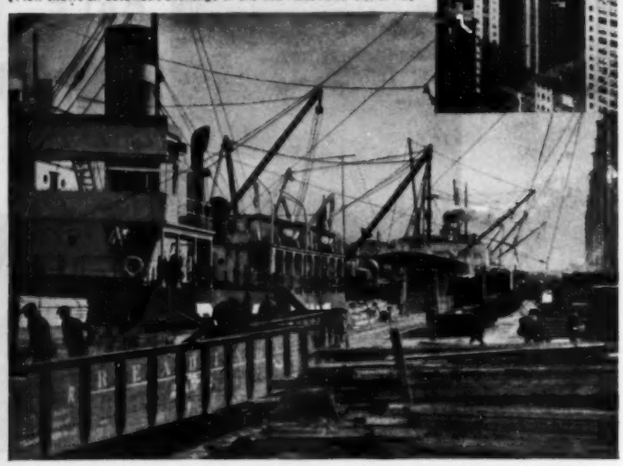




Bell Telephones in service during the first quarter of 1930 showed a 6% increase over the same period of last year. Calls totalled 142,700,000, an increase of 5,300,000 over the first quarter of 1929. (View shows an automatic exchange of the Bell Telephone Co. of Pa.)



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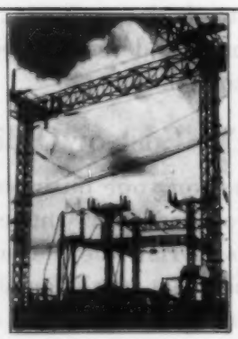

Philadelphia's consumption of electric current increased 18.5% during the first quarter of 1930, over the same period of last year. (From figures supplied by the Philadelphia Electric Co.) In this great city of home owners, 90% of the homes are wired for electricity: An exceptional market for radio and electrical appliance sales work.

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(Continued from Page 110)

normal sense perceptions flunks a gliding attempt any more than he would fail to fall into line at a fire drill. The thing is as simple as that, always presuming that the instruction properly begins at the easiest stage and lets the student pilot become successively accustomed to more intricate flight.

To demonstrate these stages we can imagine the flying history of a typical gliding club. A dozen friends have bought a primary glider for $500. None of them has ever seen a glider until they uncrate it, but they have an instructor who helps them assemble it and will teach them to fly it. It weighs 190 pounds, has a wing spread of thirty-six feet and is equipped with a safety belt and 180 feet of elastic launching rope. On a fair day, with a ten-mile wind blowing, they take their glider to the summit of a small hill whose slope faces the prevailing winds and has no dangerous obstructions on it.

The Launching of a Primary-Training Plane

The glider is set on the ground, facing the wind, and the first student pilot is strapped into the seat. The ten-mile wind is strong enough to keep the glider upright on its razor-edge landing gear, so that the student discovers that the ailerons answer to the play of his hand on the stick and he gets his first feel of the thing while still on the ground. Ten minutes of this is enough. The ring fastened to the middle of the elastic shock cord is attached to a hook on the nose of the glider. Four men take hold of each free end of the shock cord, walking away from the glider until the cord is taut and forms a V with the apex attached to the glider. At the glider's rear there is a rope which snubs around a post, holding it tight until the signal shall come to let go.

The two sections of the crew walk away with their ends of the shock cord so that it becomes a gigantic sling shot. "Run!" shouts the instructor. The crew runs; the snubber lets go the rear and the glider catapults upward at a steep angle. The shock cord falls away from the glider's nose. There is our student, some thirty feet in air and trying to keep his wits about him. He need not do any great amount of thinking. Merely keep the feet evenly pressed on the rudder bar, allow the stick to remain in neutral, and the glider will follow its nature by tobogganing on the air at a gentle angle and settling down easily on the ground. How far? That depends on the height to which the glider has been launched, the force of the wind and the slope of the ground. On level ground and in still air a glider launched to a height of forty feet may travel only 100 yards in thirty seconds.

The Glider Club Gets Ambitious

That may seem a meager result, yet the point to remember about primary glider training is that results should not be measured in distance covered or time of flight, but rather in the degree of zest with which the student comes back for more. Besides, that first hop can be gradually lengthened out by higher launchings and by choosing a higher hill, down whose side the pilot can glide indefinitely so long as the angle of the hill is greater than his angle of descent. There is no limit of distance so long as the ground contour falls away as fast as, or faster than, the gliding angle of the plane. But, since nature does not like to provide perfect conditions, the choice of a hill becomes a matter of intelligent search.

Still considering our typical glider club, there will come a day when some Columbus will get tired of gliding straight forward to a landing and will have enough elevation to push his rudder over, nose down slightly, work the ailerons with his stick, and so come about to land in the opposite direction from which he started. About that time the club will be discussing the purchase of a secondary glider with a greater wing spread, an inclosed cockpit and a higher performance. They are ready for it. With the experience gained on the primary glider, they will soon be putting their secondary type through perfectly banked turns and, with proper conditions and a break of luck, will be flying back over the spot from which the glider was launched.

Probably there will also have been some lazy ones who grew tired of manning the end of a shock cord to launch their confreres; so the club will have bought a mechanical launching device. This is a stationary box battened to the ground and provided with a trip which can be set to release at varying tensions. The rear rope of the glider is attached to the box. The shock cord is attached to the glider's nose as usual, but this time it is drawn taut by an automobile pulling directly ahead. When the required tension is reached, the grip in the box lets go the glider's rear and the student is launched to whatever height is desired. It may be as low as five feet for a beginner, and it can be increased to successive heights. It should be noted here that this method is not the so-called automobile tow, since in this case the automobile does not run off with the glider, but merely acts as the power to pull the shock cord taut.

One thing will irk the adult club members. With the mechanical launching device, gliding has become so simplified that many of the members' wives and young children are doing as well at it as the brave pioneers who started it all. Behind closed doors the officers of the club go into executive session and decide that the only way to save their faces is to buy a sailplane. But is the club's favorite hill—an excellent place for gliding—suitable as well for soaring flight? The man who will get the ear of the meeting at this point is the one who has made a study of meteorology, a not very occult science, which has nothing to do with the habits of meteors, but which concerns itself with the way winds blow and what makes them do it. Simple enough in its basic principles, it is amazingly intricate when considered in its application to the flight of sailplanes. The Germans are far ahead of us in it. Any competent German sailplane pilot can discuss subtleties in soaring technic which would dizzy the brain of the normal American glider enthusiast. That is quite natural, since the Germans have been at this sport for ten years more than ourselves, and their greater knowledge is likely to let them keep their lead for some time to come. If Americans in the near future break any soaring records, the chances are that it will be a victory of instinct over exact science. The betting, however, is on science.

At any rate, it is better to face the fact of an initial advantage owned by the Germans and to grasp the underlying principles which determine why a body heavier than air remains aloft. Such knowledge must involve a working familiarity with that invisible, odorless and touchless medium in which sailplanes move—the air. Only when we come to know the habits of this restless ocean of atmosphere will we be able to experience what Dr. Wolfgang Klemperer, the German sailplane pilot, describes as "the sublime pleasure one experiences in gliding over hills and valleys, silently, like the eagle, cruising or hovering, rising or descending at will."

This air, then, is a fluid substance, just as water is fluid. Beings completely surrounded by either medium have to make their way through it by pushing hard enough on it to get a foothold. For instance, when the tail of a fish strikes blow after blow against the water, resistance is offered to each impact and the body of the fish is shot forward. But air, also, has definite weight and body, and we are just as much submerged in it as a fish is in water. When we walk up a windy street we buffet against a stream of air, doing the same thing that a salmon does when he fights his way upstream. The difference is that the salmon gets his forward propulsion by hitting the medium in which he lives, while we get ours by pushing our feet against the ground, not bothering about the negligible resistance of the air.

A Mechanical Fish

We had to worry about it, though, when we wanted to take our feet off the ground and move through air. So man invented a mechanical extension of himself—a pusher airplane propeller which would revolve so fast that it could hit enough of the air to offer resistance and move a plane forward. The Wright brothers' pusher plane more closely resembled the motion of a swimming fish than it did that of a soaring bird. For the airplane forces a straight path ahead through cross-currents and upcurrents, while the soaring bird lets the energies of air currents beat upon its perfectly motionless wings in order to sustain flight. The powered airplane, then, is a mechanical fish of the air, while the motorless sailplane is the true imitator of the soaring bird. Both the soaring plane and the bird achieve flight by a combination of two forces—the down pull of gravity and the upthrust of air currents.

An easy way to visualize a body of moving air is to sit in a room which has a beam of sunlight slanting from a window to the floor and then blow out generous clouds of cigarette smoke to color the eddying air so that you can actually see its action. At some height in the room a layer of smoke will form and hang motionless. But in the warm sunbeam the cigarette smoke flows upward. There is a particularly violent upcurrent over a velvet sofa cushion, whose material gives back more heat than does the surface of a table. However, the edge of the table itself acts as a barrier to the smoke approaching it, shooting the stream upward. A student lamp burning in a dark corner of the room also draws smoke upward. There is a large bowl of ice on the table, and this is seen to pull smoke down to it.

Exactly what is happening in that room happens on a larger scale when the sun and winds play over a variegated terrain in the out-of-doors. In the sunlit room an intelligent enough flea could sit at the controls of a miniature sailplane and do some creditable soaring by taking advantage of the rising currents over the sofa cushion to gain altitude, then gliding down to the sunbeam and being lifted up again, ad infinitum. A trained sailplane glider knows that a stubble field with the hot sun on it will create an upcurrent, that the wind sweeping at right angles at a mountain will cause a flowing upstream in which he can soar, but he

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SECOND—Spread MOLLÉ over beard like a fragrant cold cream.
THIRD—Shave with your favorite razor.

Simplicity and speed are only a small part of the advantages of the MOLLÉ shave. You will be doubly surprised at the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and soreness—and, best of all, that comfortable after-feel that requires neither lotions nor balms.

MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) was originally the private formula of a learned physician—a skin specialist. It is the blending of ingredients recognized for their healing, soothing, and antiseptic properties. Although publicly offered a comparatively short time, its sale is tremendous—nation-wide. Each day adds new users.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

also realizes that a lake or a forest—like the bowl of ice in the room—will help gravity to bring him down if he gets within their area of influence. The entire skill of the sailplane pilot lies in finding and utilizing these upcurrents.

The first consideration for soaring flight is to find the type of country where it can be done. The searcher does not go about with a divining rod, since success can be foretold.

Four years ago, when a group wished to demonstrate the sport in this country, they imported Peter Hesselbach and his German sailplane, and announced that the first soaring flight in America since Orville Wright's would take place at Cape Cod. Here the prevailing summer winds sweep in from the ocean, strike the high sand dunes and are deflected upward. The cold sea wind also gets an additional upthrust when it passes over the sun-warmed sand. Add to that the fact that the earth at the water's edge offers more resistance than did the smooth surface of the sea and there is a total of three upcurrents, each giving its strength to a steadily rising column of air all along the dunes.

Hesselbach knew in advance that he could soar under such conditions. He welcomed the presence of a curious crowd, was catapulted into the air and remained there for more than four hours, dipping into the hollows of the hills, swooping silently over the heads of the crowd, maneuvering with birdlike grace such as no observer of powered flight had ever seen. A flock of sea gulls paid him the tribute of flying in formation at his wing tips.

Hesselbach's feat determined the location of our first glider school at Cape Cod, where 1500 student flights were made last summer without accident. Yet Cape Cod, ideal as it is for training purposes, is only an isolated instance of the excellent soaring terrain which will be discovered throughout the United States as soon as diligent search is made. The California hills have rewarded Bowlus and Lindbergh. The region around Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been pronounced by German experts as good a soaring terrain as any that exists in Germany. Captain Hawks, on his transcontinental glider tow, cut loose near Syracuse, New York, at an altitude of 3000 feet. His Eaglet, heavily built to stand airplane towing and carrying much more weight than a normal sailplane, was shot up to 6000 feet by upcurrents. It descended again to the 3000-foot level and once more was lifted half a mile higher by the invisible fingers of the wind. Captain Hawks reported a similar experience in Phoenix, Arizona.

Topographical Requirements

These were pioneer surveys on what will some day be the soaring map of the United States. Yet even in our present uncharted stage, anyone with a topographical map and a knowledge of the prevailing winds can forecast with reasonable certainty whether a certain location is a good one for sailplanes.

Wind and an elevation from which to launch the sailplane are first essentials. The race horse of the glider tribe weighs less than twice the weight of an average pilot and has a wing spread nearly sixty feet long by only five feet wide. No novice can safely handle its delicate controls, for in a dead calm it must be nosed down at a steep angle or else it will lose flying speed and flutter out of control. To have air room for nosing down is reason enough for its launching from a hill. To keep flying speed it must have wind or else glide swiftly to earth, which is excuse enough for avoiding calm air.

Nor will any wind serve its purposes. A straightaway wind over level ground is useless for soaring flight. There must be obstructions on the ground to shoot the wind upward or else sufficient differences on the ground to cause different absorption of the sun's heat and thus set up those varying currents for which sailplane pilots delight to search.

From these generalities let us consider any mountain ridge whose long side faces prevailing winds. It may be wooded in spots, but there are cleared fields on its sides and at its base to serve as landing fields. The wind flowing toward the slope is deflected upward. The only requirement for soaring is to have the strength of that upcurrent greater than the normal rate of descent of the sailplane. If it is, the plane will move forward against the wind and be carried upward at the same time. In doing this, the sailplane is actually gliding in the same manner as its more prosaic brother, the primary-training glider, but it is doing so in a rising column of air, and its high lift qualities allow it to move upward with the column.

The force of the air column moving up a slope is greatest to windward of the crest, so that the sailplane which heads straight into the wind will soon be carried above that strong vertical current into a region of still air where resort must be made to a down glide. To avoid this the pilot heads parallel to the edge of the crest and weaves his way along in the zone of strongest upcurrent. Many German flights have been made for hours by doing figure 8's along the windward side of a crest.

Soaring Through a Thunderstorm

Cross-country flights are the supreme test in this game of fooling gravity by making friends with the winds. In a region of hills widely enough scattered so as not to form dangerous swirls in steep valleys, the aerial cruiser tries to warp his way from slope to slope, knowing that, inexorably, his plane is falling one foot for every twenty feet forward it travels and that he must surely come to earth unless he can find a vertical air column. His power reservoir is his height, so that if he has attained a 1000-foot altitude he knows that he can reach any point within a circle of 20,000 feet radius. But he doesn't want to come down. He is trying to get as far as possible from his launching place, so he peers over the side and looks for aid. It may be in the form of a sandy plain where the hot currents swirl upward. It may be a wind striking the face of a cliff. If all else fails, even the force of the wind rolling over a plain and striking the edge of a forest or a group of buildings may keep him in the air long enough to reach energy of a greater lifting strength.

There was a time when high winds were avoided and thunderstorms were considered suicidal. Both phenomena still remain perils to the untrained, but the élite among sailplane pilots now welcome them. The vast whirlpools of cold and warm air attending thunderstorms have sucked sailplanes upward for thousands of feet, plunging the puny machines into darkling clouds at terrific speed, yet not daunting the pilot whose hands have been turned into nerve centers of wings with lifting power far surpassing that of the condor. Defiance of a storm, however, is not something to be hurled by the neophyte.

Barring the exceptional lifting power of storms, it is obvious that it is difficult to reach high altitudes, for, if most upcurrents depend for their strength on contact of the winds with the earth, it follows that they lose their lifting capacity at a point only a few hundred feet above the earthly obstructions. For that reason cross-country and endurance soaring flights are done at no great altitude.

There is, however, a phenomenon which opens the upper heavens to the sailplane. This is the fact that every cumulus cloud—those billowing masses familiar to summer days—is the top of a rising column of air. The clouds themselves are not energy sources, being merely a secondary phenomenon caused by the upcurrents under certain conditions of humidity. But, if we can reach them, it is certain that under those majestic white surfaces there will be vertical air streams often running as fast as several feet a second and thus strong enough to keep a sailplane aloft for as long as the cloud maintains its character. Clouds have a way of changing shape, as every child knows who has watched one of them transform itself from the profile of Jove to a racing greyhound. It then becomes necessary for the pilot to stay by his cloud only so long as it is faithful, and immediately desert it for another—if he can!—when it shows signs of weakening.

The picture of soaring in noiseless flight under a cottony cloud is an entrancing one—if only they could be reached! The lower surface of a cumulus cloud is generally at about the 6000-foot level, which in itself is something of a record altitude for a motorless plane. At this point it is necessary to call in the doctor in the shape of the gasoline engine which, all this time, we have been trying to avoid.

There are two means of doing it. The most obvious is to tow the sailplane to the cumulus level with a powered plane and then let it cut loose and enjoy itself under the clouds. Unfortunately, the delicate construction of a true sailplane is not strong enough for airplane towing, and the Department of Commerce has rightly passed a rule against such towing, except in special cases, such as the permission given Captain Hawks to make his transcontinental towing flight.

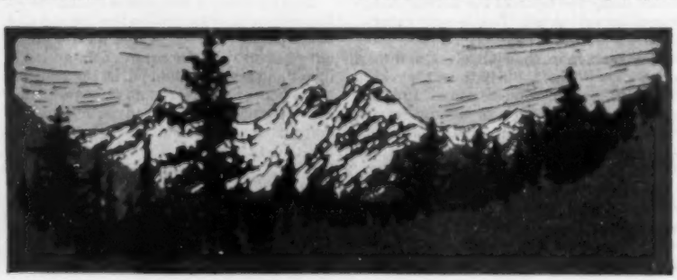
The alternative is to put a small gasoline engine into the sailplane. This is frankly a compromise, yet one which is bringing results in Germany so promising for general use that an American adaptation is probably soon forthcoming.

All arguments for the comparative safety of the motorless glider over the powered airplane hinge on the fact that the former has no heavy engine to pull it swiftly to earth, with all the inherent dangers of landing at high speed. Will we not, then, lose the glider's main advantage as soon as we install an engine in it? To a degree, yes, but there is a vast difference between putting in a 225-horse-power plant, weighing some 400 pounds, and in adding only the forty pounds of eight-horse-power engine which can drive a powered sailplane. The latter implies no more added load than often occurs in the varying weights of the pilots themselves.

Hybridizing the Sailplane

Sailplanes without engines are launched by the shock-cord sling shot previously described. A sailplane with a forty-pound engine installed can be launched in exactly the same manner. A pilot who has become skillful in soaring flight can be launched in a powered sailplane with the engine shut off and then, by means of a manually operated starter similar to a motorcycle starter, he can turn on his engine and be off at seventy-five miles an hour air speed. Now he is able to reach the upper levels where the cumulus clouds hang out inviting leagues of rising air. Once there, he shuts off his engine and soars, feeling his sensitive way among invisible allies, with no thundering engine to disturb the calm of nature. If the clouds dissolve, he can turn on his engine and prospect among the heavens for friendlier ones. Or he can spy some distant hill which looks promising and head for it either in a glide or with power. Knowing that every mechanical contraption is fallible, he will at all times act as though he did not have any engine and will keep an eye out for possible landing fields just as though he were in the motorless sailplane with whose habits he is already accustomed.

A machine of that type is not a light airplane. It will not leave the ground under its own power. It is intended for use as a sailplane with the added merit of being able to reach soaring regions beyond the ceiling of a true sailplane. But the installation of any engine gets us into the field of hybrids, where many interesting developments are possible. The Germans have brought out a plane weighing 350 pounds, including a fifty-five-pound engine of twenty-one horsepower. It has no tail, but has a rudder on each wing tip. The gliding angle has the good sailplane performance of twenty feet forward to every one-foot drop, but an equal pressure on the rudder bar will pull the wing-tip rudders forward to act as air brakes and reduce the gliding angle to six to one. By use of the air brakes a skillful pilot could set the plane down in a ball park. Its engine is powerful enough to take it off the ground like an ordinary airplane. In the air it handles well, being practically immune from the tail spin. And, having been developed as a sailplane, it has excellent soaring performance.



A Long Record of Safety

There is, however, a definite drawback in presenting that picture in too brilliant colors to the impetuous American public. The National Glider Association has foreseen the danger and is putting all its stress on the motorless glider, rightly arguing that that is the purest form of the sport and one which the ordinary pilot must pursue for a long time before he has the necessary skill to trust himself with a powered airplane.

Straight coasting on the air should be thrill enough to satisfy anyone as a starter. Apparently, though, the American love of stunting anything that moves is going to get us into trouble. In ten years of gliding in Germany there have been two fatal accidents, both of them happening in advanced sailplane flight. In the United States, where gliding is in its infancy, there have already been seven individuals killed in glider crashes.

Of these seven deaths, six can be scored up to sheer recklessness, while only one of them resulted from bad judgment on the part of the pilot. In that case the boy was flying over rough country; he became panic-stricken and tried to bank with the nose of his glider held high. Beyond illustrating the rule that the glider must keep the nose down in order to maintain flying speed, this accident has called attention to the need to design gliders so that it is practically impossible to stall them. Where such a basic need exists, it is fair to assume that ingenuity, acting on known principles of aerodynamics, will find a satisfactory solution.

America has never permanently turned its back on any mechanical device which promised pleasure like the radio, or comfort like electric light, or speed like the automobile. In every case, however, the first users paid too much and got too little for their money—until the demand they set up resulted in cheap and serviceable devices for the millions. The aviation industry is not yet out of that pioneering stage. There are many millions of people who want to fly, but there are only some 7000 airplanes for the use of the 10,000 trained pilots of the country. It is small wonder that gliding should capture the national imagination with its promises of cheapness and safety.

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THE HERMIT OF THREE BUTTES

(Continued from Page 30)

which remained unconscious of their scrutiny. Four or five hens, with many half-grown chicks. When they were tired of watching, they galloped out of the woods directly toward the flock, and the turkeys scattered in every direction, running or flying; and almost instantly they had each one disappeared, so that Enid, checking her horse and looking this way and that, cried:

"But they're gone; they're gone!"

"It don't take 'em long," Ranse assured her. "They get under way mighty quick. Yes, ma'am."

And they rode beside a clear pool in the Puerco and watched the trout darting to and fro there, and then they turned aside and began to climb Wild Horse Mesa. The trail on this side was not steep; it cut back and forth and to and fro at an easy grade; and after half an hour or so of riding they came out abruptly on a flat table-land, a quarter of a mile one way, half a mile the other. And about them, beneath them, lay the world; so that Enid gasped, and then could only stare.

And Ranse forgot her, feasting his eyes on this vast panorama of which he never tired.

It was, he remembered at last, well past noon; and he turned toward her and found her watching him with smiling eyes.

He asked quickly, "You getting hungry?"

"You do love this, don't you?" she countered.

He nodded. "I never thought about lunch," he confessed. "And we've still got a two-hour ride. But I wanted to bring you up this way."

"I'm not hungry," she assured him. "But they'll be worrying if we don't come."

"That's right," he agreed; and they moved across the mesa to its western rim and looked down upon their own camp, far below, the white dots of the tents half hidden in the trees; and the sun was already far enough into the west so that the lake was a mirror for its rays and lay blazing like a lake of gold. Then they found the steep trail and began to descend, the wise horses picking their careful way one step at a time; and they came to the pines again and rode single file till in the aspens at last they could go once more side by side.

She said then, watching him curiously: "Lin says you were born in Gramercy Park."

He colored faintly. "Yes, ma'am," he confessed.

"Do they say 'ma'am' in Gramercy Park?" she asked mischievously; and he said smilingly:

"Well, you see, it's a long time since I was there." And when she asked another question, he told her slowly something about himself. His father, with a professional income which made him a rich man, died; and his income died with him. There remained Ranse—seventeen then—and a sister and his mother. And some few thousands—enough to send Ranse through college. Then his sister was ill and must come West; so had they all come, but it was too late to save his sister's health, and his mother followed her. Ranse might have turned to the East again, but he preferred to stay here, to ride the trails he loved.

"But don't you want to make something of yourself?" she urged. "You are too good for a job like this, it seems to me."

"Nobody's too good to do a job right," Ranse corrected.

"But there are so many bigger jobs."

Ranse hesitated. He said at last, slowly: "I've made a lot of friends out here, and some of 'em would go through for me; and I've helped out some folks that needed it; and I have time to read and to do some thinking, and this and that. I have a pretty full time of it, ma'am."

She was suddenly provoked with him. "I think you're just lazy," she declared.

Ranse chuckled. "I wouldn't be surprised," he admitted. "I know all the things you're thinking—want to say. But I could never see any point in riding sixty miles an hour in an automobile to get to a place unless you were going to do something when you got there. Now, me, I can sit under a tree while I'm waiting for my kettle to boil, and go around the world and back again in twenty minutes."

He hesitated. "I've sunk my roots out here," he confessed. "I've got a little place of my own, and I earn enough to buy what I want; and if I need more my credit's good. I've got all I want. I don't know of anybody that's got any more than that, ma'am."

She said indignantly: "You make me perfectly furious sometimes. And especially when you call me ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ranse provokingly.

"You're just lazy, that's all; with no ambition, no energy, no nothing. Satisfied to ride around all day, and sleep on the ground at night, and eat your lunch under a tree. I hate a satisfied man."

"That's right," Ranse agreed composedly. "You sure do. I can see you do."

"I don't either!" she contradicted furiously; and then she was suddenly gentle again. "I don't hate you, Ranse, but you could do so much, be so many things. I hate to see you wasting yourself, that's all."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ranse again, in a dry tone; and she stared at him, and suddenly she touched his hand.

"I'm sorry, Ranse," she said swiftly. "It's none of my business, is it? And you have a right to live as you want. And you're just as apt to be right as I."

And Ranse chuckled and grasped her hand.

Then they descended into the canyon below the lake where the camp lay; and their horses slid down the last steep pitch. Ranse saw a flock of sheep scattered along the slopes across the water, and he guessed that old Juan was down this way again.

They reached the trail, and Enid kicked her horse and went at a swift run up the narrow road toward camp, Ranse following easily upon her heels. He watched admiringly the way she sat her horse; watched her fair hair fly.

And he was deep in his own thoughts and all unprepared when sudden danger came. Enid, a few yards ahead, rounded an angle of the trail where a jutting rock barred her view beyond, and Ranse saw her horse suddenly rear and leap aside and stumble and fall headlong down the broken slope toward the creek below. The girl left the saddle, flew through the air and struck among the rocks; and she rolled over and over like a shot rabbit there. Ranse flung himself off and dropped beside her.

As he did so he saw old Juan coming toward them. The shepherd must have been sitting just behind the rock; his presence there had startled the girl's horse and made the creature rear and shy. Then Ranse had Enid quick in his arms, and he saw that her face was twisted with pain, and he heard her sobbing cry. She could not for a moment speak, and he lifted her and turned to lay her on a bit of turf beside the road.

At the same time, he came face to face with Juan; and Ranse was shocked and startled by that which he saw blazing in the old man's eyes. He stood still, staring, but instantly Juan smiled again, in the benign fashion which was his habit; and he said in that mongrel Spanish which is the language of his kind:

"I am most sorry. It was I who startled her horse. Is she hurt?"

Ranse did not know; he asked Enid gently: "Are you hurt? Please?"

But the girl was already recovering her courage and composure. She smiled bravely. "More scared than hurt, Ranse," she confessed. "I got bumped a little, and twisted my ankle, and it knocked the wind out of me, and it did hurt like fury for a minute. But it's not so bad now."

She tried to sit up, and Ranse let her. She tried to stand, clinging to his hand, wincing a little at the pain in her ankle. But after a moment she was able to bear her weight upon it; and old Juan said gently:

"So she is all right, then. That is good. I must be very sorry if harm did come to the young lady."

Ranse looked at him thoughtfully. "It's all right, Juan," he said. "Wasn't your fault. The horse was nervous, I guess. She's all right now."

He hesitated, looking up the trail. Enid's horse had turned a somersault down the bank, but with that immunity which appears to be an attribute of mountain horses, it seemed to have escaped unscathed. It had climbed back up to the level of the road now; and though the saddle was awry, the horse itself already began to crop at the grass beside the way.

"The horse thought I was a bear," Juan suggested. "That is it, yes."

Ranse nodded. "You ride mine, ma'am," he told Enid; and he helped her into the saddle. "This fellow of yours may be nervous for a while." He began to adjust the saddle, tighten the cinch again.

Then Juan spoke to him; and Enid saw Ranse turn in quick surprise and interest, with an alert question. They talked together for a moment, Ranse questioning while the other did reply; and then Ranse swung back to her, his eyes full of a great relief.

"Good news, ma'am," he said. "The men from outside have come with a doctor. They rode in half an hour ago. And they picked up Lutz on the way in, somewhere. Brought him along."

"Where are they?" she asked.

He swung into the saddle. "At camp, by now," he told her. "Let's go."

And with a parting word to the old shepherd, they began to ride at a lope up the trail. But as he rode, Ranse thought again of that strange, fierce light which for a moment had flamed in old Juan's eyes.

XVIII

WHEN Ranse and Enid rode into camp again, it was to find a scene upon which new actors had appeared. Ranse saw a little group of men by the fire, but as he and Enid checked their horses, young Moray stepped to meet them, and his eyes were black with anger.

He said harshly, "Enid? Where have you two been?"

Enid looked at him, and then at Ranse. "Why, many places, Emerson," she said softly. "Ranse has been showing me some of the things he loves."

"He picked a fine time for it," Moray exclaimed. "With your father hurt, and your mother worried half to death, and the rest of us not knowing whether we were going to be shot at from the woods or not."

Enid smiled, catching Ranse's eye.

"Yes, I thought it was a fine time for it," she agreed; and she swung to the ground.

Moray said, suddenly accusing, "You're covered with dust! What happened to you?"

"My horse got scared," she explained. "Threw me. I twisted my ankle, but it's all right now."

Ranse was stripping the saddles off her horse and his own, taking no part in this which passed between them. But Moray caught his elbow now.

"You, Ranse," he said sharply. "Can't you even pick safe horses for people to ride?"

Ranse turned to look at the other man. "I see you got back safe from your own ride," he said mildly. "Where'd you go, all by yourself? I was afraid you'd get lost too."

"I can look out for myself," Moray told him harshly. He might have said more, but Vic Buker came toward them from the direction of the fire, with another man beside him, and Ranse turned to meet them there. As he did so, he saw Moray try to draw

(Continued on Page 120)

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HEINZ makes this new cereal from rich, plump grains of rice, including a fine *cereal-cellulose—a natural vegetable substance which is part of rice itself.*

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The bulk of this new vegetable substance, however, increases four to six times after moisture is absorbed. Thus is formed a most effective, *natural* bulk and roughage, yet one of the gentlest and mildest that scientists, so far, have found. *It isn't bran,* and it isn't harsh or irritating in any way whatever.

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Enid aside, but Enid stayed. Then Vic introduced the newcomer.

"This here's Tom Lucas, Ranse," he explained. "I dunno as you ever run into him. He's marshal at Alcalde."

Ranse extended his hand. "I'm mighty glad to see you, marshal," he confessed. "There's been a lot going on up here."

"Vic's been telling me," Lucas agreed.

"We got Splann here all right, Ranse," old Vic reported. "Got in maybe an hour ago."

"Where is he?" Ranse asked; and the lion hunter pointed to a cabin a little removed from the others.

"In there," he explained.

Ranse looked toward the fire, where one man sat and two others stood. "I hear you picked up one of Vic's customers yourself, marshal," he remarked.

Lucas nodded. "Norris Lee come piling into town last night," he assented. "Long toward midnight it was. And we got organized and started early this morning. Doctor Bland packed up what he was likely to need and come along. I brought Dave Blinn, too; and we run into this fellow down where the trail crosses the Puerco, ten miles below here. He was pounding along like a good one."

He hesitated, rolled a cigarette.

"He was a stranger to me," he explained. "So I asked him a couple of questions." He added dryly: "And then we kind of talked him into coming back with us."

Vic said triumphantly, "So I guess we don't have to worry about any more killings around here for a spell."

But Ranse hesitated, shook his head; he looked down the slope toward the tents. "Doctor Bland with Mr. Bayless?" he asked.

"Yup," the marshal agreed.

"Vic thinks Lutz did all the dirty work," Ranse remarked. "Thinks him and Splann put the fire to old Peak, and then took a shot at Mr. Bayless. And then when Splann broke his leg so he couldn't travel, Vic figures Lutz shot him to keep him from talking."

"Certain!" Vic agreed.

"Some parts of that fit in all right, and some don't," Ranse pointed out. "For instance, if Lutz wanted to shut Splann up, why did he wait till after Art was gone, this morning? And why didn't he drill Art too? And who stole Vic's gun? I'm betting it was Vic's gun that killed Splann." Nobody offered any suggestion, and Ranse asked, "What does Lutz have to say?"

"Not a word," the marshal explained. "He shut up tight, soon's we told him he'd have to come along."

"Take his gun, did you?"

"Thought we'd better, yes," the other admitted, with a grin.

"That him by the fire?"

"Yeah!"

"Looks from here like you roughed him up some."

The marshal chuckled. "Why, we did, some," he admitted. "He talked kind of loud, and all; and he figured we hadn't no right to hold him, and in the end he threw a gun in my face. So Dave Blinn, he was right behind him, Dave dropped a loop over his shoulders and jerked him out of the saddle, and dragged him a ways, till he let go the gun. He did get mussed some, for a fact."

"But he won't talk?"

"Nary a word."

"I'd like to get the truth out of him."

The marshal hesitated. "Why, I dunno as it matters now, long as we've got him," he suggested. "Seems plain enough to me."

Ranse grinned, scratched his head. "It kind of sticks in my craw that we don't know all we ought to know about this business," he admitted. He surveyed the surroundings thoughtfully. Enid was yonder with her mother, by the tent where Mr. Bayless lay; Moray had disappeared; and Ranse nodded, as though upon a slow decision.

"You all stay here," he suggested. "I'll be back in a minute or two."

The marshal and old Vic drew back into the shade by the cabin. Ranse, departing, spoke to them over his shoulder, softly. "And if I make a play when I come back," he suggested, "you follow my lead."

Lucas asked doubtfully, "You think I'd ought to talk to Lutz some more, Ranse?"

Ranse shook his head. "I'm figuring on talking to him powerful, by and by," he replied. "I can persuade him better than you."

He walked away from them toward the fire; toward where Lutz sat moodily watching Lin Bunt at his tasks among the pots and pans, while Norris and Dave Blinn stood by. And Ranse looked down at Lutz, who did not raise his head. Then Ranse spoke to Norris.

"You made good time, son," he said approvingly.

"Done the best I could," Norris agreed.

Ranse's tone was suddenly venomous. "The only thing is, when you dropped yore loop over this hombre, it's a pity you didn't tighten her on his neck; give him a drag he'd remember, so he'd know what to look forward to."

Norris hesitated, looked at Ranse, said then: "It were Dave Blinn here that roped him."

So Ranse turned to Blinn. "You? If it'd been me, I'd have stretched him out to size, right then. Saved a lot of time, and saved the county a lot of money."

Lutz lifted his battered countenance; he stared at Ranse with an uneasy eye. "Aw, you blow your horn too much, big boy!" he said defiantly. "You ain't got a thing on me."

But Ranse stared at him till Lutz dropped his eyes again. "That so?" Ranse commented then, his tone scornful. "Not a thing, eh? You're one of them city crooks; you'll go into court and hire a lawyer and beat the game, eh? Well, you wouldn't beat my game, if it was me."

"Yeah," Lutz commented. "Well, it ain't you."

Lin Bunt was watching Ranse with a thoughtful eye; he added now a word.

"Me too," he declared cheerfully. "I'd just as soon see him hanging on one of them pines up there as in the jail yard. I've got to cook for the reptile till we get him out of here."

And Dave Blinn suddenly chimed in. "I aimed to get him by the neck, for a fact," he declared. "But he ain't got shoulders wide enough to stop a loop. I sure did aim to have an accident happen to that bozo."

"Say," Lutz protested. "You blamed near ruined me as it was. I'm all broke up inside."

Ranse looked toward where the marshal and old Vic stood. "How's this Lucas, this marshal?" he asked, in a lowered tone. "He's sensible, ain't he?"

Blinn took his cue. "Sensible, yes. But you got to give him an alibi," he explained. "You've got to give him some handle to talk on."

Ranse nodded; he spoke softly. "Wait, boys," he directed, "till I see the doc."

And with a baleful glance at Lutz, he turned down the hill to the tent fifty yards away, where Mr. Bayless lay. Lutz, uneasy now, lifted his sullen head to watch; and he saw Ranse speak to Enid and then to Mrs. Bayless.

Then Doctor Bland emerged from the tent, and Mrs. Bayless took his place inside, and Ranse led the doctor a little way down the hill. They talked together in low tones, inaudible, and Ranse nodded and turned to look toward Lutz again. Lutz dropped his eyes.

Then Ranse came up the slope again. He approached the marshal, by the cabin yonder, and Lutz could hear his words.

"Lucas," he asked, "you got the gun you took off this here rattlesnake?"

The marshal nodded; he produced the weapon, and Ranse took it from him. "Loaded, is it?" he inquired. And at the other's assent, Ranse made a swift movement; the gun covered the officer, and

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Ranse drew the marshal's own gun from its holster. Lucas stood disarmed, submissive.

And Ranse—his back was toward the fire where Lutz was sitting—said slowly: "Lucas, you're going to stay here. Some of us are taking this horned toad for a little ride up into the woods. He needs the exercise. We'll see to 't he don't get away, and you'll be able to find him up there, any time you want him."

Lucas said in stout protest, "Boys, you can't do that!"

But Ranse insisted, in a sardonic tone: "Why, it's the simplest thing. I've seen it done lots of times. It don't take any time at all. You just halter him, instead of the horse; and then, if the horse runs away and leaves him behind, why, that's his bad luck, that's all." And he called over his shoulder to the others by the fire: "Put him on a horse, boys. And tie his hands."

Lutz made no resistance. He spoke in a grimly scornful tone, "You hicks can't scare me. Don't try to kid me. I been kidded by experts."

Lin Bunt said dryly, "Well, maybe you can give us some pointers, friend, but we'll do our best in our pore way."

There were enough horses already saddled. It was Ranse and Lin and Dave Blinn who presently surrounded Lutz; Vic Buker and Norris stayed behind, and Ranse warned them to keep an eye on the marshal. Then the little cavalcade rode slowly up the trail. A quarter mile away, the aspens received them, cut off their view of the camp behind.

They rode in a sober silence. Only Lutz now and then said some profane and derisive word. But the silence of the others weighed upon him; his protests became less defiant, more strenuous.

Ranse said once, "Boys, the doc says Mr. Bayless will die. And here's the snake that bit him."

Lin returned calmly, "He won't bite no more."

And Dave Blinn amplified this, "He'll be biting mosquitoes out of the air, ten minutes from now, and not tasting them."

Then they came suddenly to a small scrub oak, which, nevertheless, rose high enough for their purposes. Ranse checked them. "This'll do, boys," he decided. "It don't need to be high. Lin, you got a rope you'll donate?"

"Shore," Lin agreed. "This'll do the trick." He loosed his rope from the pommel and began the laborious construction of a hangman's noose in the end. "This here's the seventh noose I've built," he remarked placidly. "They worked every time."

Ranse nodded. "Dave, you hold his hoss till we're ready," he directed. "Under that limb."

Lutz said suddenly, trying to laugh: "Say, boys, what's the idea? I can take a joke, but you can't make a fool out of me."

"We don't aim to make but one thing out of you," Ranse assured him. And Lin rode his horse alongside that of the captive and slipped the noose with its heavy knot over his head. The afternoon was suddenly very still. Lutz swallowed hard. High in the sky a hawk sailed on set wings; a squirrel chirred at them from his tree a few yards away.

Lin tied the free end of the rope to the trunk of the oak. Blinn held the bridle of the horse on which the captive sat. And Ranse lighted a cigarette.

"All ready, boys?" he asked. And at their nods: "Well, good-by, Lutz. You killed old Peak, and you've killed Mr. Bayless, and you killed your buddy, this here Splann. But you'll be explaining all about it to them in a minute. Dave, go ahead."

But Lutz cried frantically then: "Wait! I didn't! I didn't kill any of them."

Ranse lifted his eyebrows. "Yeah? I suppose they died of old age. . . . Go on, Dave."

"No," Lutz insisted. "No, wait. I'm giving it to you straight."

Ranse frowned. "I'm not asking you to talk, fellow," he said scornfully. "I thought you didn't have anything to say. I've got some respect for a man that keeps his mouth shut and takes his medicine. But I hate one that yaps like a dog."

"But I didn't kill them," Lutz protested. "I didn't kill any of them."

"I suppose you was in San Francisco all the time," Ranse urged derisively.

Lutz swallowed hard. "No, no," he protested. "I was here, sure. I was with Splann when he shot Mr. Bayless. But I don't know anything about the rest of it, at all."

"Well, you was with Splann," Ranse argued. "It's the same thing."

Lutz was almost sobbing. "You're too blamed wise!" he cried. "You drag me off my horse and mighty near kill me. I'm all broke up inside. And now you won't listen to a man."

"Well," Ranse decided, "I don't mind listening, if you make it quick. How about it, Lin? Dave? You boys in a hurry?"

"I've got to make biscuits for supper," Lin demurred.

"But here it is!" Lutz cried. "It won't take a minute. Splann brought me in here. He said old Peak had a pile of gold hid away somewhere, and we'd make him tell us where it was. So we pretended we were after lions, and then we ducked away from Buker and the boy, and made it to Peak's cabin, and worked on him most all night. Till he told us his gold was buried by a big tree right next the shaft."

Ranse's eyes narrowed. "Someone dug there, sure," he admitted grudgingly.

"We dug there," Lutz insisted, "from before daylight till after sunup. Till we knew Peak had lied. So we went back to give him some more."

He shuddered, swallowed hard. "But when we got there, someone had stuck a knife in his neck," he cried. "While we was gone! He was dead when we got there. And Splann figured that somebody had been ahead of us. So we started away, and then we heard you folks riding up the trail. So we laid there, watching; and when Splann saw Bayless, he took a crack at him. Then we beat it."

"What did he shoot Mr. Bayless for?" Ranse demanded.

"He told me, after, that Bayless was wise that Peak had the gold; so Splann figured Bayless had got ahead of him, and killed Peak."

Ranse looked at Lin thoughtfully.

"Then we chased up to where we'd left the horses, and they were gone," Lutz clamored. "And we tried to make it out of there afoot, till Splann broke his leg, crossing that blamed canyon. And I stuck with him till the boy come along; then I saw a chance to make a get-away, so I grabbed the boy's horse and beat it. And that's the last I know about it all."

Ranse hesitated, considering; and Lin watched him, but Dave Blinn said dryly:

"That sounds to me like a fine pack of lies. Let's stretch him, Ranse."

Ranse paid no heed. "See anyone trailing you and Splann yesterday?" he asked Lutz in a different tone. "See anyone around Peak's cabin?"

Lutz shook his head. "Not a sign. And we were watching too. After the whole show blew up in our faces, we were scared—Splann and me. And then he broke his leg, and I stuck with him because he knew the country and it looked like he was my only chance to make a get-away."

Ranse nodded. "All right, boys," he said calmly. "That fits all the way through. It sounds like the truth to me."

Lin said evenly, "Seems like a shame not to stretch him, just for what he did to old Peak."

"That was Splann's idea!" Lutz pleaded. "He run things all the way."

Ranse looked at the captive grimly. "Yo're shore a fine article," he drawled. "But, Lin, that's a good rope. Save it for a better job."

So Lin freed the noose, and cleared the knot, and coiled the rope on his saddle again. And they turned and rode slowly down the trail once more.

(Continued on Page 126)

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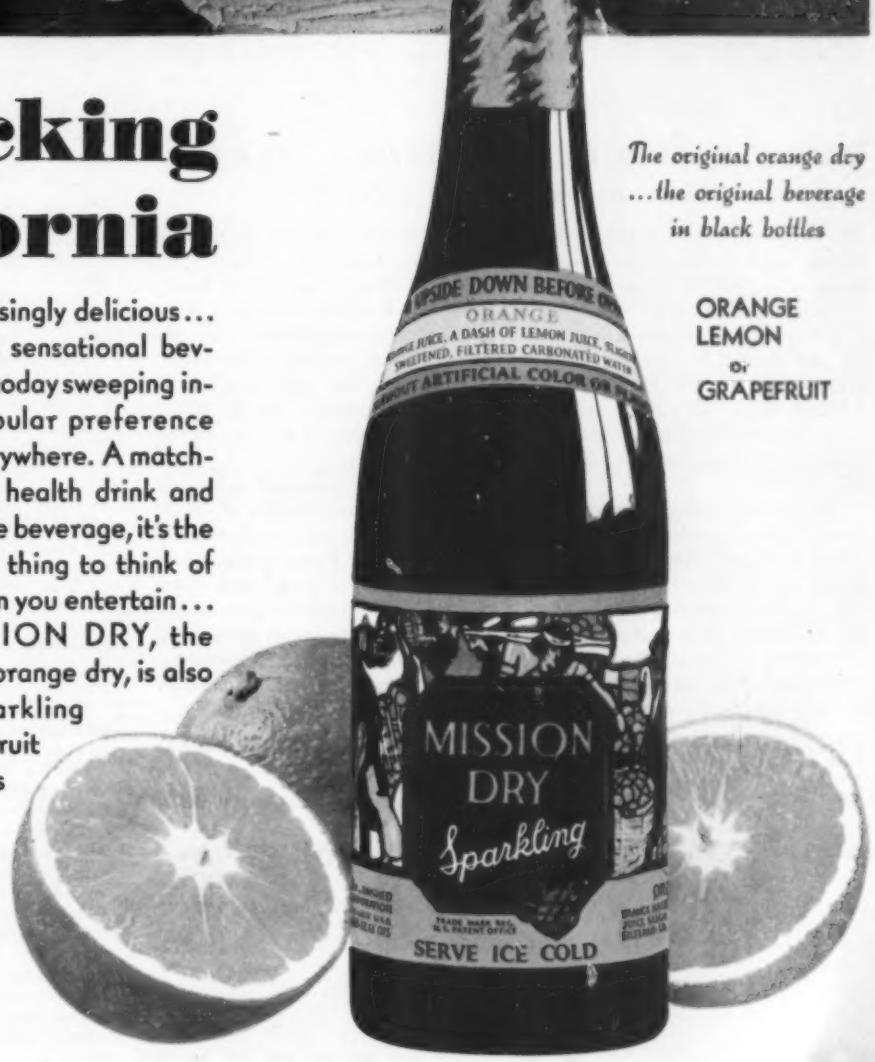

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(Continued from Page 124)

When they came in sight of the camp the scene was serene. The marshal and old Vic and the others sprawled about the fire, but they rose to greet the returning men. Lucas approached, confronted them, spoke to Ranse.

"Work, did it, Ranse?" he asked amiably.

"Yes," Ranse assented. "He spilled out all his pretty little insides. He's yours now, Lucas. I'm glad I don't have to handle him no more."

Lutz stared from one of them to the other; and suddenly he laughed. "I get you!" he cried. "You pulled one, did you? Smart as a snake, ain't you, cowboy?" His face twisted furiously. "But here's one for you! I was kidding you all the time. The whole business. I fed you what you wanted, that's all. It was all a lie."

Ranse grinned. "Why, that's all right, boy," he said calmly. "I ain't worrying about you." His eyes clouded. "There's two or three other things we got to straighten out around here now."

XIX

IT WAS decided to remove Mr. Bayless from the tent where he had lain since his injury, into the cabin which Mrs. Bayless had prepared for him. Ranse advised this, and Doctor Bland agreed with Ranse, and the removal was accomplished with the least possible disturbance of the hurt man. They struck the tent; then they slipped ropes to and fro under the mattress of his sleeping bag, and all of them working together, they lifted him as though in a hammock and bore him gently to the cabin, where a springy bed of boughs had been prepared.

Mrs. Bayless made him comfortable there, while Ranse stayed to help her; and Ranse, peering at the sky, said thoughtfully:

"I'm just as well pleased he's inside, ma'am. It sure looks like rain."

"This is a good tight cabin," Mrs. Bayless agreed.

Ranse nodded, surveying the structure thoughtfully. There was a fireplace at one end, in which a small fire was burning now to dissipate the chill of late afternoon. There were two windows, one on either side, but these were shuttered by boards nailed across outside to take the place of the glass long since shattered. Thus the only opening into the cabin was the door.

"Yes, ma'am, good and tight," he assented.

She looked at him, struck by something in his tone. "Ranse," she asked softly, coming to his side, "are you still uneasy?"

Ranse hesitated; then he nodded. "I guess I don't need to make any pretense to you, ma'am," he confessed. "Lutz talked plenty, and he told us the truth, I think. If he did, it was Splann who shot Mr. Bayless, and Splann's dead. But somebody killed Splann, and somebody killed old Peak. And whoever did that is still around. It seems he's got the killing habit, whoever he is. Yes, ma'am, I'm just as well pleased to have Mr. Bayless inside four walls."

"You think there's danger?"

Ranse grinned. "Why, I'm aiming to make it as little as possible, Mrs. Bayless," he confessed. "But—yes. As long as this fellow with the killing drunk is loose, I guess there is."

She considered this, smiled slowly. "Well, Ranse," she said bravely then, "we count on you."

And the young man nodded; he stepped outside the cabin, and from that vantage he thoughtfully surveyed the scene. The afternoon was waning. The hillside beyond the lake was already deep in shadow. Somewhere, remotely, thunder rolled, and there was a towering white cloud like a mound of whipped cream in the northwestern sky. Down the canyon below the dam, old Juan's sheep were bleating ceaselessly, in that monotonous reiteration which bears the germ of madness in it; their woolly bodies flowed like a slow, creeping tide as they cropped the sparse grass on the farther slope.

Ranse moved back toward the fire. Lin Bunt was at the moment alone; the others had gone to take Lutz up the hill to the cabin where he would be lodged for the night. This was the same cabin in which Splann's body lay; and Ranse thought Lutz might find his nerves on edge from that association, but Lutz just now was his least concern. He approached the fire, and Lin looked up at him and grinned.

"Hi, old-timer," he remarked cheerfully.

Ranse nodded. "Evening, Lin," he drawled. "How's supper?"

"On the fire," Lin assured him; and Ranse squatted on his heels and lighted a cigarette and fell deep in thought. Lin watched him sidewise, and after a long moment Lin asked, in a very casual tone:

"Ranse, was young Moray with you-all when Mr. Bayless was shot?"

Ranse looked at him in slow amusement. "Close by, yes," he replied. "Down the trail behind us. Why?"

Lin beat a bowl of batter. "I was just thinking," he remarked, "that he's a hard man to keep track of when things are going on. He took a walk before daylight the morning Peak was killed; and he happened to fall behind you all, about the time Mr. Bayless was shot; and he went for a ride all by himself this morning, just a little while before someone did for Splann."

Ranse grinned and shook his head. "I don't like him myself," he remarked. "But you been going to too many movies, Lin!"

Then the others were returning; and these two fell silent, and Ranse moved a little away from the fire to be alone with his conjectures. Old Vic and the marshal were cheerful enough, but Ranse felt, more and more acutely as the shadows lengthened, an implicit menace like a cloud across this peaceful slope. Someone still undiscovered had killed Peak and Splann. What the murderer's motive might have been Ranse could not even guess, but the very fact that there seemed no reason for these killings made them in some fashion the more terrifying.

Mrs. Bayless called him to ask where Enid was. Ranse did not know, and in a quick uneasiness he turned back toward the dining fly, intending to inquire there, but before he came to the fire he discovered Enid and Moray yonder by the beaver house above the dam. He reported this to Mrs. Bayless, but though she was satisfied, Ranse was not. He stood watching the distant figures, wishing to join them, yet reluctant to do so. He disliked Moray more and more intensely, but he suspected himself of prejudice in that direction. And certainly he could not without pretext intrude upon these two when they were thus alone.

So he stayed with the others by the dining fly, uncertain what to do, till he saw, beyond the dam, and coming up the creek, old Juan, the sheep herder. And at sight of that distant figure, Ranse was stirred by a sudden disturbing memory. He rose at once and started toward the beaver dam. Juan, he saw, would reach the two young people at about the same time as himself, and he hurried his steps a little. Then Enid saw him approaching and lifted her hand in a gesture of greeting and of invitation, and he went on more boldly. Moray gave no hint of welcome, but Ranse did not expect too much. He saw Juan pause a little way below them as he himself joined Moray and Enid there.

They were sitting on the great mound of peeled and weathered sticks of aspen which was the beaver house; and when Ranse came near, Enid beckoned to him without speaking, smiling invitingly. So he climbed up on the house beside them; and Enid whispered:

"Listen, Ranse! There are baby beavers in this house. We can hear them squeaking and splashing in the water."

He smiled at her enthusiasm. She was, he thought, pleased at his coming; and he looked at Moray thoughtfully, and guessed that his arrival had not pleased that young man. They all three sat very still for a moment, listening for the young beavers to

(Continued on Page 129)

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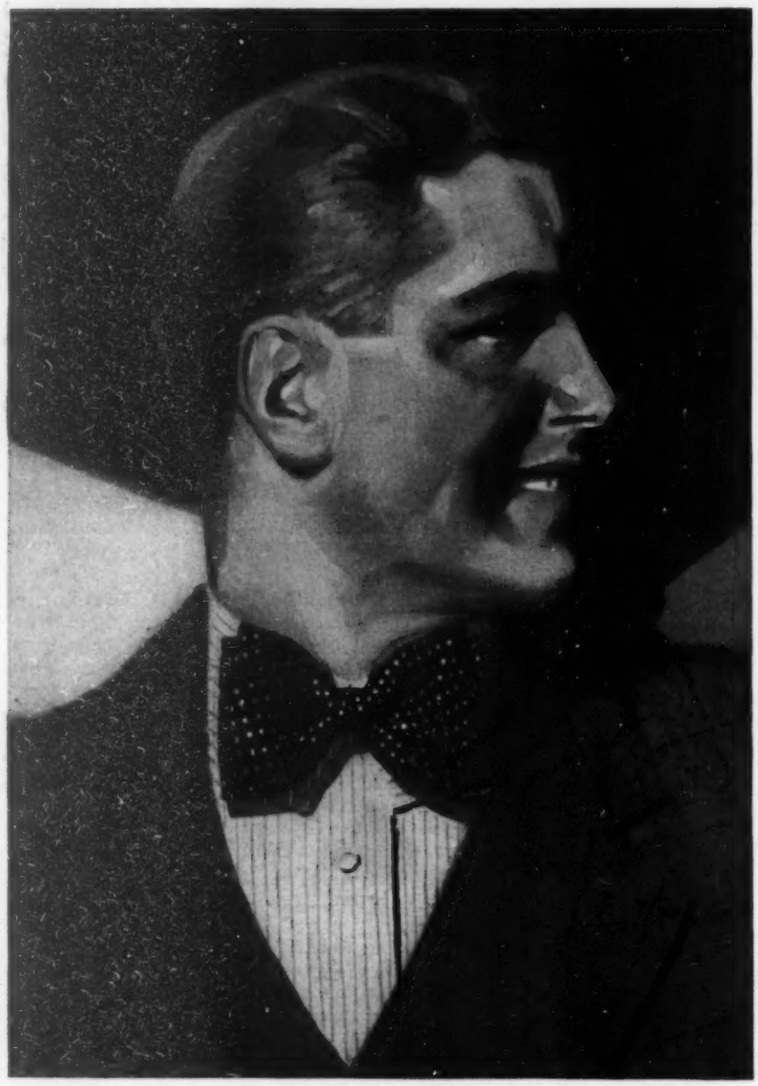

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TIED BY HAND · · · IT STAYS TIED

(Continued from Page 126)

begin again their play; and then Moray rose.

"I've heard enough squeaks," he said resentfully. "Enid, let's go up to camp."

"I want Ranse to hear them," she protested. "Be still, Emerson."

"I'm going along," he insisted. "Must be near suppertime. You'd better come."

Enid said, "Oh, we'll be there for supper." And Ranse grinned to himself as Moray turned up the hill. Then Enid whispered urgently: "Now hush!"

And these two sat silently thereafter for a while; and when presently the small stirrings in the structure on which they sat were resumed again, Ranse watched delightedly Enid's quick pleasure at the sounds. She turned now and then to catch his eye, to make sure that he, too, should hear.

The shadows of the aspens on the ridge across the lake crept toward them, touched their feet. The last blaze of the descending sun blinded them, coloring their two figures with rose and gold. Then the sun slipped down to peer at them through the tracery of the trees for a moment before it was wholly obscured. Only across the blue bowl of the sky above them its light still streamed, catching here and there a wisp of cloud which became a blaze of color at the touch, to fade and change as the sun dropped lower still.

And beneath where they sat, the family of young beavers disported themselves; and two of the older ones emerged from the house, breaking the surface some distance away, swimming cautiously to and fro to survey these silent figures, diving back into the house to make sure all there was well. Then the old ones came out again and swam across the lake; and in the shallows yonder they began to nibble at aspen shoots as an appetizer before full darkness should give them courage to climb the slope to the upper grove.

The fire in camp was yellow in the deepening dusk before Ranse and Enid at last bestirred themselves. Ranse had forgotten, in the happiness of that silent companionship, the fears which had brought him to the girl's side. But when he rose to go, and before he turned to give Enid his hand, he discovered Juan sitting motionless on the bank above them, not twenty feet away, watching them with that benign and gentle smile which was the old man's habit. And Ranse remembered then.

He spoke quickly to the girl, before she could move, "How's your ankle now?"

"Oh, perfectly all right," she assured him. "It only hurt for a minute. I don't think I'm even bruised anywhere else."

So Ranse helped her to her feet; and he saw contentedly that she moved without limping and without apparent discomfort. They climbed the bank toward old Juan; and the sheep herder rose from where he sat, his battered hat in his hand, and spoke to Ranse in his own tongue. Ranse replied briefly, and he and the girl moved on.

But it seemed to Enid that there was in Ranse's bearing toward the old man something curt; and she was surprised, for Ranse had been uniformly courteous to Juan whenever they had met before.

She was curious, and she asked indirectly: "Is that true Spanish that you and he speak together? Emerson says it's a sort of slang, a mixture."

Ranse chuckled. "I expect it is," he agreed. "Yes, it's a little bit of everything. Mr. Moray speak Spanish, does he?"

Enid said in a tone of mischievous amusement: "Oh, yes. I think Emerson can talk in any tongue. Don't you?"

She expected Ranse's answering mirth, but Ranse seemed absorbed in his own thoughts. And the girl asked after a moment:

"What did he say?"

Ranse looked at her doubtfully, not understanding.

"The old man back there—Juan?" she explained. "He spoke to you when we came by."

"Oh," Ranse told her casually. "He just wanted to know how your ankle was. He was afraid the bones might be broken. And he was sorry he frightened your horse."

"He's a nice old thing, isn't he?" Enid said smilingly.

And Ranse nodded readily enough. "Yes, gentle as a woman," he agreed.

Yet there was a certain abstraction in his tones, and she sensed that he was preoccupied with some grave and daunting problem. She wished to question him, but there was no time, for before she could speak again they were come back to the others by the fire.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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St. Mary Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana

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BIG THINGS FROM HENRY

(Continued from Page 23)

with the sense of achievement that possesses in some degree even the most sophisticated freshman. All this—the wine-glass elms, the suave stretches of lawn, the night-softened stone buildings of incongruously differing, yet mysteriously fitting styles of architecture—all this was his now. Gently intoxicated with the realization that it was already approaching ten o'clock, but that no family discipline could prevent his sitting up all night to savor it if the whim seized him, he gave himself over to a delicious mixture of happy anticipation and prickly anxiety before the glamour of a real date.

Lola's statement about going to bed had been purely rhetorical. She was reading when Henry rang.

When they faced each other with the screen door between them, Henry said, "Good evening."

She said, "Good evening," and Henry saw at once that of course some explanation was due.

"I'm the one Mr. Peters called up about," he explained. "Uh—I came right down."

Now, when a man, unexpectedly confronted with a crisis, acts unhesitatingly and triumphs, he enters history. Thus Disraeli, or Cæsar at the Rubicon; thus Ty Cobb and Napoleon. But in a woman's life these decisions are routine matters. Their social and domestic existences are a succession of impromptu problems met and solved in their stride. This is called intuition. Lola Hoyt might have hesitated here; she might have left the situation dangling uncomfortably by its thumbs while she asked a lot of masculine questions.

What she said was, "Why, of course! Weren't you nice to come see me? Will you wait while I get a coat, and then we can sit on the porch? It's so much nicer out there."

In the cozily mysterious shadows of the porch swing Henry Ames told her all about his breathless evening at the Sig house—all about the fascinating Mr. Young, who knew so many wonderful people—about how thoughtful Mr. Peters had been. And Lola, the darkness hiding the faintest trace of grimness about her eyes as she thought of Jerry Peters' perfidy, marveled with him.

"You and I," she said, "must be great friends. Tell me, are you going to do things in college?"

"Do things?" he said.

"Yes, like writing for the Lit, or playing football, or managing something."

He said he had no plans, but in a burst of confidence he told her of his dreams of doing big things.

Lola considered this. In her mind she could reconstruct with fair accuracy the scene during those two hours at the Sigma Lambda house. It would be charming to record here that something in this naïve freshman—something appealing—something of the eternal little boy crying out to the eternal mother—touched her. But this was not the case. Her disastrous sea-gray eyes glinted dangerously; her decidedly well-formed chin set with a foreboding that, could he have seen it, might have hushed Jerry Peters' then uproarious appreciation of his own little joke.

Lola said to Henry, "Every year eight of the most prominent freshmen are elected to an honorary club called The Octopus. They are the men the college expects to do big things. Would you like that?"

"Gee," he said softly, "that would be great!"

"Very well," Lola said briskly. "Listen."

Then, painstakingly and at length, she told him how campus dreams can be made to come true.

Next morning Jerry Peters and Bill Young, walking down High Street to recoup energies dissipated in a government class in the healing sun before the post office, very nearly collided with Lola Hoyt, who was coming out of a dry-goods shop. Jerry's first impulse was the proper manly one to creep under the nearest grain of dust and obliterate himself, but he was content perforce with a profound blush.

"Oh, hello," Lola said, not noticing his confusion. "I'm so glad I ran into you. I'm afraid I was awfully rude to you over the phone last night, Jerry. I'm sorry. I was a bit put out about being kept waiting, I guess."

"Sure," said Jerry. "It was a low trick."

"Anyhow," she said, "it was terribly sweet of you to send me such a cute substitute."

Jerry grinned uncomfortably. He said, "I hope he didn't give you any trouble. Honest, I didn't really think he'd come down."

Miss Hoyt looked from one to the other for a puzzled moment and then unaccountably surrendered herself to a storm of mirth. At such a time the young men concerned can only become very red and assume that expression of knowing imbecility that shows they see the existence of a joke without knowing what it is.

"That," Lola finally told them, "explains everything. I thought he sounded cryptic about some things. I suppose," she turned to Bill, "you romanced a little for his benefit under the circumstances?"

"I did offer a bit of gossip about my Hollywood friends," Bill admitted, grinning.

Lola's smile was disturbing. She said, "He thought you were amusing, but that it got to be something of a bore humoring you. He said you were evidently a bit of an ass. I couldn't imagine what he meant."

Bill and Jerry stared.

Lola went on, "He was a little afraid you would try to pledge him."

"Don't worry," Jerry growled.

"He's holding out for Beta anyway," Lola said.

Jerry demanded, "What do you mean holding out for Beta?"

"That," she said dryly. "Only don't say I told you; I think it's kind of a secret. He's a funny boy, but he certainly seems to have his life in college pretty well planned out in advance."

"He'll have a fat chance of going any place," Bill grunted.

Lola shrugged her shoulders with another smile and turned to go. Jerry hastened after her.

"Look," he said. "Now that all this is over, will you forgive me and go to the State game with me?"

"I'll forgive you," she said. "But Hank's already asked me for the game."

"Hank?"

"Hank Ames, silly. Who did you think?"

Jerry, momentarily stunned, managed to rally.

"But," he pleaded, "you'll be up at the house afterward for the party, won't you?"

"I think," she said gently, "I'll probably go wherever Hank goes. Perhaps it'll be the Beta house." She became suddenly serious. "You'll be sure not to mention that to anybody, won't you? I wouldn't want him to think I couldn't keep a secret."

Jerry, still confused, rejoined Bill, and they walked a few yards without speaking.

"Personally," Bill said at last, "I think it's hooey. I think she's taking us for a bon-bon—sort of getting back at you. That was a fairly slimy trick of yours, you know, sending him down there last night. She's probably pretty good and sore."

"Yeh," Jerry assented reflectively, "I thought of that, too, when she was talking. Only just now she told me she's going to the State game with him. And the parties afterward. I mean, that's carrying a joke pretty far—if it's a joke."

Bill whistled softly.

"Holy smoke!" he said. "Say, you don't suppose —— Man! I'd feel like an awful canceled check if he really saw through that terrible line I was handing him last night."

"I don't know," said Jerry. "The only thing is that Lola isn't the sort of girl to waste time on anybody that was as bad as we thought he was. She's got too many guys on her trail. If she likes him, there must be something to him; and if she doesn't like him, what's she going to the game with him for? She could go with practically anybody here she wanted to, or any place else, for that matter."

"There is much in what you say, Brother Peters," Bill acceded.

"Furthermore," Jerry continued, pursuing the line of thought thus opened, "I don't like what she said about his holding out for Beta. You know he told me last night he didn't expect to pledge with us when he came up."

"No! Really?"

Jerry nodded. "I thought at the time it was just that he was unconscious. But now—I don't know."

"We'll keep a couple of eyes open," Bill said. "I'd hate to let the Betas put anything over on us."

"Me too," said Jerry.

Henry Ames came out of the post office as they turned in. He nodded with a friendly smile, said "Hello," and passed on. The two seniors involuntarily paused and watched him. Thirty yards or so up High Street he stopped when Burt Hoskins, one of their own freshmen and probable choice for class president, emerged from a store.

"Hello, Burt," they heard Henry Ames say. "Going up?"

Burt hesitated an imperceptible instant and then said cordially, "You bet!"

The pair walked away together, Henry chatting affably. Plainly it was a different Henry from the passive impediment of the night before.

Jerry looked eloquently at Bill, and Bill said, "H'm, Brother Peters."

That night at dinner Jerry said to Burt Hoskins, "I saw you walking up the street with this freshman Hank Ames this morning. What kind of a guy is he?"

"Well," Burt said, "I don't know him awfully well, but he seems like a pretty good egg."

"Perhaps," Jerry said tactfully, "it wouldn't be a bad notion to have him up for dinner sometime. It doesn't do any harm for you freshmen to make as many friends in your class as you can. Don't tell anybody, but we have inside dope that Ames is holding out for Beta. He must have some reason. I don't know whether we want him or not, but we don't want to overlook any bets."

"O. K.," Burt said, his eyes alight with fraternal fervor. "I'll get right to work on it and see what we can do."

When Bill Young heard of this, he said, "What do you say we call Lola up and see if we can take her to the movies? Maybe we can amputate some information. I have an uneasy suspicion she knows more than she feels like telling."

So Bill called her up and found her all contrition.

"It's too bad, Bill dear," she said, "but you're a wee bit late. I've promised to go with Hank. He's going to be so terribly busy for the next week or so. . . . There'll be lots of time then, though, if you haven't forgotten me."

"What I don't like," Bill told Jerry as they were cinema-bound alone, "is the way we suddenly find ourselves playing a nice soft obbligato for this freshman."

"And what worries me," Jerry said, "is the possibility that we've been fooled about him. You're always hearing about these quiet, retiring birds creating an impression of dumbness and then turning out to be world beaters. I'd retire to a monastery if the Betas got the laugh on us. We'd look like a fine bunch of saps if it got around that we didn't even try to pledge him when we had the chance."

One evening about a week later Henry Ames was again accorded the boon of calling upon Lola. It was not fortuitous that the principal caller of the evening was one Roth Brown, who, besides being hockey captain, widely celebrated end on the football team, and manager of the year book, was also a Beta.

Lola remarked, a while before Henry's arrival, "A little freshman friend of mine is going to drop over tonight—Hank Ames. Do you know him?"

"Sure," said Mr. Brown. "He's been up at the house a couple of times with some of our freshmen. Seems like a fairly nice kid. Quiet, but all right."

"Yes, he seems quiet," Lola agreed, making a distinction her guest perceived without realizing that he did so.

"He hasn't pledged anywhere yet, has he?" Mr. Brown asked to make conversation.

Lola smiled her mysterious smile.

"I happen to know," she said, "that he's holding out. I also happen to know that the Sigs had him up the last night of rushing, and he came back after two long hours without a button. Funny, isn't it?"

"You don't mean to say he refused them?" Mr. Brown asked incredulously.

"I didn't say so," she said. "But I can't help wondering why I see him with a freshman named Hoskins. I'm only telling you this because I think Mr. Jerry Peters is having things entirely too much his own way around here these days."

Roth Brown grinned. "Thanks for the tip, comrade," he said. "Any time Jerry Peters and his funny Sigs think they can run the world! An-y time! You don't happen to have any suggestion, do you?"

"Greedy!" she laughed. "I suppose you expect me to do your rushing for you."

The State game being the last and by far most important of the season, its Saturday was declared a holiday by a faculty wise enough to call off work that wouldn't have been done anyway. Henry Ames, luxuriating with proper undergraduate appreciation of defeated routine, slept late. Then, having appraised with a professional eye the warm autumnal sun, he deliberatively bedecked himself in the conservative, yet tastefully assertive sport clothes that had been, along with other items of vesture, chosen with the unobtrusive assistance of Lola Hoyt.

In front of the dormitory building he paused, surveying moderately thronged High Street until an acquaintance of his class happened by. Together they sauntered into one of the lunch rooms. Here breakfast was a ritual requiring some time. There were friends and acquaintances to be hailed genially, house-party guests to be introduced to and to charm briefly with a passing modicum of wit.

The game itself was a piquant *apéritif* before the tea dances and evening parties. When it was all over, the State team went to the showers with only seven of the thirty-five points scored during the afternoon. The solitary Jerry Peters sat a while with Lola and Hank, often falling into a reverie upon the latter, who devoted himself exclusively to riding the waves of hysteria until the last horn.

That night at the dances there was an air as of important things in the making. Everyone knew that all the upper classmen who had been Octopus their freshman years were meeting to select the new delegation. And everyone knew that election to Octopus meant probable Red Key junior year, and that that meant practically certain Shield and Rapier as a senior honor.

Then, at about 10:30, Jerry Peters cut in on Lola and said, "Just to show that there are no hard feelings, will you make Hank go home after this dance? You can go home with somebody else."

"This is harsh treatment of a young lady," she said.

"I know for a fact," Jerry said, "that the Betas are going to try to pledge him tonight. Get the idea?"

"It sounds like coercion to me," she said.

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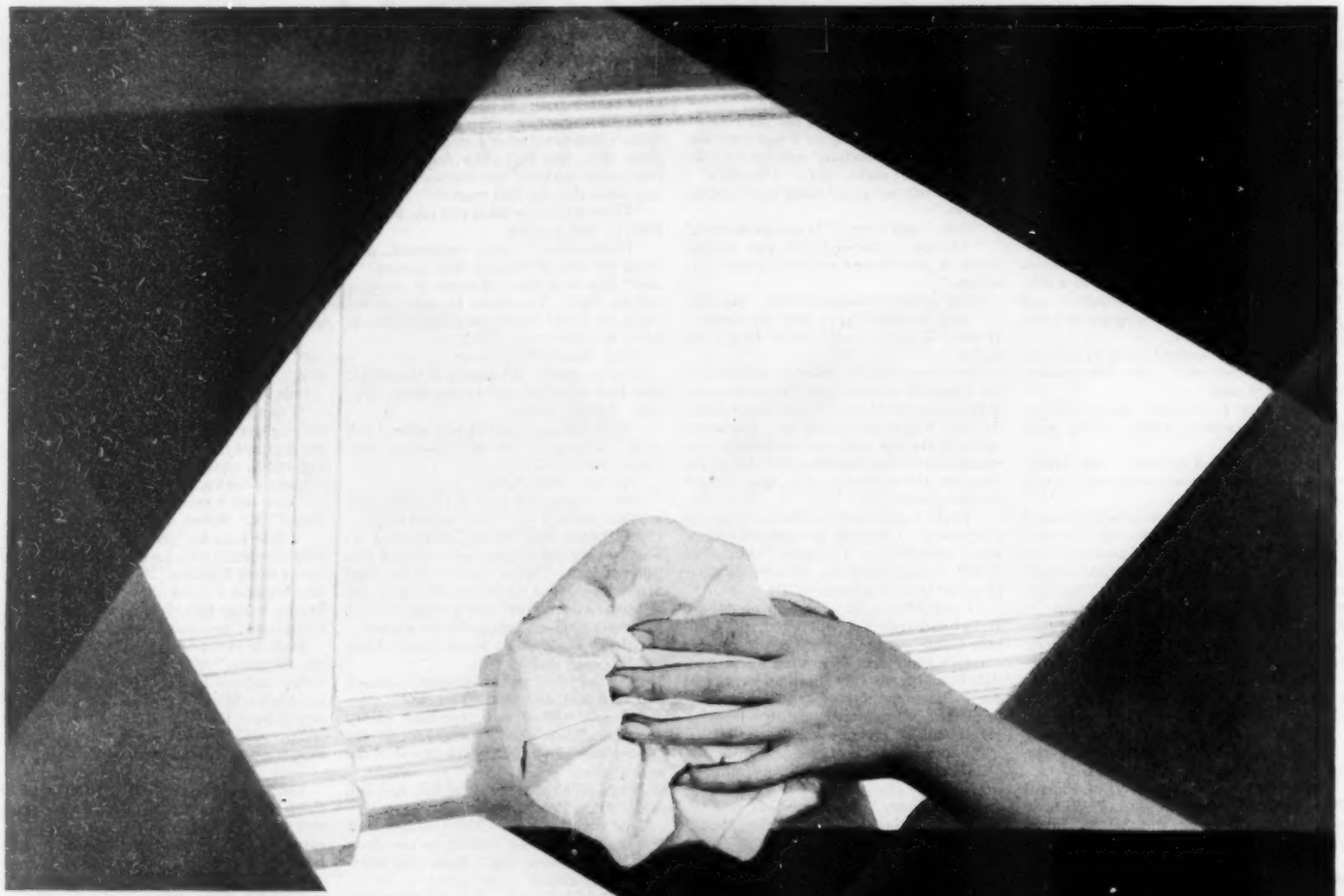

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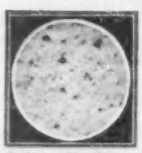

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(Continued from Page 131)

"Never mind," Jerry answered grimly. "I have to use heroic measures around here or the little boys of the chapter would never get anybody good."

The struggle was not protracted, but Henry Ames was a little mystified by the order to go home a second time and to retire immediately. He complied, of course, and, too excited by the unbelievable events of the day to sleep, lay staring through the darkness to where the blue disk on his coat lapel betokened his promise to become a Sig.

He heard the effortless chimes of the gym clock announce the hour and identify it as midnight. Then a shiver ran up his spine and tugged at his scalp as he heard the study door open—as he beheld three masked and muffled figures materialize at his bedside.

A voice, speaking from another world through the resonant hollow of the tomb, called upon him: "Rise, Henry Carmichael Ames!"

The next evening Henry Ames, at the Sig dining table, was modestly reveling in the chaotic orgy of attention that is the lot of a new pledge.

Beneath the provocative sun of the new fellowship he flowered, finding it astonishingly easy and pleasant to talk to the superior beings he had on that first night regarded as inhabitants of an unattainable Elysium. Further, he was by way of being a celebrity as the result of the previous night's visitation.

In the course of the meal, Burt Hoskins, president of both his class and the new delegation of Octopus, came back from the telephone.

"Say, Hank," he said, "the boys are getting up a party for tonight. What do you say?"

"Well," Henry hesitated, "I got a date ——"

"Come on," Burt urged. "Call it off. We can't do without you. It'll be the whole eight of us."

"All right," Henry said. "Wait till I phone."

So he phoned and waited a little uncomfortably through Lola's congratulations.

Then he said, "Lola, about coming down tonight. I'm afraid I can't make it. See? I didn't know about it, but there's going to be a meeting of the Octopus delegation tonight."

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Are you sure? You said ——"

He hastened to interrupt, "Well, look, Lola. It's pretty important. See? I don't know if you can understand about it. I mean, I don't think you can understand exactly about my position, being a girl ——"

THE CITY'S GIDDY WHIRL

(Continued from Page 44)

break the engagements if anything else turns up, but knowing also that they will keep the engagements, no matter how tiresome, rather than be alone. After a few years of this, the sheer relief of not being alone makes even the worst party tolerable. This is called sophistication.

There is another side to this fear. Being alone does not mean literal solitude. The city dweller begins to feel alone when he is in the company of anything less than a dozen people, especially if he knows them all well. He begins to want to go out where others are—strangers. His wife, his intimate friends, his business companions, begin to be part of the self which he has to escape. He takes people out to dinner rather than sit with them for an hour in a room, and hurries them on to the theater rather than listen to conversation; and if he is ever compelled by social circumstances to be in the same room with his familiars for any length of time, he instantly creates a diversion by setting them all to playing bridge. Even that, I suspect, he prefers to do in some semipublic fashion.

Building Up Crowd Consciousness

The city man's disinclination to be alone has effects he probably does not suspect. It makes him, first of all, a crowd animal. Baudelaire, speaking of the "infamous city," as he called Paris, wrote that he loved to take a bath in the crowd, and the distinct physical sensations of being in a moving multitude have been noted by psychologists, most of whom would verify the ancient wisdom of the phrase, "losing oneself in a crowd," putting the emphasis on "self." To lose at least part of one's identity, to lose responsibility, to lose will power, to forget private desires and worries, one drops into a crowd, merges with others. In a crowd of strangers the timid man can appear bold and the awkward man put on airs of grace and urbanity. No one is present to call him by some ridiculous nickname of his youth or to remind him of debts and obligations. It is a kind of rare freedom.

Because he enjoys the crowd, the city forces its average man to live perpetually with the crowd. It packs him into trains or cars or busses; it lets him out and reassembles another crowd in an elevator; and when he gets home he has a crowd outside his windows on the area way and in the street and at the movie house and the restaurant. It teaches him to fight his way through hundreds of other fighters and to raise his voice, so that he can flash his wit in front of strangers, kidding elevator girls or cursing waiters. It is an inexpensive form of superiority, but without the crowd it would not exist at all.

His newspapers are made to be read in crowds, and his lunches to be eaten with a crowd at his back, and the forms of his entertainment are arranged so that he is part of a crowd while they are going on. At a certain level the producer of an entertainment can be sure that, regardless of merit, people will come to see it as long as they know that other people are going. Films of the smallest merit, prize fights from which no one expects much boxing, musical shows produced by unknowns with second-raters, dancing marathons and other freak exhibits can count on a minimum of patronage if they are on view at conspicuously large auditoriums. They may not succeed so well as meritorious works in their own class, but the attraction of the crowd—the fact that people are usually there—will draw customers.

Because the city man is not conscious of the lowering of his intellectual vitality when he is in a crowd, the entertainments placed before him are not designed to answer his need of diversion but to answer his need of company. No sane human being could for a moment pretend that half of the plays opening in New York have any attraction for any intelligent person. Even the New Yorker, who is not always a sane human being, rejects them, and in a bad season he rejects 60 to 70 per cent of the shows presented to him. But the producer who thinks that a pretty actress, a hot chorus, a dirty situation and a few suggestive remarks will carry over a show is not always wrong. It has been known to occur. It can occur only after the individual has learned to tolerate the crowd, as the human body learns to tolerate certain poisons, carrying them around and getting so used to them that they would probably be missed if eliminated.

The city man definitely does miss the crowd sense the moment he goes away. He has learned to dislike everything connected with solitude—especially silence, the absence of noise, which gets on his nerves. In actual truth, there is nothing more full of living sound than a mountain camp, a farmhouse or a seaside cabin, but the man from the city misses the specific set of noises to which he is accustomed. The noise is the audible symbol of the crowd, as at least a few realistic people have discovered. Recently the newspapers were full of lists of the ten worst features, or the ten disgraces, of New York, and in all the lists noise held a high place. Then a reaction set in and people wrote that the noise was an extremely agreeable feature of the city's life, without which they would not feel at home. And someone suggested, only half in mockery, that it was probably bad for city people to go away from the hurry and noise during their vacations, as this tended to let down their nervous resistance and accounted for the tired feeling on returning to work.

The sociologist and the moralist can find many other phases of the fear of solitude. They may deplore the spiritual life of a people when home has become a place to go "when all the other places are closed"; they may be offended by the rush of sympathy which meets the man or woman who says "I was reading a book," when asked to account for absence from a party. On the contrary, they may suggest that the city man's ability to live with others is an advance over the embittered solitude of the pioneers who used to make a clearing and then moved away as soon as two or three others settled near by—a familiar phenomenon of early American life.

Setting these more serious considerations aside, the common observer sees the cheapness of urban triumphs. I am not making comparisons with the great rural virtues—with which I am not familiar. George Eliot once protested against the idea that to make people moral you had only to turn them out to grass.

It is not in comparison with the country but in themselves that the great moments of city life seem trivial. They are all crowd moments. For one Lindbergh, to whom the city crowds paid honor, there are dozens of unimportant people, achieving unimportant notoriety, who serve as excuses for crowds to congregate, and the funeral of a gangster is as well attended as the marriage of a movie star. In Los Angeles and in New York ten thousand people congregate before a theater and stand for three hours to watch the coming and going of a thousand others, most of them totally insignificant.

Home-Grown Hospitality

Because the crowd is anonymous and strange, it washes away the gnawing sense of inferiority. The cries from the bleachers during a baseball game are uttered in the great voice of authority, expertness and command. These cries correspond precisely to the high tone of menace with which more successful people address hat-check boys and to the hearty, humorous comments of anonymous individuals on crowded ferryboats.

Mr. Ralph Borsodi, who has made a novel and intelligent attempt to escape from the city without giving up the advantages of city life, using all those distributions of power which modern invention assures, has put his finger on another aspect of city life. He found that living in the country, producing not only his own fruits and vegetables but nearly everything else his household required, gave him a new pleasure in hospitality. Hospitality meant, in the city, buying a lot of things for a lot of people. And although Mr. Borsodi—in his New Republic articles—did not mention the fact, hospitality is definitely measured by quantities, which represent purchasing power. In the country, hospitality meant sharing with friends the things one had created—the surplus above one's needs; it was not competitive. Just as the city man wants to hire large rooms for large dinners, he wants to spread his

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jokes over the widest area, to flash his personality before the greatest possible number of eyes, to conquer at least a small multitude. The rustic, for all I know, may want to do the same thing at the village post office. But the civilized and urbane man—which is not the same thing as the urban man—is indifferent to numbers and quantities and conquest. He knows that the little that goes a long way goes thin.

A year ago last winter, and again last summer, I went through a superficially identical experience—waiting for rain. Only, the first time it was in the uncitified conditions of Bermuda, and the second time it was near New York City. Last summer's drought caused Long Island police to forbid the use of lawn sprinklers, and the long hot spell was irritating, but it was impossible to feel any pressure from the forces of Nature. In Bermuda the dry spell signified that the water supply might be exhausted. My own, in fact, was. And for the first time in my life I knew what it meant to be for a moment out of the range of modern civilization. I can hardly say that my feeling was justifiable; there was no danger of dying in the desert, and telephones and electric lights and hospitals and steamships abound in those islands. But to be helpless and totally dependent upon a natural force which man has not brought under control cuts the cable along which we communicate all our daily desires to the outside world. It seemed to me, then, that in my experience in the Eastern States and even near the larger cities of the West, I had not really departed from the security of the metropolitan centers. It occurred to me that, in a sense, the rural district and the rural life have ceased to exist in America.

If this has not happened everywhere, it will come eventually. We have put in motion engines too powerful and too numerous for us to call them back, and because they served the city first, they have pushed the frontiers of the metropolis farther and farther out. But this does not mean that the typical mental and spiritual chaos of the city must necessarily follow. Even in large cities there are the happy few who can set the pace of their private lives against the rhythm of the city, who know the virtue of leisure and solitude, and create quiet around themselves like a pool in the backwater of an overflowing river. I suspect that the very agencies which are carrying the influence of the city to the country—particularly the motor car—must be breaking down the allure of the city itself. Political observers inform us that in such matters as prohibition, centralized government control, tariffs, old-age pensions, and the like, the coming struggle in America is not between geographical sections—not between North and South or East and West—but between the city and the country. At the same time philosophers note that every great civilization runs to a point at which it begins to degenerate, and that point usually shows itself in the creation of overgrown cities filled with foreigners and slaves—of megalopolis.

They may all be wrong. But it seems unlikely that an entire nation will accept as an ideal civilization the peculiar type of urbanity which finds its chief triumph in calling a head waiter by his first name.

WHO HAS THE MONEY?

(Continued from Page 25)

That man, I might remark, reached his present job in 1926 and, though his experience has been considerable and he made and lost a great deal of money in the stock market, he has never been actually at the helm of any corporation during a storm. His business, it is reported, really started to slip during the early part of last year, and some of his associates are so unkind as to remark that he has needed a goat for some time, and that the stock-market crash saved his business reputation. That is his background, and I have noted that those executives who are most positive that there is no hope anywhere—that no one has any money—are either men who have not done anything outstanding for quite a number of years or men whose reputations have been made since the postwar depression and who know only one kind of business.

Back in 1921 our hearts were well-nigh broken listening to the sad stories of the captains of commerce who had bought commodities high and then had to sell them low. Now the marts of trade are filled with captains of finance anxious to tell how much they lost in the market. I have noticed that the minimum individual market loss, which for a while stood at $100,000, has now moved up to $1,000,000. The truth, of course, is that in business, just as in life, there is a constant moving and shifting. Every day some man or concern falls ill and dies—or recovers. If one could only see business as it is, and not as it pretends to be, then one would see a motley crowd; for, circulating among and apparently on equal terms with those in perfect health, there would be a curious company of the infirm, the halt and the blind. In fact, the only really sound, enduring and ever-strengthening element in business is the one watched with the most tender care as a delicate and fragile being—the purchasing power of the consumer. There is never a time when, either literally or figuratively, the people have no money. The times when the people are scared away from buying or not given the opportunity to buy are more numerous than the times when they refuse to buy. Their buying power persists in a most extraordinary fashion, in spite of all the efforts to destroy it through low wages and high prices. It is as great today as it ever was, and possibly even greater,

The conclusion that it has been or now is impaired arises not from any study of the facts but from an emotional dwelling upon certain weaker features of our economic

(Continued on Page 136)

PHOTO. BY RAYMOND A. MATZ

Trees and Clouds in Southern Illinois, Near Carmi

A DARK AND A LIGHT PALM BEACH SUIT FOR EVERY MODERN WARDROBE..

The modern man is going in for lighter clothes. . . He's throwing off old habits, and with them the stuffy, *needless weight* he used to carry 'round. . . . .

•

He's shutting off the "steam heat" that is generated by heavy woolens and worsteds . . . and stepping into porous, air-cooled, washable Palm Beach Suits!

•

Those of you who are still slaves to heat and martyrs to the sun—change here for Palm Beach. A dark one, with vest, is the thing for evening wear. A light one—two-piece (or with extra knickers)—for those sultry, sunny days.

•

Ask your clothier to show you those amazing new Palm Beach Raised Weaves. They're mighty handsome—and so inexpensive. . . . If you fail to find just what you want—write to us.

•

Palm Beach Mills, Goodall Worsted Co., Sanford, Me.
Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Remember that the tailoring determines the price you pay, and always be sure to look for this label in the garment, before you buy!

Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

A TIP, MEN, on smartest summer hosiery styles

ONE of America's foremost stylists has created many striking patterns *exclusively* for Allen-A Hosiery. Advance showings are now being made in your town.

You will find silks, silk and rayon, and lisle and rayon—in plain, fancy and clock patterns—in a variety of styles to suit your individual liking.

And by *invisible* reinforcements at heel, sole and toe, this hosiery will give you long service such as you have never before enjoyed.

See these smart, long-wearing hosiery styles at your Allen-A dealer. Priced—50c to $1.50 the pair. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

Allen-A Hosiery FOR MEN

(Continued from Page 134)

life—most of which are always with us. Bad trade results usually from the disorganization of business itself, and not from the disorganization of consuming power. The great buying power of the country is that which arises from wages paid. The amount of wages paid in this country has been, since 1920, increasing both in gross amount and in per capita share. And although unemployment has at times been great, the number of unemployed persons on a percentage basis has never been really large, and even the greatest unemployment in recent years has not been long enough continued to make any very serious inroads on purchasing power. These facts we now know because for the first time a thoroughly competent and exhaustive study of wages, wage rates, purchasing power and unemployment has been made. The study explains much that we have not previously known.

Our prophets of disaster have been more than usually alarmed by what they call the rising tide of unemployment—without having at hand any facilities for discovering whether or not this unemployment, however unfortunate, was in the least unusual, and without much attempt to distinguish between men out of work and plain bums. Also there has been no attempt to discover how many men are at work. The whole attention has centered on those who were not. The number and the amount of withdrawals of deposits from savings banks—although here the tide has already turned—have been held up as certain indication of imminent economic woe. Never a word has been said about the function of these institutions in stabilizing income. It is not a high crime to withdraw money that has been laid away against future need or future investment.

On the contrary, the presence and the use of such surpluses are evidence of intelligent financing. The financial backlog of the nation is something more and more to be reckoned with, for it may be that in working toward the stabilization of employment we are training the wrong horse. The true economy may lie in the direction of paying a man so highly when he is at work that he may be able to finance his own unemployment out of his surplus. In that case, we shall have to stop talking about unemployment and begin to talk of leisure. We have created the present remarkable poor man's reserve since 1920. That was the turning point. Between 1912 and 1920 we were steadily going down the financial hill, for prices increased more rapidly than wage and salary income. Taking the deposits in the savings banks, the assets of the building-and-loan associations and the assets of the life-insurance companies as representing the more or less liquid savings of the country, we find that they amounted to slightly less than $14,000,000,000 in 1912, to somewhat more than $26,000,000,000 in 1920, and to a little more than $39,000,000,000 in 1925. But reducing these sums to 1912 dollars and stating them on the per capita basis, so that they can be more easily grasped, they tell a different story.

No Money—But Savings Grow

In 1912 the per capita savings in these three grand divisions amounted to $148. Expressed in the same dollars, the 1920 savings total was only $117. But by 1925 the per capita total had jumped to $189. This means that between 1912 and 1920 the real per capita savings of the country declined by about 20 per cent and, during the period from 1920 to 1925, astoundingly increased by 62 per cent, putting the 1925 savings 28 per cent above the 1912 level. The present totals are still higher, but the point here is that this increase of 62 per cent took place during a period when business was not good, and when, during part of 1920, all of 1921, and part of 1922 it was very bad indeed. Yet between 1920 and 1925 the savings deposits per capita—in 1912 dollars—increased from $73 to $111, and the building-and-loan-association assets, on the same basis, increased from $11 to $23. These savings came almost wholly from wage earners and the lower-salary groups, for the more wealthy do not use such investment forms. The very people who were supposed not to have any money were actually banking more than they had ever banked.

During January of this year the two most popular makers of low-priced automobiles together sold more than 179,000 units as against 219,000 units in January, 1929—which was a month of remarkable automobile activity. There is, of course, a big difference between the number of the cars sold in each of these two periods, but 179,000 cars is not a bad ration to be taken by people who were reputed to be without funds. Indeed, these moneyless people turn up doing all sorts of strange things which need money. In one corporation 34,000 employes have a fund of $50,000,000 invested—and they started it only in 1923. A list of shareholders in a group made up of seventeen industrial stocks, eight railroads, seven public utilities and five New York banks shows slightly under 3,000,000 holders for 1930, which represents a gain of nearly 1,000,000 over 1929. Probably a lot of the new holders bought on margin as speculators and ended up as owners in self-defense, but at least it took real money to become owners, and that money was paid to someone.

Selling to the Penniless

Of course, people always have money, and in a moment it will be demonstrated why they always have it. But it is also to be remembered that all the people everywhere do not always have money all the time. And sometimes a quite general reluctance to part with money will settle over a section while the rest of the country is spending freely. The real salesman—not the spellbinder—has always known this. He has a sixth sense—a nose for business—and can ferret out money where the ordinary salesman reports that everything is absolutely dead. Frederick W. Nash is one of those men. He started his sales career as a youngster selling pickles, eventually became a sales manager in the concern he started with, then developed several other companies and is today a member of a large banking firm. He has met the no-money situation so often that now he takes it for granted.

"My very first regular job as a salesman," he told me, "was in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and one of my first prospects was a grocer in a little village. This man had never given an order for more than sixty dollars and his average order was around thirty dollars. He was glad enough to see me, for he wanted a newcomer to listen to his sad story.

"'The farmers around here,' he began, 'are as poor as church mice. They can hardly get enough to eat, let alone buy fancy American pickles. The fishing has not been good, and so the fishermen have no money at all. I would like to give you an order, but who am I going to sell to?'

"That stumped me, but this was the first sales call I had ever made in that town and I had to do something. I thought a moment and then asked him if there was not a single person in the whole town who had money enough to buy my brand of pickles. He ran over his customers and decided that just two had the money—the mayor and a retired merchant.

"He agreed to call with me on these two. I took my samples, and the upshot was that they both liked the pickles and said that they would buy them. Then the grocer ordered a bill of $150, saying that maybe he could find some other customers with money.

"I was not clever or anything of the sort. I had to make some sales and I just did not believe that it was possible for no one to have any money. When I reached Halifax I heard the salesmen in the hotel complaining that no one had any money, and so, instead of calling at once upon the grocers, I first visited people in their neighborhoods, and when I went to a grocer I had a list of customers for him. That was one of the dullest periods that section of Canada had ever experienced, but I made a record for my company, just through not believing what everyone knew as a fact."

That happened in Canada in a section depending upon farming and fishing. Our communities are more complex; very few wholly farming districts remain, for industry has been spreading out. And industry itself is not concentrated in the fashion it used to be. Even Detroit is not all automobiles. We all of us have known that the wage income of the country is very large, but, on the other hand, it has been freely asserted that wages are far from what they are supposed to be, that the average worker is not well paid at any time, and if his income for the whole year is considered, it will be found that he is lucky to be alive—that prosperity has never reached him. We have never had the full facts.

Now they are available in a study which has been made by Paul H. Douglas, of the University of Chicago, with the help of the Pollak Foundation. Professor Douglas has been working on wages for many years, and has established himself as a foremost authority on the subject, for he has not merely collated wage rates but he has translated them into buying power and has thus been able to chart the exact condition of the worker through the years. In this present work he had the services of an adequate staff to cover an immense field in detail. He has taken the whole swing of wages everywhere in the country and through all the trades for the years from 1890 to 1926. His figures include more than 22,000,000 workers. He has found hour rates, weekly rates and yearly incomes actually received. Many of the extravagant calculations simply take the hour or the day rates and from them find the yearly income, just as though unemployment were not known. Professor Douglas has done all this, but also—and which is here to the point—he has found the actual amount received in spite of unemployment. That is, he has recorded the wage earner's actual income and what it has meant in buying power. As a result, we now know much of great value that we never knew before. He has found that most of the guesses concerning wages have been wrong. The wage earners and the salary men have been, in recent years, getting far more than was supposed.

Stabilization of Living Costs

The average annual earnings in various classes show some very interesting shifts in the forty years since 1890. They tell who has the purchasing power today. In 1890 a job in the post office was the one most to be sought after, for the average annual earning of postal employes was $878. Next came clerical workers, with $848, and third came clergymen, with $794. The factory workers received only $439, school-teachers only $256 and farm labor only $233. But here is how the situation stood in 1926: Factory workers, $1309; steam-railway employes, $1613; street-railway employes, $1566; clerical workers, $2310; postal employes, $2128; teachers, $1277; clergymen, $1826; farm workers, $593. The average annual earnings for all classes of employment were $1473. Taking the average of real earnings for 1890–99 as 100, then the average for 1926 stood at 129. Here are some of Professor Douglas' conclusions:

"There has been a general stabilization of living costs since 1923, with a slight upward movement of approximately 4 per cent in 1925, and a downward drift of about the same amount in 1927 and 1928. The index in the latter year was 235 in terms of the 90's, and 169 in terms of 1914.

"In 1926 the average hourly money earnings for some 14,000,000 workers were 233 per cent above those of the 90's, and 125 per cent above the 1914 average. This was equivalent to an increase in purchasing power of 38 and 30 per cent, respectively.

"In 1926 the average full-time weekly money earnings of 18,000,000 workers were, on the basis of fixed weights, 187 per cent greater than in the years 1890–99, and 108

per cent above the average for 1914. This was an advance of 19 per cent over the purchasing power of a full-time week's work in the 90's and of 20 per cent over that of 1914. In terms of changing weights, however, the gain was 25 per cent in terms of both bases.

"Previous studies showing an appreciable fall in the purchasing power of a full-time week's work between 1900 and 1914 have been in error because of the defects in the cost-of-living indexes which have necessarily been used for this period. But while real full-time earnings did not decrease during this period, neither did they increase, the index for 1914 being precisely the same as that for 1890–99. The decrease in hours, in fact, completely absorbed the increase in real hourly rates and earnings.

"In manufacturing, the average hourly money earnings in 1926 were 319 in terms of 1890–99, and 225 in terms of 1914. This was an increase in real earnings of 32 and 30 per cent, respectively. Until 1919 the increase was very slight, however, since the index in 1918 was but 4 per cent above 1890–99 and 2 per cent above 1914. The average gain for the twenty-seven years of 1900–26 over the decade 1890–99 was 8 per cent.

"Though there was by no means any uniformity in the relative gains made by the thirty-nine separate manufacturing industries, the deviations from the general average were not excessive. Thus, upon a 1914 base, the real-earnings indexes of ten industries did not vary from the average of 130 for all manufacturing by more than 3 points; in three industries the deviation was between 3 and 6 points, while in four industries it was between 6 and 9 points. In the case of eleven industries the difference was between 9 and 12 points; in two it ranged between 12 and 15; while in nine it was more than 15. It is interesting to note that all the industries in this latter class fell below the average and none exceeded it. These nine industries were: Butter, cheese and condensed milk; agricultural implements; shirts; lumber; boots and shoes; tobacco; saddlery and harness; carriages and wagons; beverages. The last three are, of course, examples of obsolescent industries, while tobacco is one where the shift in demand to cigarettes has meant the substitution of a lower grade of labor."

Providing for Unemployment

"The increase in the real annual earnings of the employed workers in manufacturing was about the same as the increase in real hourly rates and earnings, but appreciably more than the rise in full-time weekly earnings. This may have been due in part, at least, to one or all of the following factors: (a) a decrease in the proportion of lost time within the week, which would make actual earnings increase faster than full-time rates; (b) an increase in the relative use of various kinds of bonuses, which would raise the yearly, as well as the actual, hourly earnings above the hourly rates; (c) an increased tendency on the part of employers to pay their more efficient workers more than the standard rate.

"The workers have made other sources of gain during this period. Between 1890 and 1920 there was a decrease of 5 per cent in the number of dependents per gainfully employed worker, the increase in free income derived from the Government by 1926 was approximately 4 per cent, while the free services provided by private philanthropy and by employers amounted to approximately 1 and 2 per cent, respectively. When these are added to the gain of 35 per cent in the purchasing power of those employed, and to the increase of from 7 to 8 per cent in the real earnings of the wage-earning class through the lower rate of unemployment, it is apparent that in 1926 the workers enjoyed an income which was approximately 55 per cent higher than during the 90's."

These findings are most remarkable in showing how well financed is the average worker and that, although unemployment makes a large hole in the annual earnings, it cannot reduce to destitution in other than exceptional cases, for not only is there a surplus over and above living expenses but also few families are dependent upon a single worker—there are more than 40,000,000 wage earners in the country and only some 25,000,000 families.

The average unemployment for the years 1920–26 was 12.1 per cent and for the whole period of 1897–1926 it was 10.2 per cent. There have been no estimates of unemployment since the market break which reach above 4,000,000—but that, it now appears, is only the ordinary average over a term of years. Evidently during no year has the average of unemployment dropped below 7 per cent. Figures from many sources all more or less agree that about one-half of the unemployment is normally caused by lack of work and that the other half is made up of various factors, of which sickness is the largest. If our normal unemployment is around 3,000,000, that is, perhaps, something to work on, but an increase to 4,000,000 or even 5,000,000 is not quite what it seems when one reads about it in the newspapers. The larger incomes while working have made unemployment less trying. For instance, a worker in the building industry would in 1914 have received $1292 in the year, had he worked full time, but actually he received only $845; in 1926, had he worked full time, he would have had $2933, but with all the unemployment taken out, he got $2417. An unskilled laborer who in 1914 received only $492 in a year, deducting his time out received $1095 in 1926 on the same basis.

Installment Payments Go On

These figures are confirmed from other sources. A survey of 10,000 workers made by the Russell Sage Foundation and tabulated in a study which has not yet been published shows only 6 per cent of the workers receiving less than twenty dollars a week and 68 per cent receiving from thirty to forty dollars a week, while 2909 reported that they had incomes in addition to their wages. More than 10 per cent had checking accounts. The president of a corporation that makes a business of lending small sums to wage earners told me:

"We know from fifty years' experience on the part of this company, and I know from thirty years' experience, that the supposed state of business will neither increase the number of small loans nor cause them to decrease. Eighty-five per cent of the people are not visibly affected in any way.

"Throughout our entire history we have gone through financial crises and industrial depressions with no substantial effect upon our business. In fact, we had slightly fewer delinquents in the month after the stock crash than in any other month of the year.

"Our customers come from the people of the United States who have no bank credit and do not speculate. I say this with full knowledge of the facts. With 116 branch offices in the twelve chief industrial states, we have our fingers on the pulse of conditions affecting the workingman of the nation in nearly every principal industrial center from 30,000 up.

"Financial requirements and the daily habits and mode of living of the great mass of the American people go on fairly undisturbed. Their credit is unimpaired and their earning powers unchanged."

It was freely predicted that the least sign of slow business would bring a crash in the great edifice of installment credits. That edifice, by the way, keeps steadily around $3,000,000,000 and has varied very little. And people have paid their accounts just about as they have always paid them.

This is not, of course, the whole story. But it is enough to show that the buying power of wages is perfectly tremendous and that the only sure way to cut down the volume of the country's business is to strike at wages—at the country's earning power.

The answer to the question "Who has the money?" is "Nearly everybody."

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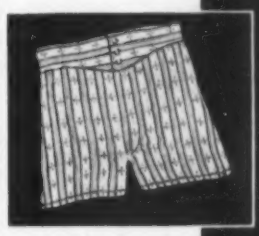
ALLEN-A SHIRTS AND SHORTS of Rayon

A new style of underwear—cooler, more comfortable, and notably smarter—is now capturing the entire nation. The name—Allen-A Rayon Shirts and Shorts.

You've never known such coolness and comfort. The shirts are light as a feather. So elastic that they fit snugly, yet give more freedom than you've ever had—*and, very important, they never stick to you no matter how hot it gets.*

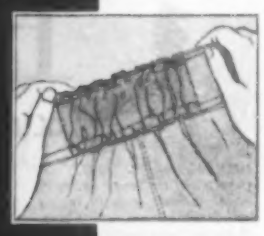
The shorts are cut wide, and hang straight down along your trousers. They never bunch or "climb." *And the invisible elastic back holds the shorts securely in place without binding.*

Try these smart, cool, comfortable Allen-A Rayon Shirts and Shorts. You'll never wear anything else. In white or three pastel colors. $1.00 the garment. At your dealer's now. The Allen-A Company, *Kenosha, Wisconsin.*



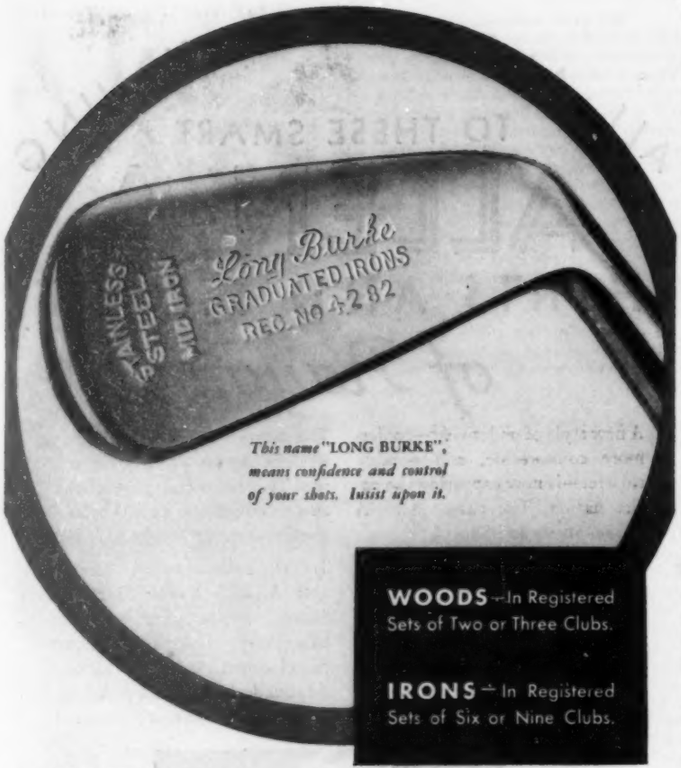
Smart Broadcloth Shorts in Fancy Patterns

If you prefer fancy shorts, you will find a wide selection of styles at your Allen-A dealer. In broadcloth or madras. 75c to $1.50 the garment. Shirts of Rayon, fine, sheer lisle or cotton, 75c and $1.00.



This New Invisible Elastic Back

is an exclusive Allen-A improvement that you will enjoy. It holds the Shorts securely in place—*without binding.* Laundering does not weaken the elasticity.



This name "LONG BURKE", means confidence and control of your shots. Insist upon it.

WOODS—In Registered Sets of Two or Three Clubs.

IRONS—In Registered Sets of Six or Nine Clubs.

Waggle these irons... just once...

We dare you! But don't do it unless you are prepared to acquire them—or be unhappy all season. For these new Long Burke graduated irons have an irresistible appeal to real golfers... in looks... in feel... in *results*.

You just KNOW you can hit a ball with them straight and true... a mental confidence that is half the game.

These models come with stainless steel heads, shafted exclusively in the new **True Temper** shafts, chromium finished. They are the finest irons that true golf craftsmanship can construct. In registered sets of nine clubs they retail at $90; six-club sets, $60.

Here's an investment that will pay dividends many seasons of play. They definitely eliminate club worries—put good scoring up to *you*. Available at all shops.

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FREE: New booklet, "20 Golf Arguments and the Correct Rulings", actual decisions made in curious and perplexing incidents of play. A postcard request—and it's yours!

A ball can be good and yet cost as low as 50c. The BURKE 50/50 *proves it. It has length, line-holding trueness, and toughness. And it cuts your ball cost 50%. Test it! (In both 1.68 and 1.62 sizes.)*

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF PROHIBITION

(Continued from Page 7)

influence upon the public mind. It would of itself go far to create public opinion in regard to the necessity of ardent spirits; for it is no more true that the laws are an expression of public opinion than that they influence and determine public opinion. They are as surely the cause as the effect of the popular will. It is the nature of law to mold the public mind to its requirements, and to fasten upon all an abiding impression of its value and necessity. . . . All good and wholesome laws prescribe, at least, what is right and forbid what is wrong."

What is known as the Fifteen Gallon Law of Massachusetts was adopted in 1838. It forbade the sale of ardent spirits in lots of less than fifteen gallons, with a requirement that the liquor must be delivered and carried away at one time. The assumption was that it would be used in the home and not on the premises of public barrooms. The law was repealed two years later, on the recommendation of a governor who had been the first president of the American Temperance Society in 1826. Connecticut, in 1838, adopted a five-gallon law, while in Maine a twenty-eight-gallon law failed by only one vote to pass the senate. New York, through a legislative committee, recommended a bill like that of Massachusetts. Rhode Island and New Hampshire tried local-option laws. Tennessee, in 1838, made the sale of less than a gallon illegal and in 1839 Mississippi did likewise.

All these efforts were in the direction of moderation first, and later the avoidance of all alcoholics. As early as 1840, however, the difficulty of dealing with the whisky appetite by law was recognized, with the widespread determination to use moral suasion as a substitute. The Washingtonian Movement, which started on Washington's Birthday in that year among a group of reformed drinkers at Baltimore, was a pledge-signing affair. It swept the country and many thousands of heavy drinkers signed the pledge. There was a temporary falling off in the demand for rum, and distilleries were going at only half time. Whisky dropped in price. Connecticut was so impressed that she repealed all her prohibitory statutes. The Washingtonian Movement introduced a new element in temperance organizations. Many of the older groups had discussed the scientific, the economic and legal as well as the moral phases of prohibition, and their proceedings were of a highly intellectual quality. Dr. Leigh Colvin, who was commissioned to write a history of prohibition by the Prohibition Party, remarks, however, on this point:

"With the influx of reformed drunkards the meetings came to partake of the character of experience meetings, and those who did not have an alcoholic experience felt somewhat out of place. There was a lowering of the intellectual content of the meetings. This partially accounts for the decline of the earlier societies."

Early Attempts at Prohibition

The Washingtonian Movement did, however, emphasize the difficulty of endeavoring to save men from the curse of drink without removing the temptation. Moral suasion did not impress those who were engaged in the profitable business of selling rum. Legislation to eliminate licenses was agitated for from 1845, with the idea of striking at the traffic in liquor rather than at the individual consumer. Many counties and towns tried local option. The belief prevailed that if the protection of license laws were removed the common law would be sufficient to stop the sale. Michigan, in 1850, and Ohio, in 1851, sought to include in their constitutions a prohibition of licenses, but this was found impracticable.

Someone with an original turn of mind brought out another solution. It was to discourage the seller by making him liable for the damage done by the liquor he sold. Wisconsin, in 1850, led a number of states in passing laws known as civil-damage acts. The moral-suasion movement found many drinkers lapsing back into former habits, and though there were dram sellers who tried to distinguish between the individuals who had a capacity to absorb liquor without violence to their neighbors and those who showed the boisterous effects of intoxication, the culminating drive in the 50's was to use the power of the state to abolish the liquor traffic altogether. Thus there came, almost eighty years ago, a disappointment in government control and an effort to adjudge the traffic in intoxicating drink as "an infamous crime."

The prohibition movement had elements of real popularity in it up to about 1855. No organized liquor power had developed in politics and the traffic was conducted on a small scale. The old political parties were breaking up and other issues began to assume paramount importance. Nevertheless, prohibition was submitted by a referendum to the vote of the people in eleven states, and in nine the dry side won. The emphasis was on getting a law adopted and very little attention was paid to methods of enforcement by either the executive or the judiciary. Prohibition was not a national issue, though it had widespread acceptance as a social problem for many years. The temperance convention held in 1853 in New York appointed a committee, which classified the barriers as ignorance, prejudice and unscrupulous politicians.

Deserting the Water Wagon

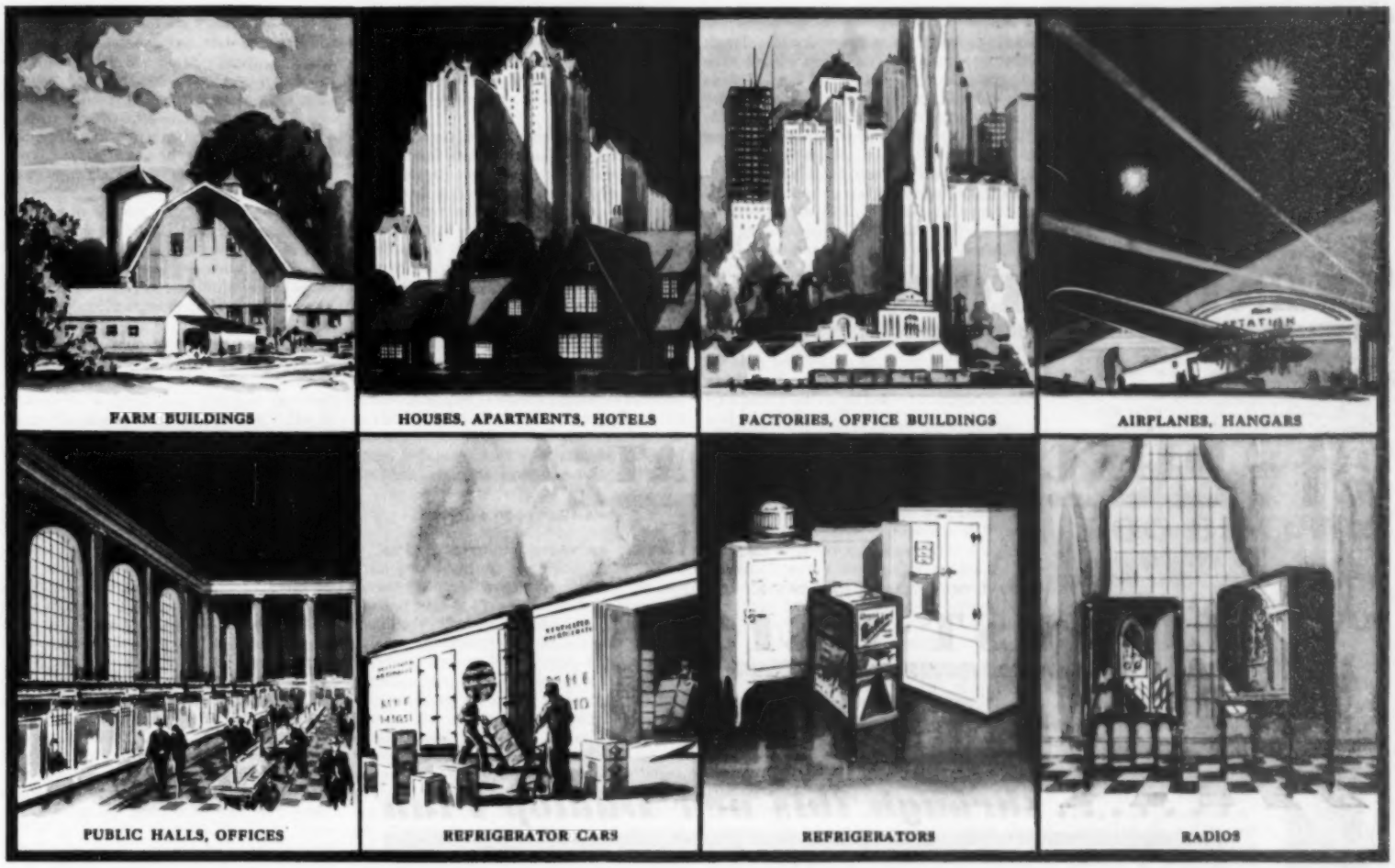
Prohibition suffered a setback for nearly a quarter of a century after 1855, because after New Hampshire passed her law that year not another law was passed by a state until the 70's, and most of the states which had adopted prohibitory laws in the 50's repealed them. Certain features of the then-existing laws were declared unconstitutional. Iowa went to light wines, beer and cider in 1858, so that by the middle of the Civil War only five of the original thirteen prohibition states were left, and two of these—Massachusetts and Connecticut—dropped out of the procession shortly thereafter.

It is futile to attempt to discover by reading history just what caused the recession. The historians sympathetic with the dry movement attribute it altogether to anti-slavery, as having taken away the interest of the people. They also refer to imperfect enforcement as well as the machinations of politics. On the other side of the controversy, however, appear dozens of booklets and pamphlets and treatises having the common-denominator title, "Prohibition is a Failure."

If it be thought, however, that the United States alone was struggling with the prohibition question, the record of what happened in 1862 is significant. For there was held in London in that year the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention. Speakers from many parts of the world attended.

"Prohibition has not been a failure in the United States," argued Edward C. Delavan, vice president of the international convention, who came from Albany, New York, to make an address on The American Temperance Movement. "A very great majority of the people, outside the corrupting influence of large towns and cities, are decidedly in favor of it, and in time will have it. After the war ends and things settle down, the movement will again revive, and what you are now doing will be valuable aid to us, though the struggle will be long and arduous. We, indeed, have special difficulties, if special advantages.

(Continued on Page 141)



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D U N L O P

(Continued from Page 138)

Our political demagogues, who appear willing to sacrifice the best interests of their country to carry out party ends, look to the grogshop and the miserable drunkard as their most valuable supporters. These influences will be arraigned against universal prohibition, and it will require many Dows and Careys to conquer. That they will conquer, I as fully believe as that there is a God in heaven.

"I repeat, prohibition has been no failure in America, all things considered. It has hardly had a fair trial generally, but where it has, the beneficial results in such localities have quite exceeded the expectations of its friends. With us, as with you, the opponents have been most ingenious in their arguments to prejudice the masses against the measure. One standing plea has been that it is 'a tyrannical attempt to take away the liberties of the people.' 'Is it right,' they ask, 'that any citizen should be prohibited from selling, or be embarrassed in the means of procuring, what he is accustomed to use without apparent injury to himself or the public, because others abuse it to their own detriment?' In replying, it is necessary, first of all, to inquire what are the invariable and inevitable social effects of the liquor traffic; for it is on these grounds, if at all, that the state has a right to interfere. Now, it is safe to assert that whenever human beings have been exposed to the temptation of intoxicating drinks, many have partaken of them habitually, and a considerable number have become drunkards. So long as this ensnaring temptation is publicly offered, it is certain that many will drink and numbers will become abandoned drunkards. These propositions are confirmed by all experience from the days of the flood until this very hour.

"It is equally undeniable that these drunkards are withdrawn from every duty they owe to society, and finally hurried down, through sufferings none but themselves can conceive, to dishonored and untimely graves; that in the meantime some of them become maniacs; that some, under the moral blindness and frenzy of intoxication, are guilty of murders and other crimes; that many of them inflict upon their helpless wives and children miseries compared with which speedy death were a blessing; and that the immediate costs and terrible consequences of these misdeeds fall on citizens in no degree accountable for them. Can a law designed to relieve these citizens from such mischiefs by directly and absolutely interdicting their known cause really be tyrannical and unjust, or is it not usual and proper legislation?"

Dry Eloquence of the Past

Dr. John Marsh, who was secretary of the American Temperance Union, told those assembled at London about the law passed by Congress whereby the Secretary of the Navy was authorized to discontinue "the entire spirit ration" in the American Navy on and after September 1, 1862, and that "thenceforth no distilled spirituous liquors will be admitted on vessels of war except as medical stores." He pointed to this step as the result of an effort of more than thirty years through the friends of temperance, arguing that nine-tenths of the difficulties which the officers had had with their men "arose from ardent spirits."

Most of the speeches were delivered by clergymen, who told of the horrible demoralization of "public houses" and of the social evils throughout the world brought by overindulgence. Much testimony was adduced tending to show that disease could be treated without alcohol, that intemperance produced insanity and suicide, and that alcohol had an injurious effect on the nerves of man. Every scientific and medical fact which could be mustered by authorities in the medical world was brought before that London convention. The license system, pleas for permissive prohibition, and discourses on the comparative working of prohibitory and license laws were marshaled, together with arguments on the importance of education in the nonuse of intoxicating liquors as beverages. Thoughts on the possible abolition of the Sunday traffic, effects of inebriety in the armies of the world—scarcely a subject was left untouched.

The convention was divided into groups, educational and religious, social and sanitary, scientific and medical, economic and statistical, political and legislative. It was not the first world's convention—this was held in 1846—but when we examine the volumes of proceedings and the many thoughtful papers and addresses delivered at the London meeting, it was an indication of the progress the movement had made throughout the world.

With the close of the Civil War, essays on prohibition began to appear once more, and the debate seemed to be most violent in New England. Crowded galleries listened to the Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner as he made an extemporaneous speech of three and a half hours before a joint special committee of the Massachusetts legislature in April, 1867.

Benefits of Abstinence

"As I rise to review somewhat," he said, "the grave matters that have for so long a period been under consideration, I am oppressed with the magnitude of the interests involved. Perhaps there is no question at present agitating the civilized world really involving graver issues, and, to a broader extent, individual and social welfare, than the controversy which is here going forward. The eyes of all the citizens of our commonwealth, of the several commonwealths of New England, and, indeed, of our entire country, are upon you, gentlemen of the committee, at this moment, and upon the legislature of Massachusetts. I make no apology in coming here as a humble private citizen, from the midst of many professional cares, in response to the wishes of some of the friends of the existing law, and in entire accordance with my own convictions, maintained for twenty-five years, to add something more, if I may, to those efforts which for so long a period I have been endeavoring to put forth in aid of sobriety and good order in these Christian communities. I think I may claim that I represent here, so far as I am entitled to represent anybody, those who have no private interest in this question. I think I may honestly and fairly claim to represent in these endeavors the moral and Christian sentiments, in the main, of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. If it is best that the barriers to indulgence in intoxicating liquors should be cast down, it is best for you, Mr. Chairman, and it is best for me.

"If the welfare of this community requires free sale and free indulgence, or, if possible to secure it, a restricted sale of liquors as beverages, and measurably restricted use, still continuing them as beverages, then my welfare, your welfare, probably, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, also require it. But if your welfare, gentlemen, and the welfare of the friends of total abstinence in this commonwealth, demand total abstinence from intoxicating beverages, leaving an open door to the medicinal use of alcoholic preparations, and if the same welfare demands the prohibition of their sale as beverages, the welfare of the commonwealth as a whole, the welfare of the citizens of the state generally—husbands and wives, parents and children, friends and neighbors—demands the same thing. I would emphatically allege that standing here, without hope of reward other than that which comes of doing good, without other inducement from any quarter under heaven than that suggested by our own moral and conscientious judgments, we have a right to claim to speak as disinterestedly as men with fixed convictions can speak.

"And I should not be doing justice, gentlemen, though I would gladly pass the point, if I failed to observe that among the foremost, the most earnest, the most persistent men, who are asking for the removal, substantially, of the present law, and the engrafting thereon, or the substitution therefor, of a license law, stringent or otherwise, are the men who for fifteen long years have been defying the law, trampling its provisions under foot, defying the authority of the commonwealth, continuing a business confessedly fraught with evils untold, and who now seek, not by the weight of their names alone but by the free use of their resources, to secure future indulgence.

"Survey the field. You have observation and experience on both hands. You have, on the one hand, a pretty uniform state of facts, showing that abstinence tends to every personal and social good. On the other hand, you have a pretty uniform state of facts, showing that indulgence tends, by a law of its own—a law ordained, gentlemen, by high heaven—a law that no legislature in Massachusetts or elsewhere can annul—by a nearly universal law—to immoderation and inebriety.

"The truth is, in wine-drinking countries there is more intoxication than in Massachusetts; the truth probably is that there is no civilized community on the face of the earth so abstemious and temperate today as the native population of Massachusetts and some other New England States. There is no counter testimony before this committee on this subject. The fact that Mr. Derby traveled abroad and saw but one drunken man is not evidence that there is no drunkenness abroad. Twenty men may see, and twenty men may not see, but the fact that the twenty did not see is not rebutting evidence against the twenty that did see.

"I proceed to admit that alcoholic beverages may be useful to many of you in a normal condition of health. My proposition still is: Considering that you are members of society, linked to the interests of the community about you; considering that there is a power in your example, you are bound to abstain as a duty to the community if not to yourselves. The Christian law of morality is a law of example on the one hand, and of sacrifice on the other. Many a man about us forgets this fundamental doctrine. Men are talking of their right to drink. I grant you, gentlemen, that a man standing alone may have a right to do what he could not do under other circumstances. There was a reverend gentleman of great excellence of character, who himself uses liquors, who here on the stand testified to the great increase of intemperance about him—for he lives in the midst of foreigners—and who protested that he so desired to benefit these poor creatures that he would, if he knew himself, even lay down his life for them; but it did not appear that he had ever been willing to give up his cups for them."

The Other Side of the Picture

"Judge Sanger, one of the most intelligent and honest men that has been on the witness stand from the beginning to the end of the hearing—though, in his opinions concerning a license law, differing from the remonstrants—did not hesitate to say that, while he regarded the prohibitory law as in some respects trenching on private rights, all arbitrary social law does the same; and our system of taxation to repair the damages done by the liquor traffic in like manner trenches upon private natural right. And when asked the question whether these evils were not incomparably greater than any that could result from prohibition, he said that, 'putting it in that way—which of the two he should prefer—unrestrained sale or absolute prohibition—he should prefer prohibition.'

"It has been objected that, under the operation of this law, other places—and clubrooms have been particularly named—will everywhere spring up, to which young men will resort for the purpose of procuring liquor. . . .

"I believe that men who come up here and set forth the evils which they allege grow out of the law, and then turn around and confess that they are aiding and abetting the breaking of the law themselves, are

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witnesses whose testimony should be received with great caution."

Turning to the other side of the question, perhaps as scathing a denunciation of prohibition as has ever been written came from the pen of William Montagu in 1872. He unburdened himself largely against prohibitory laws of the New England States, and many of his sentences, like those of Doctor Miner, are strangely familiar in the pro and con of prohibition debate as we hear it today.

"In our own land, the Great Rebellion," he wrote, "was caused mainly by the advancement of the human mind, and it removed the curse of black slavery, it would appear now, but to be replaced by white bondage. The victory was bought dearly, but it was worth the price. But we ask the thoughtful of mankind—those who deem the world as something more than a place to eat, drink and sleep in—if there was any just cause for the originating of the present Maine law? It has had a long existence—an existence which has been productive of much evil and little good. How many men are there at present in New England who, with a clear conscience, can swear that they have never drunk liquor? How many of those who at present are delivering edifying moral lectures, with much rhetoric but little sense, can say, 'I never drank, nor never place liquor of any nature on the table for my friends'? Very, very few, and those few not gifted with the taste which God has been pleased to place within us. But, if we allow that every man who preaches temperance practices temperance—we mean the bigoted temperance of 'cold water only'—can we also attest that they are moral in every other way? By no means. Our acquaintance with advocates of temperance has proved that abstinence was by no means a promoter of other good qualities. If drinking be a crime, there are worse crimes than drinking; there is grasping avarice, there is libertinism, there is want of honor—these three and many more. An honest man may own his belief in a temperate use of liquor, may point to the record of centuries since and before the Christian Era, may quote the greatest authority the world has ever known—the divine Jesus himself—and yet he is a criminal, *particeps criminis;* no matter if he be in every respect honest and upright and true, he is a criminal, an aider and abetter in avoiding the law."

Results of Maine's Experiment

"What myriads of criminals have we in New England now; criminals of all classes—great writers whose names are like household words among us; wealthy merchants whom fortune and friends have flattered; true philanthropists who spend their lives in doing good and making others happy; noble-hearted, self-denying men, whose quiet lives are, though unnoticed, glorious, and who will reap a rich reward hereafter—these with the myriads of others of bad criminals are offenders in the cross-eye of the New England liquor law, not actually accessible to punishment, but still aiders and abetters.

"Twenty years of trial, and utter failure—such is the record of prohibition. Many of us can recall the miracles that were to be performed when the first genius of cold water exploded his grand idea. New England was to be regenerated, cold water universally established, and hand-shaking become the fashion, instead of fisticuffs.

"Twenty years of trial, and what is the result? Do we behold a peaceful, loving community, striving to surpass each other in acts of generosity and kindness? Oh, no; horrors upon horrors of every description are multiplying daily. Do we find the state, that twenty years ago was prosperous and happy, still, owing to prohibition, increasing in prosperity? No; on the contrary, we look with sadness on a ruined state—and ruined, too, by the mistaken doctrine of prohibition. It requires but a few years more of prohibition and Maine may become but a name, a desert such as it was hundreds of years ago. Till lately and for years past in Maine, the law has lain torpid, a farce unexecuted and laughed at; but the new governor of the state, assisted by Democrats and Republicans alike, but for different reasons, has managed to pass the most outrageous law that ever disgraced any civilized nation on the face of the earth.

"A law that makes every man a spy on his neighbor, that renders deceit a duty and revenge an easy task; that permits officers of justice to search a defenseless woman and take what liberties they will with her person, if they conceive that she has liquor concealed about her; a law which drains the capital of the state and robs the farmer even of his hard-earned gains; a law, in short, that tramples on and blots out the last fragment of liberty left to our suffering people—and this vile product of mistaken legislation is to stop the sale of liquors in the state of Maine."

Prohibition Enters Politics

"Confusion reigns supreme; the citizen fails to fathom how that can be criminal in Boston which is legal in New York, or how he can be punished for an act encouraged by the highest authority whose license he holds. Thus criminals are created who would have been honest men; respect for the laws is lost, as not sustained by public opinion; and the ultimate result may lead to greater evils than the late revolution. Beware of encroachments on liberty; the beginning we have before us, the end none can see."

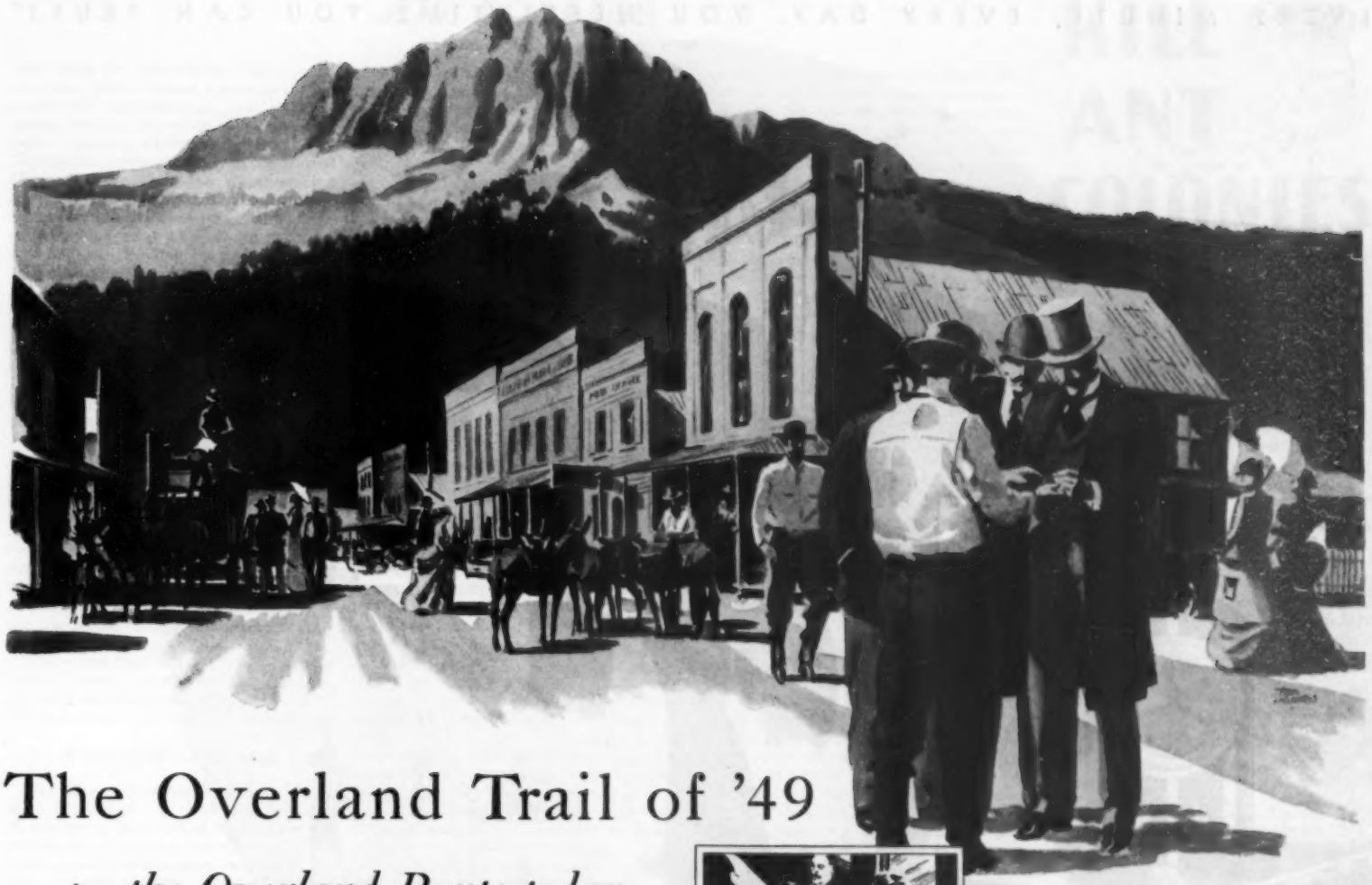
Such was the temper of the 70's on prohibition as the movement slowly gathered momentum once more after its first recession.

The 80's saw the first real organization of the liquor interests in opposition, on commercial grounds, to the reformers who sought to interfere with their business. Into Congress, into the states, into the cities, into the counties and the towns the issue was carried, with all the intensity that it has today, by zealous partisans.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century saw new aspects, however, in the effort to control public opinion, new manipulations of the forces that might affect voting, and a far more comprehensive array of organizations and elements than the earlier stages of the prohibition movement had ever developed.

Prohibition began to penetrate the political life of the nation; and from that time forward the strategy, the intrigue, the corruption and the pollution of city councils and state legislatures all played a part in the legislative evolution that brought the climax—the Eighteenth Amendment. But that's another story.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Lawrence. The next will appear June fourteenth.



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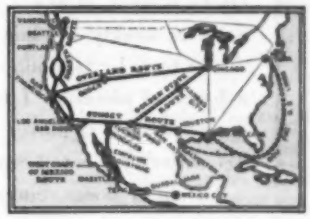

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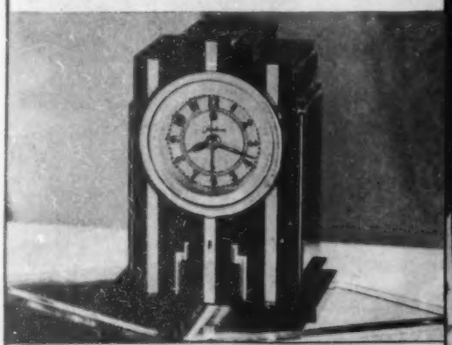

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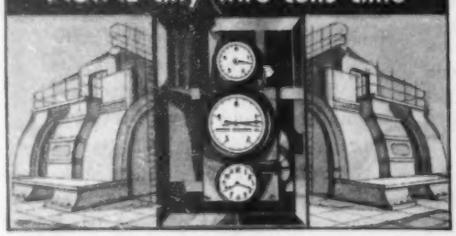

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The very same precision is built into all the Telechron models. There are banjo clocks for the wall, graceful tambours for the mantel, compact little clocks for desk or radio, bedside clocks with alarm and illuminated dial, clocks in color for the kitchen—Telechron clocks—for every purpose and every price, from $9.95 to $55.* Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Mass.

IN CANADA, CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., TORONTO

*The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinet-work equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from $40 to $1200.

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday evening on a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

Telechron

electric time-keepers

AIR FOLLIES

(Continued from Page 13)

came from the microphone, full-throated and clear, there followed a scene in the big studio which the back stage, in all its sentimental history, can never have equaled—tears, laughter, embraces, cheers; Fay Templeton, weeping joyfully in the arms of Marie Dressler, little Joe Weber smiling gleefully; and this tiny and somewhat aged group of yesterday's celebrities almost engulfed by an army of Hollywood chorus girls and men, making the great roof ring with their youthful cheers.

The big-revue idea was born as early as last summer. Musical shows of the extravaganza, operetta and comedy type have, in the meantime, been produced and shown in thousands of theaters—The Cocoanuts, Rio Rita, Hit the Deck, The Desert Song, Sunny Side Up, The Love Parade, and so on, Al Jolson having led the way with The Jazz Singer and The Singing Fool. And the Hollywood head of one big production company, after seeing the earlier types of revues, had called his cohorts together and said: "Shucks, boys, they haven't seen anything yet"; and, almost overnight, the resources, stars, featured players, writers of song and dialogue, directors of two of the largest studios, were poured into The Show of Shows, which beat the release dates of the big revues of this summer by several months.

The revue idea has cost the studios a heap of money and almost cataclysmic effort, and the idea is still a-bornin', with no telling just how the child will develop.

Where Talk Isn't Cheap

The King of Jazz cost a good deal more than $1,000,000. A single set like The Rhapsody in Blue, which lasts but a few minutes on the screen, cost as much as the entire expense of a musical comedy in the days of Victor Herbert; while the finale—The Melting Pot—ate up a budget of more than $150,000, or as much as the production cost of many an entire picture in the days, just past, of the silent movie. Because of the production expense of this picture, it is not a fair criterion. Yet the makers of March of Time will have to struggle to keep well below a $1,000,000 outlay.

A brief description of the making of a revue will tell its financial story. The production chief first calls together his song and lyric writers—say, twelve in all. He goes into the basic idea and outlines its schedule of highways and byways, settings, atmosphere, period, characterizations. There is no story, it will be noted. Yet the melody writers are used to intangible inspiration; they pull their lines and music oftenest from the thinnest of air. At any rate, when their brows are sufficiently wrinkled the conference disbands for the moment and they repair to their pianos and offices in a long studio street given over to the department of music.

These writers receive from $200 to as high as $1000 a week, this being a combination salary and drawing account; the latter stands against their share of royalties from the sale of sheet music at a general rate of two cents a sheet. Royalties this year, in a few cases, will net writers as much as $100,000. Sales, however, of 1,000,000 copies of a song hit—the goal hoped for—are rare. Also, as an exception to these salaries, it should be noted that one trio of writers has just secured contracts with two studios for four pictures at guaranties of a total of $500,000, together with royalties and a percentage of the pictures' gross receipts, which will probably make their year's earnings a round $1,000,000. Our twelve writers, however, will average about $400 a week. They will require eight weeks for their effort on this revue, which will bring the music bill, before production ever begins, close to $40,000.

Now the orchestrations begin, to be followed by the sound recording—on phonographic disks or on a sound track on the film itself. Orchestras of ten to forty men are used. The union-scale wage of the musicians is five dollars an hour. So an orchestra of twenty-five, in several three-hour rehearsals and a final session for recording, will, in fifteen hours of work, make the orchestration of each number cost $1875.

The song writers have turned in, we will say, more than 100 compositions. If a dozen are selected, these will cost around $5000 each, since the whole music bill, composition and recording, will be fully $60,000.

The orchestrations go to the dance director; and, from now on and for many weeks, the spacious rehearsal rooms will resound to the tap-tap-tapping of patent-leather pumps. The dances will call for groups of fifteen, thirty, sixty, even more than a hundred girls and chorus men. Their salaries are sixty dollars a week. The well-known-name ballets brought from New York or Europe cost several thousand dollars a week.

Hollywood seems to have an inexhaustible number of dance girls, ready on overnight notice. Often 200 will appear for a thirty-girl number. They range from the wise-cracking show girl of New York to the scared young novice who has saved up her pay from extra work to take lessons in a local dance school. They flock to the rehearsal room in one-piece bathing suits, gingham frocks, vivid overalls, or the professional white blouse and black satin trunks. While the piano tinkles forth a succession of quick-changing melodies, they parade to the music beats around and around the throne of the dance director, who continues, with a pointed finger, to eliminate the undesirables, heartaches and all.

And now the studio department of wardrobe and designing—always a large one, employing, in addition to the executive heads and expert designers, as many as 300 steady workers—is taxed with the various costume schedules. For the ordinary dance numbers these costumes will cost from $30 to $150 each. In pretentious numbers the cost will reach $750 for each costume. The costuming cost of the beautiful Bridal Veil number in The King of Jazz exceeded $20,000. The entire costume bill of the 1930 type of picture revue will reach fully $100,000. Even greater is the set-construction bill. As has been indicated, the physical cost of single sets will run as high as $40,000. The total set cost cannot well be under $100,000, and has mounted as high as more than twice that amount.

Another heavy quota, of course, is the salary cost of stars and featured players. In the average picture it totals around 20 per cent of the total budget, and this is fairly accurate for the big revue. Paramount on Parade has the entire roster of company stars, all contract players, but high-salaried ones. March of Time and The King of Jazz had to pay heavy salaries for their importations of Broadway celebrities and act specialties. The talent bill will approximate $150,000.

$100,000 for Mr. Overhead

Supervision and direction will cost $100,000. This is very high, but, whereas one man supervised everything in the days of silent pictures, the new musical picture now requires the services of pictorial, dialogue, sound, dancing, photographic and color directors. Color—a most worrisome and expensive item this year—adds another round $100,000. The sound engineers—one studio has more than ninety regularly on its pay roll—will present a technical bill of upward of $25,000. And the camera department, with its arduous and important effort to secure pleasing color hues and trick effects, will prove fully as expensive.

In conclusion, there is Old Man Overhead to reckon with. The studio will assess the revue its regular charge of $1000 a day for each shooting day, and upward of fifty days' actual shooting time is needed for the cameras and microphones. So a final $100,000 is eaten into by the voracious revue.

Time is the expensive element in all picture production; and revues would have cost much less could they have been delayed until Hollywood had more thoroughly mastered its tremendous effort to link sound with sight and then make its silent pictures audible. As it was, the revue idea burst when the studios were still experimenting with their soundproof stages, and when the microphone was, as yet, a strange animal.

Again, the revue is a stepchild to the regular studio schedule of production. A dramatic sound picture has a solid plot, and this is its substructure; once the script and dialogue are approved, the various studio departments get their blue prints and the superstructure comes forth from the resources of the casting, architecture, designing, wardrobe, set-construction and other divisions.

The revue has no story whatever—just an idea—and, to a large extent, it must make itself as it goes along on its capricious flight. The production chief who has fathered it grows to acquire the baffled look of a hen who has hatched a brood of ducklings. The most solid thing beneath his feet is the studio exchequer—which has to be solid.

Problems of the Stars

The thought back of Paramount on Parade was simply to put an entire company of famous stars into one show. This is the idea that Elsie Janis tackled, and to which she gave her keenest stagecraft.

"It had me all enthralled," she says. "Consider the freedom of the screen as against the stage, where everything you do must be limited by the confines of a proscenium arch. The picture is so flexible in so many ways. It has no periods such as curtains; no scenery to shift while you try to hold your audience's interest with only the space between curtain and footlights. In a picture, if you wish, the whole outdoors for background! Splendid!

"'But—but ——' The 'buts' began to crowd me.

"There's our roster of stars—household names the country over, but personages, too, mind you. However much an audience might want to see and hear them all in one performance, I couldn't just show them. That would be only an animated, speaking photograph. These stars have distinct personalities, established ones. So our job was nothing more or less than the creation of scenes, sketches, playlets, each one of which can last but a few minutes on the screen and yet must be full-flavored enough to register, pleasingly and completely, a striking personality.

"Again, the stage has an intimacy all its own. Just a row of footlights divides the flesh-and-blood people in the orchestra seats from those on the stage. The screen, however, is off there—aloof and somewhat cold. Now, your stage artists, however, are not content with the intimacy. They want you right with them. They appeal to you the moment they appear—as quickly as a snap of the fingers—and once they have you, they hold you with them till the final curtain.

"I felt that the stars in our revue could and must do this very thing, and so accomplish just as much intimacy as the stage affords. So that is the motif of the show. I feel that a voice is saying right through it: 'Come on, folks! Draw up your chairs! Be one of us! All right, let's go!'"

Some other "buts" which assailed Miss Janis have been successfully tackled by John Murray Anderson, Arthur Hammerstein, Florenz Ziegfeld, Joseph Santley, and the other stage producers who are now deep—and willingly so—in the mysteries of the new form of entertainment called audible pictures.

Though the screen has a charming flexibility, it is also rigid to a baffling degree. A stage show can, without great trouble, be

KILL ANT COLONIES

—at their source!

(Note Coupon Below)

THESE unsanitary and destructive pests are now quickly destroyed at their *source* . . . in the nest.

The Antrol System consists of small glass containers, filled with special Antrol Syrup, and placed around your house or garden according to simple directions. Ants carry the syrup to their nests for food . . . the entire colony is soon exterminated . . . surely . . . permanently . . . and at little cost. Antrol is safe to use around children or pets.

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Please send me without cost or obligation instructive booklet on pest control.
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It's worth $5.50 for One Day's Trip

FITS ANY CAR

LOCKS UP or DOWN

TO travel with any dignity or real comfort, luggage must be **behind** your car—no blocked running boards or doors, no cramped passengers in the back seat. That's why you'll see thousands of PAR-RAK Baggage Masters on the road, the good looking, welded steel luggage carrier that installs in 5 minutes on any bumper or bumperettes, pulls down for loading and to give access to spare tire, and never rattles.

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Genuine black kid. Soft, easy fitting, comfortable. Strongly built for long wear. Placed-right Arch Support relieves ailments, ends pain. Snug-fitting heel; foot-conforming last. No wrinkled linings during life of shoe. Features you've long wanted at a price you know is right. Sizes 3 to 15. Ask your dealer.

$5 Pair. Cost $5.50 Little more for sizes 13, 14, 15

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Shoe Dealers write at once!

Paul Hauck
Nebraska

What's In This Column For You?

Let's put that question another way: What would you most like to have this summer? A real vacation trip? An all-electric radio? New furniture? Something for the kiddies?

Whatever your answer, you'll find the opportunity here to gratify almost any desires that extra dollars will buy.

Extra Money

For this entire column is printed here just to tell *you* how you can make some extra money—easily, quickly, perhaps without leaving your own home.

Paul Hauck of Nebraska read an offer just about like this some time ago—but he mailed a coupon just like the one below, and made good money from the start, as much as $2.40 in a single hour.

You too can begin earning extra cash just as soon as you receive our reply to the coupon below. Fill it in, clip it and mail it today. It won't cost you a penny except for the stamp, and it may bring you the opportunity you've been looking for for years.

Scissors Here

The Curtis Publishing Company
824 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What's in your offer for me? I'd like all the details.

Name .....
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State ..... *Age* .....

modified to fit the varying taste of Boston and New York, of Philadelphia and Chicago; it can be lengthened or shortened in whole or in part. But once the master print of a sound picture is cut, that is the show which, without any change, must satisfy not merely the people of a few large cities but the audiences of practically every community, urban, suburban and rural, in all the broad land, to say nothing of foreign countries. And the problem is enough to keep any showman sleepless.

Then, there's the important matter of timing. On the stage the actors can pause until laughter or applause from the audience subsides. In the making of a revue or any audible picture you must cannily allow in advance for this interruption from the picture-theater audience. You must time these pauses in the making of the picture; and you must do your job well. If the interruption of the audience fails to appear or to last long enough, there will be a hiatus in the action on the screen; or prolonged laughter will drown out the following lines or action. The stage people, of course, know best about timing. Joseph Cawthorn, an experienced actor, can determine pauses with almost the exactitude of a stop watch.

The Song Writer's New Market

Tryouts, or previews, of the newly finished picture are freely employed by the producers, and largely for the express purpose of correct timing. Certain theaters are commonly used in and about Hollywood. Each theater has a certain type of audience, which runs pretty true to form. Pasadena, for instance, is hard-boiled; San Bernardino is easily pleased and responsive. The studio experts, scattered about among the audience, study the reaction and time the interruptions.

The rigidity of the picture has proved a boon to the song writers, however. In the recent era of Times Square, as soon as a song came forth upon the stage it was plugged in the cabarets, hotel orchestras, night clubs, vaudeville; and the publishers and composers could never be sure how long it would remain. In the present Hollywood era, once a song gets into a picture it stays there; and, good, bad or indifferent, it is bound to have a fair and final trial, and in short order, before millions of people. The consequence is that a song hit, these days, will sell several hundred thousand copies in the same time in which, a year ago, a sale of 30,000 was considered a good one. Strangely enough, however, sale records are not being broken greatly; the answer, perhaps, lies in the fact that the market is actually glutted. A few song hits a year were all that could be expected a few years ago; today, the same number appear nearly every week.

The utter absence of a story in the picture revue adds the delicate and difficult production problem of tempo and continuity. It is true that the stage revue also has no story, and the musical comedies and extravaganzas of the stage have exceedingly fragile ones. But the artificiality of the stage has always been condoned; it has acquired a license which excuses abruptness and unreality. The public conception of a picture is that it must express realism; and it must flow along as the mind's eye would have it.

In The King of Jazz, John Murray Anderson has given the picture rhythm for its continuity. Rhythm holds together the diverse parts of the revue, makes them flow easily one into another, is a cohesive force. You are pleased, and your interest is continuous, and you do not know why. It may be noted that each scene and specialty ends on a down beat of the music.

Paul Whiteman laid out the entire music scheme of The King of Jazz, composed, rehearsed and recorded the score from overture to finale before a camera shot was made. In other words, is a complete sound-track film was produced, and Mr. Whiteman declares that it was a good show in itself. So the tempo here is the work of a master of musical entertainment—of an expert, too, in sound recording, because of his years of experience in the phonograph world.

It then became Mr. Anderson's job to make this music live upon the screen in color, people, costumes, background, humor, action, voice; and also he must add tempo of sight to that of sound, and achieve continuity of action and interest.

Perhaps the latter's conclusion, after this arduous and pioneer work, is the most interesting of all he has to say. It is this: "I shall never go back to the stage."

Harry Tierney, Anne Caldwell, Josiah Zuro and other composers agree that radio has already advanced the public taste for music and that musical pictures will be a still more potent factor in this educational campaign. The era of syncopated music has been prolonged because of the methods of distributing music.

"For years," says Tierney, "we have been writing music for the dance floor. That has been the market, because the melodies went to the cabaret and night club, the café dance floor and the vaudeville stage. Now we are writing for the swing and romance of pictures—an altogether different objective. It is a new market and new theme. Already you can note a difference in the song hits, such as I'm a Dreamer, Love Parade, Love, Your Magic Spell is Everywhere, Chasing Rainbows, Lucky Me and Lovable You, Happy Days. They lean to soft melody rather than to the harsh time of dance syncopation."

Doctor Marafioti, formerly voice coach for Caruso and other operatic stars, and now training new voices at one of the big studios, estimates that the average picture-theater audience of today is 90 per cent interested in sight.

"But," says he, "as musical pictures develop—and they will with speed; we have just started—you will find this percentage changing until it is evenly balanced, or nearly so. And as people at large grow to understand music they will constantly want more and more refinement, just as the eye yearns for beauty and the mind for greater realism."

It is already evident that the audible picture is going to get rapidly away from the stage. The art directors, sound engineers and cameramen have their heads together to that end.

In March of Time, one of the striking numbers is the Ballet of Mars. The idea, of course, was to achieve the weird and unearthly. The setting is of that order, and so are the costumes and music. But more was wanted, and someone conceived the preposterous idea of having the huge set move to the rhythm of the music beats and the dance motion—a complete synchronization of sight and sound.

Stages on Elevators

Impossible, seemingly, but the camera is most resourceful. Prisms were placed in front of the lens. These threw images of the set, or of sections of it, into the lens; and then the proper turning of the prisms to the music beats accomplished all that could have been done by actually moving the set. The explanation sounds simple, but it took days of effort. A huge clock had to be made, with markings keyed to the notes of the music; and the motions of its hands guided the prisms, so that perfect synchronization could be had.

At the same studio a colossal stage has just been erected. The sheer and ugly concrete walls of the building are eight stories high, and the basement, with its huge pistons and trusses, resembles the substructure of the giant skyscrapers of New York. But the secret lies within. The stage, wide and deep enough to hold 250 people, is built in twelve sections, each ten feet square. Each unit can be elevated, at a speed of forty feet a minute, by hydraulic pressure easily controlled by levers. One or several or all the units can be manipulated up and down at will.

The backstage atmosphere consists of a great steel curtain weighing sixty-five tons, forty feet high and fifty feet wide; in front of this, and of equal dimensions, is a brown velvet curtain which, under brilliant lighting and by many manipulations of its folds, gives off a pleasing variety of shadings. Both curtains—as are also the big drops—are manipulated by an electric-control switchboard. Thus, by easy mechanical control, a multitude of powerful effects can be created for the cameras. The latter are mounted upon a lofty crane, which gives them a vertical movement of sixty-five feet; and this towering camera machine moves upon steel tracks and is synchronized with the back drop.

Making Microphone Voices

When the producers first considered the disturbing problem of new talent, they thought, naturally, they would have to go where the trained voices were. Tests—many of them—were made of the operatic people. Lawrence Tibbett has come through with flying colors; and Grace Moore and Mary Lewis are now under Hollywood contracts. But generally the tests were surprisingly disappointing. They also turned to the choral societies, song festivals, the stock companies and vaudeville stage; scouts are out even now.

But John Murray Anderson feels confident he will not go beyond the confines of Hollywood for screen-voice material. In The King of Jazz, Jeanette Loff appears for the first time to bid for star honors. She just bobbed up in the studio. The camera liked her and the microphone had exactly the same partnership opinion. Which is about as good an example as can be cited of how the new vehicle of sound-and-sight entertainment will find its outstanding personalities right under its lens and diaphragm.

Doctor Marafioti says he will develop plenty of microphone voices here in Hollywood. Not merely that, but he wants no better subjects than those whom the camera has already elected for its own.

Gloria Swanson, who, in The Trespasser, surprised her audience with her singing voice, was made fit for the microphone in only fourteen lessons; though she is still diligently at her studies. And Doctor Marafioti has already made satisfactory progress with a number of other well-known stars of the silent movie. It takes time, varying from some months in exceptional cases to a year or two.

It is Doctor Marafioti's belief that the two qualities of pliability and concentration which permit a director to make a screen actress are just the qualities a voice director wants for the film sound track. The voice, he says, is not, as commonly believed, a matter of exceptional vocal cords and lung power. The voice proceeds from the mouth. The lungs and all other cavities of the body, cavities of bone and tissue alike, large and tiny, and all the bones of the body from the head to the toes, make the sounding board of the voice. Perfect relaxation of all the muscles permits vibration, like that of the body and legs of a piano. Caruso had this power of relaxation; after a full-voiced aria he would complain of the tingling in his legs.

They do not as yet, and generally, understand the microphone in Hollywood. But they are fast learning. Undoubtedly the instrument will develop all the amazing flexibility of the motion-picture camera.

To sum up, the musical picture is a combination of music, speech, color, architecture and nature. Instead of being artless—as a few would have us believe—the present-day picture is a combination of all the arts. One is reminded of the hunchback of Notre Dame, whom the monks, in turn, besought to be a poet, a sculptor, a painter, a composer.

•ladies

[THE FRONT VIEW PROVES IT]

and Lady Elgins will vacation together this summer

The Yazoo Kid of Bar Y Rancho? . . . I reckon not, straanger. Just a modern young woman gone West . . . and woolly—on a dude ranch vacation.

Pierre, the Basque fisherman? *Mais non!* Haven't you seen the chic beach costume imported from Biarritz and Dinard?

"I'll be switched, the hay ain't pitched"—forbid the thought! The only hay in this young lady's life is the "Hey, Hey" out of the latest summer dance tune.

British Official in Mesopotamia? Wrong again! Shorts for sports — is the fashion decree that takes several degrees off the thermometer this summer.

Should any of the young ladies above about face you'd see a miss like this, who finds her Lady Elgin just as useful in town as it was on her vacation.

YOU have seen some dainty young thing (who looked as though pouring tea would fatigue her) swim a mile, ride all morning, golf all afternoon—and then, crisply-organdied, dash forth for a night of dancing.

These new Lady Elgin watches are just like that!

Dainty. Feminine. Chic. But how they stand the pace!

And they are just as correct when vacation's over. Town or country . . . wherever the modern woman needs a watch to time her busy life she needs the Lady Elgin.

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Did you ever see such value for $25? Fine American watches, cased with true jeweler beauty. Buying a Lady Elgin is almost like buying orchids for the price of carnations.

FOR THE MODERN AMERICAN GIRL

AN AMERICAN MADE WATCH

LADY Elgins

$25

With Grosgrain Ribbon . . . $25. With Filigree Bracelet or Mesh Band . . . $27.50

Invitation . . . Elgin Radio Program, every Friday night, WJZ and National Broadcasting Company network, 11 to 11:15 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. *Listen in!*

Thar's gold in them thar hills, stranger

A glimpse of a full 18 hole Tom Thumb course in operation—a money maker for thousands

Here is hole No. 7. Note the sand traps and bunkers —just like the real thing

Every hole different. Every hazard of golf. Great sport for the skilled and the unskilled

MILLIONS ARE PLAYING

Big Profits For You

Yes, sir—in every bunker—in every trap—in every water hazard—in every putt of the ball, there's gold for you if you climb on the band wagon instantly.

For finally, here is golf for everyone! Millions will enjoy the fascination and delights of Tom Thumb outdoor golf courses. All the joys of golf—all the thrills of golf—all the skill of golf without the excessive expense of golf.

Hundreds of Tom Thumb courses right now are making big money for their owners.

Are you going to get these big profits in your town or will someone else? Let us show you how to make some real money.

Tom Thumb Golf consists of a full 18 hole course. Each hole is from 26 to 50 feet from tee to hole.

No two holes alike. Every variation of the putting stroke known to the game, including putts out of sand traps and over narrow water hazards. There are barriers with openings through which to play; and real bunkers with real sand in them, to catch timid or messed-up efforts.

The real feature of Tom Thumb Golf is the putting greens. Heretofore miniature outdoor golf has been a failure because of the impossibility of maintaining grass greens. But with Tom Thumb Golf, patented greens have a base of cotton seed hulls which look like grass, feel like grass and play like grass, but wear indefinitely. This is a patented feature exclusive with Tom Thumb Golf.

Obtain a well located piece of vacant property at least 60′ x 120′—the larger the better.

Have it well located where people pass. Once they see Tom Thumb Golf, they will flock in. They play at night as well as day.

And the profits! Well, here is one letter out of scores received:

We opened our Tom Thumb Golf Course Friday night and made $76.00; Saturday $180.50; Sunday $288.00; Monday $146.50.

Harold M. Early,
Elmhurst, L. I.

With a modest sum of money you too can be on your way to big profits.

Install a Tom Thumb course where people pass, and before you know it you'll have a steady run of cash customers. 3 to 6 days after you receive your course, it is open. Easy to install. Everyone plays—rich, poor, skilled or unskilled.

Good in all towns having a population of 5,000 and up.

In some cities 10 to 25 Tom Thumb courses are being installed by one organization. Real estate men with vacant property see the big advantages. Don't let this chance slip by. Address the nearest office.

National Pipe Products Corp.
Rochester, Penna.

Tom Thumb Sales Corp.
7 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Tom Thumb Golf, Chrysler Bldg., New York
Fairyland Manufacturing Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Tom Thumb Golf of Canada
86 John St., Toronto, Canada

PLAY the TOM THUMB Golf Course in Your City

Tom Thumb miniature golf is the craze of the season. Great exercise—clean fun—exhilarating sport.

Look up the Tom Thumb golf course in your town. If there is not one there today, there will be tomorrow. Hundreds of Tom Thumb courses are in operation—hundreds are being installed. Watch for the one in your town. Try this new fun. Millions are playing. Get the thrill of your life. Tom Thumb has tricky hazards—and the patented Tom Thumb greens putt just like real grass—an exclusive feature found only with Tom Thumb Golf.

TOM THUMB GOLF

U. S. Patent Nos.
253,949; 1,559,520
Other Patents Pending

BIG-LEAGUE BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 17)

an occasion for a suit for damages. Business managers insist on that.

A business manager must know the rules of baseball. About six years ago the Giants had a left-handed pitcher named Dinty Gearin on whom they asked waivers. The waiver price was then $4000, and Dave Bancroft, then manager of the Braves, claimed Gearin. Bancroft, a playing manager and not a business manager, overlooked the fact that Gearin had been less than a year in the league and that any club claiming him had to pay the New York club the full purchase price of the player. The Giants had paid Milwaukee $35,000 for Gearin and demanded the money from Boston on Bancroft's claim.

At $4000 the Braves wanted Gearin, but not at $35,000. The clubs went to war over it and Boston finally wriggled off the hook by proving that Bancroft had no legal right to claim any ball player for the Boston club. Only the club president or some specially designated person under the authority of the club president can claim players on waivers.

William L. Veeck can claim players for the Cubs, since he is the president of the club. Billy Evans can claim players for the Indians and Ed Barrow can claim players for the Yankees. They are specially designated persons and their privileges are registered with the league president. Branch Rickey can claim players for the Cardinals, and, though his official title is vice president, he might be more properly called the business manager of that club.

The Giants once lost a valuable player through a mistake in the office. No one person performs the duties of business manager for the Giants. The routine office affairs are handled by Secretary James J. Tierney. John McGraw, in most cases, arranges purchases and trades, subject to the financial approval of the owner and president, Charles A. Stoneham. Leo J. Bondy, a New York attorney and now treasurer of the club, is a valued adviser in the business affairs of the Giants. But with the duties divided, somebody forgot to keep the celebrated Hack Wilson tied to the Giants while he was out on option with Toledo, and the Cubs dashed in and captured him. Estimating that as a $50,000 mistake would be conservative.

Drafted to the Presidency

It isn't on record that William L. Veeck made any such mistake with the Cubs. Mr. Wrigley had plenty of money to spend to bring a pennant winner to Chicago, but Mr. Veeck spent it wisely, with Manager Joe McCarthy, his expert adviser on valuable ivory. McCarthy knew what the players were worth to him in hitting, pitching, fielding and ball games to be won, and Mr. Veeck translated that into its equivalent in financial value to the club. The combination has been a happy one for all concerned. Observers rate Mr. Veeck one of the keenest and most progressive figures in baseball.

Mr. Veeck came into the office of club president in a peculiar way. He had been a newspaperman in Chicago and gave up that job to join the office force of the Cubs. Fred Mitchell, now the phantom business manager of the Boston Braves, was then manager of the Cubs and also club president. Somebody had to have that title, and William Wrigley, who had other gum to chew, didn't want to bother with it. So Mitchell was shoved into the presidency.

That office gave him the privilege and painful necessity of attending league meetings and sitting in while the magnates were discussing the eyesight of various umpires, the folly of giving so many season passes to politicians and the faint chance of getting away with any increase in the price of admission. Somehow it was figured by the rival clubs that this gave Mitchell an advantage over other managers who didn't have official access to these league meetings. As a matter of fact, it probably wore the poor fellow down. There is a league rule that no manager or player can take part in league meetings. It was invoked and Mr. Wrigley was notified to produce a new president for his club. He looked around the office hastily and saw William L. Veeck. Mr. Veeck was forthwith elected president. As noted above, however, he is really the business manager.

That league rule against allowing managers or players in league meetings is still on the book and could have been invoked any time these past several years against Wilbert Robinson when he was doubling in brass for the Brooklyn club, serving as team manager and club president; but the affairs of the Brooklyn club were in such a tangle that the league didn't want to make a bad matter worse. The league suffered no harm from the presence of the portly Uncle Wilbert at the meetings, and Uncle Wilbert came through pretty well himself.

Baseball's Chain-Store System

The busiest business manager in either league is Branch Rickey of the St. Louis Cardinals, and, like Bill Veeck, he carries another title. He is vice president of the club. Though Sam Breadon, president and holder of a majority of stock, is the last word in matters financial with the club, Branch Rickey must be recognized as the real business manager of the corporation. And it is a big corporation with almost as many subsidiaries as the old Standard Oil of New Jersey. Mr. Rickey is the originator of the chain-store system in baseball. Instead of paying high prices to minor-league clubs for young stars, Mr. Rickey decided it would be better to own those minor-league clubs and thus keep the money in the family.

Many major-league owners were sobbing that all the profits went in paying minor-league clubs such sums as $75,000 for Jimmy O'Connell, $65,000 for Jack Bentley, $80,000 for Paul Strand, $100,000 for Lefty Grove, $125,000 for Willie Kamm, and so on. Mr. Rickey decided that it would be well for a major-league club to produce its own young players by owning these minor-league clubs. So he went out and bought a string of them, all sizes, shapes and weights. Under pressure, he recently admitted that the Cardinals owned seven subsidiaries in various leagues. There are those suspicious persons who think that there are several more subsidiaries Mr. Rickey forgot to report.

An odd chap, Branch Rickey. He was a good major-league catcher in his day. He was not a great success as a manager. He gave too many lectures and drew too many diagrams for ball players who couldn't tell the day by a calendar. He was too smart. He knew too much for the men he was handling. He tried to put all he knew into the noddles of his players, and they simply couldn't stand the intellectual strain. They cracked wide open at the seams of the cerebellum and the other fellows ran off with the ball game.

Mr. Rickey, after cautiously edging the Cardinals into seventh place, resigned as manager and Rogers Hornsby took his place. In a year and a half Hornsby won a world championship with the same team that Mr. Rickey had steered into seventh place. Mr. Rickey has it over Hornsby intellectually the way Hornsby has it over Mr. Rickey in hitting. This proves something or other that doesn't come to the mind at the moment.

It was when Mr. Rickey, a sadder and a wiser man, withdrew from the dugout to the Cardinal business office that he devised the chain-store system. The Cardinals now own the Rochester club of the International League, the Houston club of the Texas League, the Danville club of the Three-Eye—Illinois, Indiana and Iowa—League, the Dayton club of the Central League, the Laurel club of the Cotton States League,

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the Waynesboro club of the Blue Ridge League and the Shawnee club of the Oklahoma League. All these clubs are under the active supervision of Branch Rickey, and they include something like 500 players. Mr. Rickey is supposed to know all about all of them.

Flunking Out to the Majors

That's quite a trick even for a business manager. With most of these teams Mr. Rickey is astonishingly familiar. Ask him about John Doe of the Laurel club, and he will bark briskly:

"Nineteen years old, 170 pounds, left-handed first baseman. Hits curves. Can't go to his left for grounders. We'll use him in a trade to get an outfielder for Rochester next season."

Or Richard Roe of far-off Shawnee might be the subject of inquiry: "High-school boy; six-foot-two. Laid up two months last year—bad tonsils; must have 'em out—right-handed pitcher; good fast ball; no change of pace; curve just a wrinkle; three years away."

But Danville stops him. Danville is literally a baseball school as well as a Three-Eye League team. There were at one time 300 ball players in the Cardinal primary school at Danville, Illinois. Evidently no one could keep track of that many players by name—not even Rickey the Remarkable—so they were given numbers and each player wore a tag with his number on it. The Cincinnati Reds bought an infielder from Columbus of the American Association last winter, and paid plenty of money for him too. His name is Tony Cuccinello, and if the Reds still think he is worth the price, Mr. Rickey should check up on his school system, for Cuccinello was a student at Danville and was flunked out at a mid-term examination. There's no profit in flunking bright and valuable students from a baseball academy. Incidentally, it might be said that he was not Anthony Cuccinello with the Danville student body. He was No. 155.

It's amazing the amount of vital statistics that man Rickey carries in his head, the more so because Mr. Rickey was once a ball player himself, and the only figures the average ball player carries in his head are the salaries the other boys are getting and the amount of meal money the club secretary owes him. But Mr. Rickey does more than supervise the livestock on the Cardinal farms. He engineers the trades in the big and little leagues. He watches the waiver list. He balances the budgets, or at least tries to keep the minor-league deficits down to a minimum. It is expected that the Cardinal subsidiaries will lose money, and they always live up to expectations. Sometimes they surpass them.

The balance on the credit side, if any, and the virtue in Mr. Rickey's chain-store system lie in the players that may be developed at these schools and farms. If the system turns out a player who can hold his own in a higher league or even make good in the majors, that's a potential profit. Thus the Yankees paid $125,000 to the Oakland club of the Coast League for Lyn Lary and Jimmy Reese. The Cardinals pay no such sums for their rookies. They pick them from the graduating classes of their minor-league clubs. The deficits of the minor-league clubs constitute the purchase price of the ball players they develop.

If all the subsidiary clubs produce one graduate who can make the big-league grade, the chain-store system shows a profit for the season. Such a player would bring at least $50,000 in the open market, and the loss of the Rickey chain-store units rarely runs that high in a season. That's a modest estimate of the worth of a player who can make good in the majors. There must be something financially sound in this scheme, because other progressive clubs are edging into the same business, much to the displeasure of Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who is thundering against it for humanitarian reasons—as if they counted! With free trade, the individual ball player hears the bidding and knows his real value. But with the chain-store system, money is not mentioned and the baseball slave is merely shifted from one plantation to another under the same ownership. If sixteen major-league clubs, through the chain-store system, controlled all the sources of supply, the players would not fare so well financially.

He Buys Stars and Grass Seed

Judge Landis, elected to office by the magnates, is carrying the banner for the downtrodden players and, it might be said, drawing something less than three rousing cheers from the club owners for his attitude in this argument. In any event, Messrs. Veeck and Barrow have minor-league subsidiaries of the Cubs and Yankees. The Cubs own Los Angeles and the Yankees own Chambersburg of the Blue Ridge League. The Yankees would have bought another club in the International if they could have bought a good playing field with it.

These are just a few of the things that a business manager in baseball has to handle in the course of a year. There are players to buy, sell and trade. There are players to sign to contracts. There are changes in the parks to be designed and put into operation. The playing field must be resodded. The wire screen must be replaced on the front of the grand stand. The ground keeper wants two new rollers, four sacks of lime

(Continued on Page 154)

DRAWN BY BILL BAILEY
"Oh, Mr. Jones, Do You Play Golf?" "No, But I Can't Stop"

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Perc-O-Toaster is as beautiful in appearance and finish as it is efficient and will give a lifetime of service. The price of Perc-O-Toaster, without Waffle Mold, is $11.85. Sold by leading retailers. If your dealer hasn't it, write us and it will be shipped postpaid anywhere in the United States on receipt of $11.85. (Waffle Mold, $3.00 extra.)

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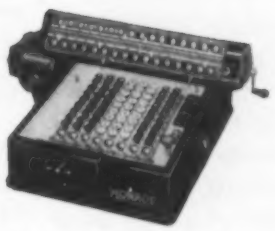

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DUKE POWER COMPANY
SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO. AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

(Continued from Page 150)

and ten pounds of grass seed. The score board must be changed because the players are going to wear numbers. A new score board costs from $10,000 to $15,000, which sounds like a believe-it-or-not item but, as any business manager will tell you, is horribly true.

There must be meetings with the city police to arrange for traffic rules and parking regulations during the baseball season. There are conferences on real-estate taxes and assessments. There are contracts to be let for repairs, and labor troubles to be avoided.

From one end of the year to another there are bills to be paid for articles that range from the left wing of the grand stand to tacks. One business manager, writing check after check, waved a bill across his desk and said, with rage so concentrated that you could almost see the foam bubbling out of his lips: "Look! Thirty-two bucks for Florida water! Just imagine! Florida water for those big eggs to dash on their red necks in the dugout. I don't mind paying taxis for them and putting them up at good hotels and giving them good food and charging the laundry to the club—but Florida water! And some of these hill-billies had to be blindfolded to get them past trolley cars when they first came into the league!"

Then he went on writing checks. A business manager does a good deal of that. He signs the salary checks for the players. He does that twice a month through the playing season. He makes out the checks that go to visiting clubs through the regular season. A visiting club gets twenty-five cents from each admission, regardless of whether it was a bleacher admission at fifty cents or a box ticket at $1.65.

The business manager makes out checks to major or minor league clubs to balance player trades and sales. He makes out checks for the taxes and insurance—fire and theft, life, limb, property and workmen's compensation, as required by law in some states. He makes out checks for the painters, plasterers, bricklayers, sweepers and all others working on the baseball plant. He makes out checks for the office force. He makes out checks for materials and supplies, wholesale and retail, and this includes a number of strange items, of which Florida water has been given brief mention. He makes out checks for butchers, bakers and candlestick makers.

Then—*finis coronat opus*—he makes out a check to himself. Those who have seen the checks Messrs. Veeck, Barrow and Evans make out to themselves as business managers say they are very handsome checks indeed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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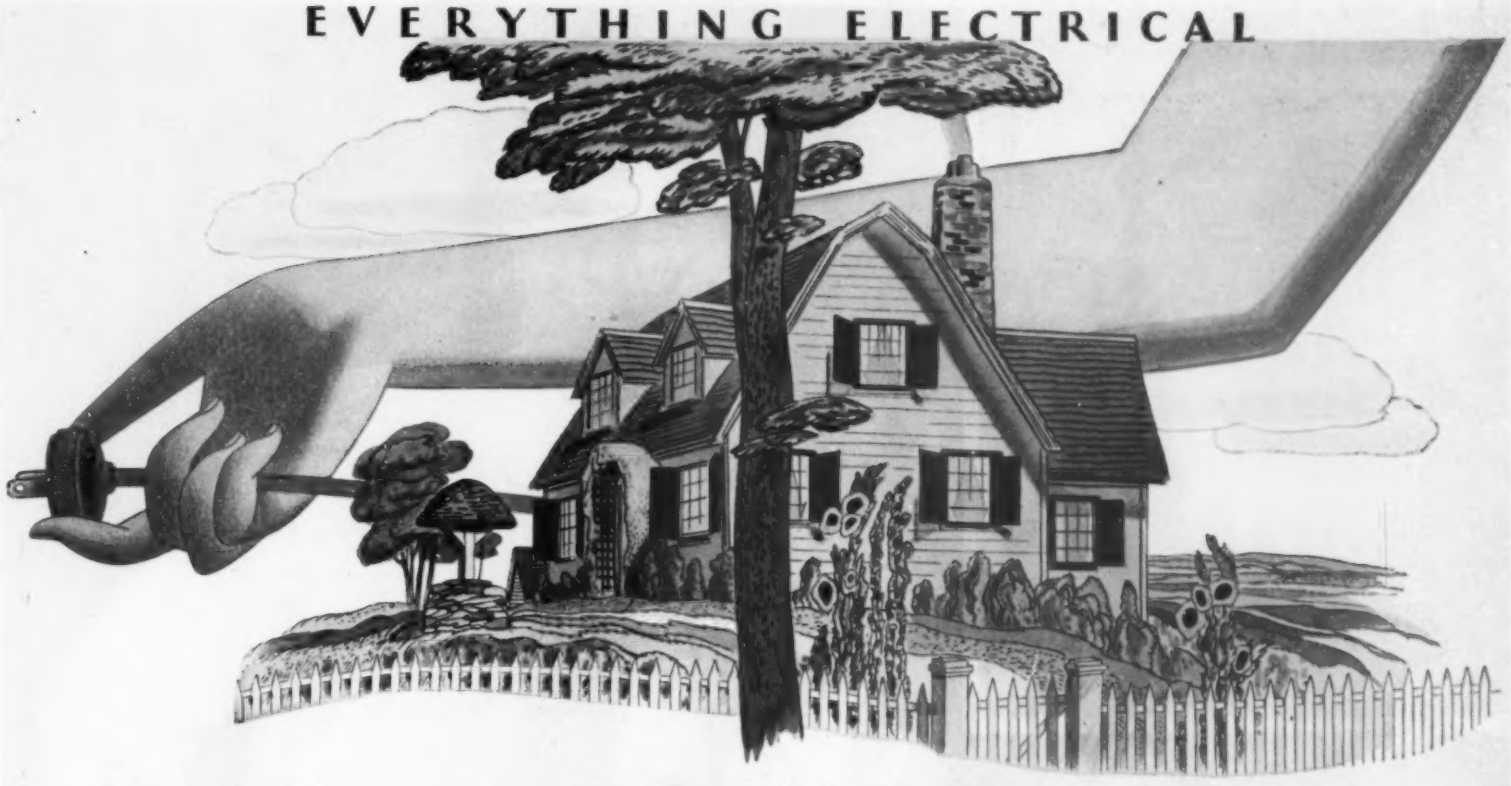
GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL



THE POWER BEHIND THE HOME

(and how some women make full use of it . . . .)

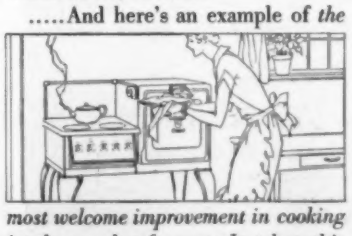
Just a dainty feminine hand! But in it is the power behind the home—the home where housework is no burden.

Every woman ought to get all the help she possibly can from that faithful servant, electricity. And mostly that's a matter of keeping up with the up-to-date electrical appliances!

.....Did you know, for instance, that there's an Ironer that will change all your ideas of ironing? Just sit down at the Graybar Ironer. And get set for a few surprises. Surprise No. 1: You *relax*. Surprise No. 2: You

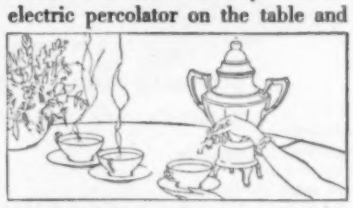
merely *guide* the clothes. Surprise No. 3: The once "heavy" ironing vanishes in just about one-third the time. (Surprise No. 4: After the ironing, the ironer becomes a table.) Well worth **$165,*** isn't it?

.....And here's an example of *the*



most welcome improvement in cooking in thousands of years: It takes this Graybar Crawford Range to take the heat out of the kitchen and put it into the cooking. Electric, of course. Automatic, of course. Has a "brain" all its own. Starts—yes, *starts*—and *stops* automatically. Clean! Models from **$78.25 to $250.00.**

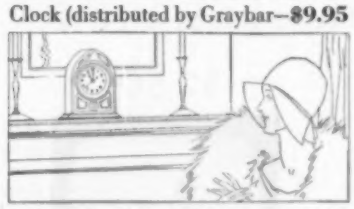
.....Now, a word for mother, the dear old soul whose business it is to jump up and down waiting on table. Much of it isn't necessary! Put an electric percolator on the table and



the who's-going-to-get-up-and-get-the-coffee question is settled. Add an electric toaster—and *that* question is settled. Add an electric waffle iron—and *that's* settled, too. And there's even a cute little electric egg boiler that cuts out half-a-hundred steps.

The prices of these appliances will surprise you—they're so reasonable. Percolators, **$7.50** up. Toasters, **$3.50** up. Waffle iron, **$8.75** up. Egg-boilers, **$5.00** up. All at your Graybar dealer. All vouched for by Graybar.

.....Another wonder of electricity: It takes less time now, even to save time. With the Telechron Electric Clock (distributed by Graybar—**$9.95**



and up) there's actually no more clock-winding to do! Super-accurate, too!

.....Now, to go into this matter of what electrical appliances will do to save your strength and time, may we suggest — the Graybar dealer!

He's an expert at "helping with the housework." And he has the things to do it with — a Graybar Clothes Washer, Vacuum Cleaner, Cleanerette, Sewing Machine, and everything else electrical. He'll tell you all about these Graybar appliances and the sixty years of electrical experience back of them. You'll find him at the sign of the Graybar shield of quality.

Ask him, too, about the whole fas-

cinating story of *the power behind the home.* How it gets there, over miles of wire and power line poles and through switches and fuses and hundreds of other electrical materials—all, very likely, furnished by Graybar to your power and light company!

Or, if you want some immediate information about Graybar products, ask us! On the coupon below!

Tune in on the Graybar Hour every Tuesday, 10 to 10:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time . . . Columbia network.

*Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

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☐ Range ☐ Telechron Clock
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Name_____
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PADDOCK— *You don't need television to see the value in its fine broadcloth—its style—its Arrow Collar—and its*

ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE FOR PERMANENT FIT

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Most business men prefer the light, flexible white starched Golden Arrow styles—of which the most popular is Ardsley. Its restrained points and low back combine smart style with amazingly flexible comfort. 35 cents each; 3 for $1.

IF we told you by mail, air, wire, television or thought-transference that the exceptional white broadcloth in Arrow's "Paddock" had been specially treated by Arrow's own new "Sanforized" shrinking process to guarantee its permanent fit, we couldn't add to the plain and startling *fact.* It will cost you only $2.50 to buy your exact size, in this guaranteed Arrow Paddock shirt. Its Arrow Collar, its sleeve and body length are guaranteed for permanent fit. Its light, firm, brilliant broadcloth will pay you dividends in perfect looks and perfect fit until the last white laundry-line is past. And if you think of yourself as a fairly cagey purchasing agent, all this means an early drop-in at your outfitter's, with the word Paddock on the tip of your tongue.

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Enchanted days! . . . but none so perfect that Johnston's cannot add another note of joy. The Choice Box is a felicitous gift selection. It contains no less than 22 distinctive chocolates and other confections . . each one different . . each one, it seems, more tempting, more mellow, more dulcet than the last . . a dollar fifty the pound . . in sizes up to ten pounds . . There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

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NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Old Dutch is as popular with men as with women

Men have their cleaning tasks, too—indoors and outdoors. Naturally, they like to do their work well—and, if the truth be known, do it with as little time and effort as necessary. One can readily see why Old Dutch has so many men admirers. It's perfect . . . for all cleaning.

In the garage, Old Dutch quickly removes gummy oil and grease from car or floor, and it's fine for polishing nickel and cleaning glass.

Around the camp, Old Dutch works wonders, with cold water. Scours smudgy skillets, makes pots and pans glisten, keeps fishing rods clean.

Golf irons shine like new when cleaned with Old Dutch . . . great for golf balls, also.

Painted walls, furniture, etc., are so easily cleaned with Old Dutch—no scrubbing necessary. A little cleanser on a damp sponge or cloth wiped gently over the surface does the work. Clean walls and woodwork with Old Dutch before repainting; it means a better paint job.

For the hands, home gardeners, mechanics, machinists, painters, artisans, farmers, etc., favor Old Dutch for the ease with which it removes soil, grease, varnish and stains . . . doesn't irritate or rough the skin.

Old Dutch is a natural cleanser—modern in its methods. Flaky and flat-shaped, its tiny particles remove invisible impurities with visible dirt, assuring Healthful Cleanliness. Economical to use—a little Old Dutch does a lot of cleaning.

Keep Old Dutch handy—it's all you need for all your cleaning

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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